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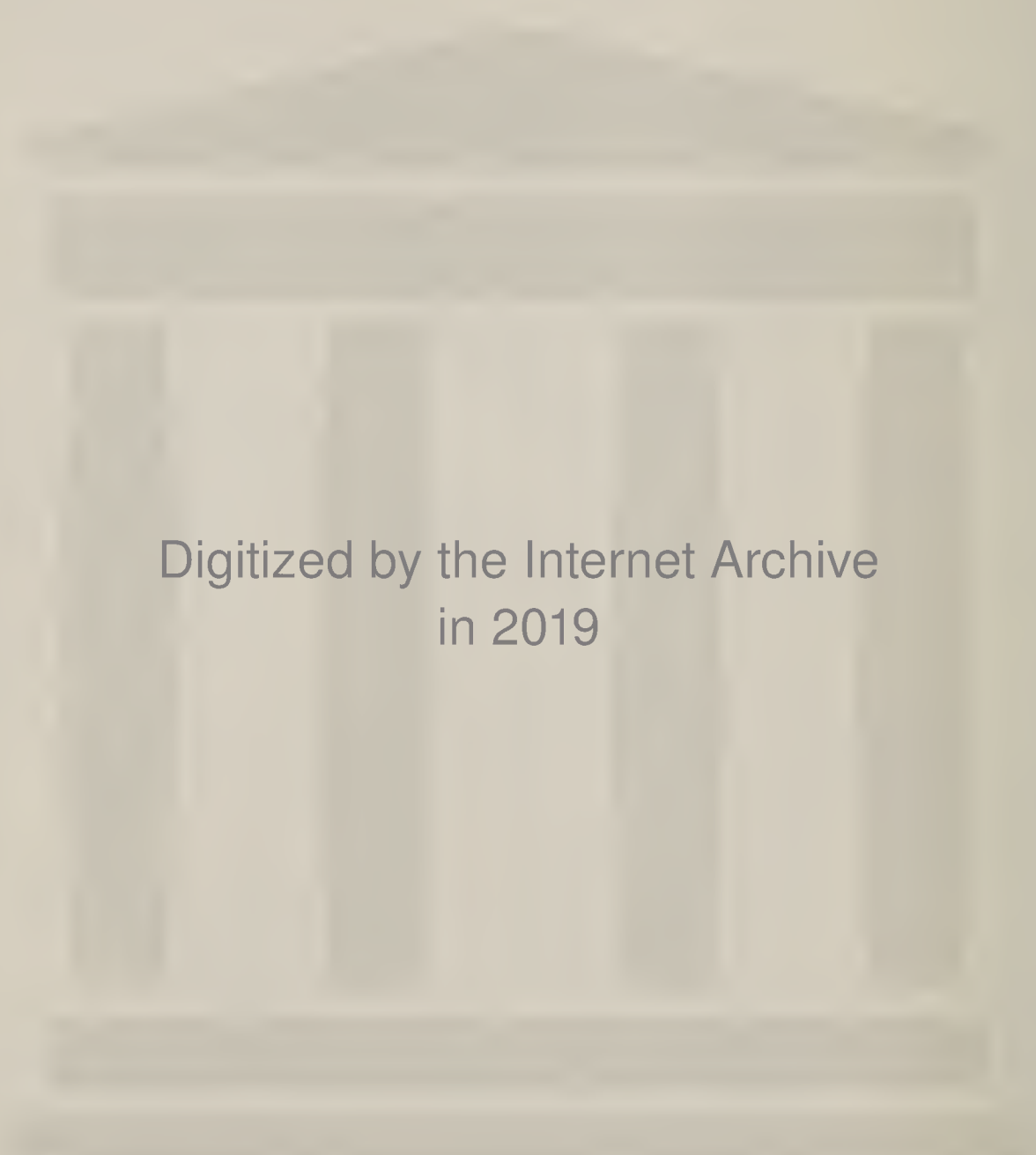
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The Kennedy Clan

AND

Tierra Redonda



ALICE

ALICE CLARE LYNCH

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by

Alice Clare Lynch

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Eliza King Kennedy

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HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL

THE KENNEDY CLAN

CHAPTER I

BIRTHPLACE OF THE CLAN

MANY people arrive at a period in their lives when they begin to wonder about their forebears, what manner of men and women they were, what their environment and up-bringing, and in short to wish that they had taken more interest in such matters while their parents were living, a veritable mine of information. I confess to regret that I did not learn more about my relatives while I had the opportunity, so I am going to set down all that I know of family history for the benefit of descendants of those whose lives are written into the history of California.

My narrative must begin in Ireland where the grandfather whom I never saw sleeps in the Randalstown churchyard, the "Hand and Dagger", coat of arms of the Kennedy family, carved on his tombstone. He was born December 22, 1800, near the beginning of a century remarkable for its progress, mechanical, educational, and spiritual, but he died at the age of forty, and never knew that his children emigrated to the New World and settled in California, where their influence is still going out in ever widening circles, through those with whom they came in contact.

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For many of the facts and incidents relating to the life of the Kennedy family in Ireland I am indebted to the memoirs of my mother, Alice Kennedy Lynch, written in 1898, and to the memoirs of my uncle, Patrick J. Kennedy, written in 1904. County Meath, the scene of many fierce battles between the Irish and the invading Danes, was the home and birthplace of the Kennedy family, and not far away was Tara Hill, around which centered legends of ancient pomp and splendor. The historic River Boyne, noted for the beauty of its scenery, flowed through County Meath, and all about were monastic ruins, round towers of other days in a fair state of preservation, and many dwellings both ancient and modern.

My great-grandparents on both sides belonged to the class known as gentlemen farmers, and were socially well-connected with the leading farmers of the County. My Kennedy great-grandparents with their three daughters, Allie, Ann, and Catherine, lived in a comfortable, roomy house, employed a number of people in the house and on the farm, and had considerable property. The Kennedys traced their lineal descent from Brian Boru, King of Ireland, whose reign began in 1002, and who governed with such wisdom and justice that this period of twelve years is called Ireland's Golden Age. He was noted for his valor and success as a warrior and was victorious in many battles against the invading Danes, but met his death at the Battle of Clontarf April 23, 1014, after the Irish had won a victory. Having reached the age of eighty-eight years he did not take part in the fighting, but was in his tent behind the lines, guarded by a single follower, when he was at-

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tacked and killed by a Dane. The Kennedy coat of arms was the "Hand and Dagger" which they displayed on their silverplate, firearms, harness, vehicles, and over the doors of their places of business.

My grandfather, Thomas Kennedy, was the eldest son of Patrick and Catherine Kennedy of Randalstown, and he married Eliza King, daughter of James and Ann King of Moortown, County Meath. All but two of Grandfather's seven children were born at Deerpark, a farm of two hundred acres beautifully situated within sight of Tara Hill, and there the family lived for more than a decade in comparative peace and security. The Deerpark farm was given to Grandfather Kennedy by Great-grandfather King, but on the death of the landlord, Sir Charles Dillon, in 1840, the latter's son bought Grandfather's lease and growing crops, and the Kennedy family moved to Gaskinstown. They lived here during the summer of 1840 while Grandfather was having a house and out-buildings erected at Randalstown, close to his father's home, the two dwellings being separated only by a garden. They moved into the new house in November 1840, and this marked the beginning of a troubled era for the Thomas Kennedy family, for Grandfather died suddenly of brain fever January 1, 1841, his hopes and plans ended, and his life little more than a memory to his children, the eldest of whom was not yet fifteen. A posthumous son Thomas, born soon after the death of his father, lived only nine days.

Grandmother knew little about Grandfather's business, and a great deal of property which she thought was his was claimed by his father. This caused a family estrangement, and when my great-grandfather Patrick

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Kennedy was influenced to change his will in favor of his three daughters, thus disinheriting the family of his son Thomas, he placed Grandmother in a serious predicament. However, the daughter of James King of Moortown was one of those strong souls who accepts misfortune as a challenge to greater effort, and she proved to the world that she and her children could make their way unaided. Grandfather left only the Tafestown farm of one hundred and twenty acres with some horses, cattle, and farming implements, but Grandmother squared her not very broad shoulders, took up the unfamiliar tasks which had always been her husband's share of the partnership, and in spite of many difficulties managed to keep the farm going during the next decade.

The twenty years from 1830 to 1850 was a period of great unrest in Ireland's troubled history, and living conditions were very difficult. English laws had compelled the closing of Ireland's factories and textile mills, put an end to the income formerly derived at every farmhouse from hand weaving, and forced the people to depend on agriculture for a living. Nearly all the public offices were held by Englishmen, and the Irish were virtually disfranchised, for only renters had the privilege of voting. Even this was a very doubtful benefit, for voting was done openly, and tenants were supposed to vote as the landlords told them on pain of eviction. Only men of exceptional courage braved the opposition of the landlords, and it is related that my great-grandfather Patrick Kennedy openly defied his landlord at the polls.

One particularly obnoxious law compelled Catholics

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to pay tithes, or a tenth of their income for the support of the Episcopal Church, and Grandfather never paid this tax without a struggle, allowing government officials to seize his cattle before he would consent to pay. This law was abolished in 1838; and Aunt Kate, then eleven years old, remembered the celebration and rejoicing which followed. However, the landlords were equal to the occasion and added ten per cent to the rent which the tenants were obliged to pay.

The "Big Wind" of January 6, 1839, which occurred when Mother was almost six years old, made such a deep impression on her that she recorded it in her memoirs written nearly sixty years later. She wrote, "It blew the roof off one end of our house, and we children were carried to the other end for safety, the fires were covered, and it was impossible to keep candles lighted as the wind penetrated everywhere. I remember seeing by the dim light of a lantern my father and the hired men struggling with all their might to spread a canvas over the opening in the roof. They succeeded, but were almost frozen, as snow and sleet came with the fierce blasts of wind that uprooted trees, unroofed houses, and scattered the contents of the farmyard far and wide, mixing wheat, barley, oats, and hay in one jumble." Official records state that this storm was one of the most severe ever known, the wind reaching a velocity of one hundred miles an hour, and causing widespread havoc throughout Ireland.

In his memoirs Uncle Patrick relates that his father was one of the best cross-country riders in that section, "and on account of his sporting proclivities was quite a favorite with the neighboring gentlemen, and was always

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welcome at their hunting and coursing meetings. His favorite hunter he named 'Catherine Paynotithes' after my sister Kate."

While the family was living at Deerpark Grandfather engaged the village schoolmaster to teach the three oldest children in the evening, and later they walked two miles to school in fair weather, or rode in a donkey cart when it rained. The laws which forbade education to the children of Catholic parents had been repealed, and although schools were few and very primitive in their equipment, the privilege of education was eagerly sought and highly prized.

The records show that Grandfather was a man of strong convictions which he expressed freely, regardless of consequences, and his life was a constant protest against injustice and oppression. His children saw all about them the evils of a system which gave the people no voice in the government, and their lives were moulded and dominated by their childhood experiences. The landlord system reduced men without land to a state of dependency and forced them to see the results of their labor go from them in the shape of rent, leaving only a bare subsistence for the frugal and industrious farmer.

During the famine of 1846 and 1847, although the potato crop had failed, enough food was raised in Ireland to sustain the entire population, but this had to be sold to pay the rent. One history of these times states that loads of food supplies sent in by European countries to feed the starving Irish, passed carts loaded with grain and other produce grown in the Island, which was being shipped out of the country. People died by

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the hundreds of starvation and resulting fever, some estimates placing the number of deaths at over one million; while, stunned by the catastrophe and the hopelessness of the situation, thousands fled from the land of their birth, never to return. Before the famine the population of Ireland was estimated at eight millions, but famine and emigration reduced this number by one half.

In the midst of these distressing scenes the young Kennedys lived, fed and housed well enough themselves, but their hearts torn by the misery they saw all about them and filled with indignation that such things could happen in a so-called Christian land. One day about fifteen hungry-looking young men came to Grandmother's house and demanded food, saying that they must have it. Kate, the oldest daughter, addressed them with spirit, saying that they should be ashamed to come to the house of a poor woman who, as every one knew, gave more than she could afford; that they should apply to the rich who could feed them. One of the men spoke, saying, "Thru for you, Miss," and after some more talk they left quietly. On her walk to school Mother passed numbers of the men whom the government had put to work on the roads, poor hollow-eyed fellows who were not strong enough to work, and to quote her own words, "I thought then as I do now, how wicked and wrong it is that in a world where there is plenty for all, some should be so deprived."

The agitation for the repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was strong during the forties, and the Kennedy children caught the feeling of excitement that was in the air. Grandmother subscribed for

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the Dublin Nation which was devoted to the cause of repeal and filled with stirring speeches and articles contributed by noted men of the Young Ireland Party, making it an exceptionally good newspaper. Kate read aloud the news of the movement for freedom then agitating all Europe, while the family and neighbors made an attentive audience. A monster meeting was held at Tara Hill August 15, 1843, when 750,000 people assembled to hear Daniel O'Connell assure them that the repeal of the Union was a foregone conclusion, and this demonstration made a deep impression on the young Kennedys who were present but could not get near enough to hear the orator. There were many floats and bands of music, and with green flags waving everywhere and the sun shining over all it made a dazzling spectacle and one not soon forgotten. All roads leading to Tara Hill were crowded with vehicles of every description and throngs of people who were determined not to miss the great sight. This was the last of the Monster Meetings, as they were prohibited by the government from that date.

About 1843 the government ordered that all firearms in the possession of individuals should be delivered to the magistrates, registered, and after a time given back to those who were supposed to be loyal. Patrick, the only boy in the Thomas Kennedy family, was an ardent Young Irelander, and when in 1848 an order was issued that all registered firearms should be delivered to government agents the boy felt that there would be use for the weapons and decided to hide them. With his sister Alice he went to a potato field one dark night and buried the arms which he wrapped carefully in blankets;

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when a policeman came to search the house for the weapons they could not be found. The complete collapse of the Young Ireland cause was a great blow to young Patrick, and was the last straw which made him resolve to seek freedom in other lands. Family councils were held at which it was decided that Aunt Kate and Mother should go with him, and the three pioneers were to act as scouts to determine conditions in the New World and send back money so that Grandmother and the rest of the family could join them. At first they talked of going to Adelaide, South Australia, where they had friends who had promised to help them, but Grandmother settled the question by saying that Adelaide was too far away, and she would never see them again if they went there. So they decided to go to New York.

Such were the conditions that sent the high-spirited, freedom-loving young Kennedys out into a strange land where they could live their lives unhampered by irritating laws and restrictions; a new land where they could grow up with the country and help to frame laws that would insure justice and freedom to all.

It was hard indeed for Grandmother to leave her native land, to part from friends and sever family ties, but she would not be separated from her children. It was a case of "where thou goest I will also go", and she who had guided the family fortunes through these troubled years was not to be daunted at the thought of beginning again in a country of which she knew little. Left a widow at the age of thirty-four, with seven children to provide for and educate in a land of scant opportunity, it was a considerable achievement that Grand-

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mother was able to keep the family together. All her hopes and ambitions centered on her children, and her one thought was to give them an education and a means of earning a living. Patrick was taken out of school when about sixteen to look after the men and the working of the farm, and he shouldered the responsibility bravely. Kate was nearly fourteen when her father died, and Anne, Mary, Alice, Lizzie, and four-year-old Delia made up the family.

At first Grandmother taught the younger children herself, but when Aunt Kate graduated from the convent school at the top of her class she was given the task of teaching her sisters. They had regular hours for study and recitations, and to these they were held strictly, for Grandmother ruled her family with a firm hand. It was no superficial education which these industrious Kennedy children gained during this period, but a solid groundwork on which they continued to build for the rest of their lives and which made them leaders of thought in the New World. They were widely read, fond of poetry and good literature, well-grounded in grammar, spelling, and arithmetic, and their penmanship was the envy of the next generation which fell far short of perfection in this respect. In addition, they had a knowledge of languages and fine needlework which was a great help to them in their new life.

When the three pioneers set out for New York April 1, 1849, Grandmother accompanied them to Dublin where they took passage on a steamer for Liverpool, and then boarded the sailing ship Caleb Grimshaw which landed them in the big city after a pleasant voyage lasting thirty days. Uncle Patrick was then twenty-three

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years old, Aunt Kate twenty-two, and Mother, small but determined, only sixteen. While crossing the Atlantic Uncle Patrick was ill, and Mother, who was very fond of her only brother, took care of him and was rewarded by being told that he liked her best of all his sisters. In her memoirs Mother wrote of her first impressions of New York, "I was much impressed by the magnificent bay and its surroundings. The Battery with its fine old trees was very beautiful. I was much pleased with the sights and bustle of the great City. The display of pictures and beautiful fabrics and wares in the store windows on Broadway was an unfailing source of interest to me. Being expert needlewomen Kate and I soon found employment embroidering cloaks, vests, etc. The business was carried on mostly by French-women, and we had occasion to speak the language, often acting as interpreters. At that time few New York women spoke French."

Uncle Patrick, no less energetic than his sisters, set out for Pittsburg with letters of introduction to some people there, and in his memoirs he gave an interesting account of his wanderings during the six months that followed, in which time he traveled through Pennsylvania and New York States and gained much in the way of experience. For a time he worked in the hay-fields, but after some months gave up farming and was paid the munificent sum of forty-eight dollars, the first money he had earned in the New World. He was offered the position of teacher in the village school of Finleyville, but he was anxious to see his sisters again and returned to New York where he soon found work. The three young people worked and saved with such

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good results that their mother and the rest of the family joined them in 1851, Aunt Mary having made the trip at an earlier date, accompanied by a cousin. Thus the entire Kennedy family left the land of their birth, never to return, except for brief visits made in later years by Patrick, Kate, and Delia.

The pioneer spirit was strong in the young Kennedys, and their eager minds would not be satisfied until they had reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean. From the time the first of the family reached New York the papers were filled with accounts of the richness of California, and specimens of gold found there were displayed in the jewelers' windows, filling them with the desire to reach this land of opportunity, notwithstanding the great distance and the difficulty of travel in those days. This time it was Aunt Anne who started the exodus to California, but Mother accompanied her, and the two girls reached San Francisco April 13, 1853, after a voyage which lasted one hundred and thirty-two days. They paid \$200:00 each for passage on the sailing ship Anna Kimball, which took them around Cape Horn. They could have bought tickets by the Panama route for the same amount, but there was danger of being delayed on the Isthmus, so they considered the long trip a safer venture.

They sailed through the strait of Le Maire, seeing land on both sides, and also had a good view of Cape Horn. As it was midsummer in that latitude they encountered no storms; the weather was warm with little wind and the ocean as smooth as a lake, but although the passengers enjoyed the calm the Captain was anxious for a wind to take them away from the dangerous lo-

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cality. There were thousands of birds in the vicinity, and for several days flocks of albatross followed the ship, one being caught and taken on board. The Captain had in mind the fate of the "Ancient Mariner" and would not allow the bird to be killed, but set it free after the passengers had a chance to examine it. After losing sight of the Cape they saw no land until they sighted the Farallones and the coast of California, and after the calm and uneventful voyage of over four months it was rather surprising to lose a spar in a squall which the ship encountered in the Golden Gate.

Mother wrote in her memoirs that she felt so much at home on the ship that she hated to leave it, but was soon absorbed in the beauty of San Francisco Bay and surrounding hills which she and other passengers viewed from the top of Telegraph Hill, to which point they were escorted by Captain Pike. "There was no Oakland, only a few scattered houses were to be seen where now is the large city. San Francisco was a collection of dingy looking houses, extending little beyond Stockton Street on the west, only a few enterprising individuals having built farther back in the sand hills. The scene was very charming to us who for so long had seen only sky and sea."

Then and there Anne and Alice Kennedy took San Francisco to their hearts, although its flimsy buildings and wind-swept hills gave little promise of the city that was to be; and their faith in the future was justified for they not only found work and supported themselves, but at the end of a year after they reached their destination they had saved one thousand dollars. Mother soon secured a position in the Bush Street School, of which

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James Denman was Principal, and for a year she was happy in the work for which she was so well fitted, and was making great progress with both French and Spanish children to whom she could speak in their own language. Then the Know Nothing Party came into power, and as the basis of their party was opposition to foreigners Mother was let out at the end of the school year. She was out of the School Department for eleven months, during which time she worked at embroidery; and when the Democratic party came back into power she was re-instated.

Aunt Anne and Mother wrote enthusiastically to the family in New York, urging them to come to California and grow up with the country; and in 1855 Aunt Mary and Aunt Lizzie joined them, coming by the Nicaragua route, and making the trip without unusual delay as shipowners were then well organized to handle the profitable passenger travel to the new El Dorado. The four girls devoted themselves to earning and saving, and before the remainder of the family joined them in 1856 they had bought a house at 1006 Clay Street which they presented to their mother. This was the first home that Grandmother had ever owned, and she lived there for a number of years, feeling all the pride of a land-owner, and overjoyed to have her family about her again. After her experience in Ireland where the average farmer was merely a renter, dependent on the whims of his landlord, it was a real satisfaction to own her own home.

The house at 1006 Clay Street was a center of industry in those early days and for a time the girls worked steadily at embroidery, sitting long hours at their frames, and sometimes stitching delicate designs on black velvet

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which was the most difficult material on which to work. Their expert products found ready sale, for in those days men wore embroidered vests, either white or dark, while there was a constant demand for embroidered capes, shawls, and dresses for the ladies of fashion. It is probable that examples of the work done by the Kennedy sisters are still in existence, hidden away in trunks containing treasures that the owners were loath to part with, for hand embroidery was highly prized at that time. Grandmother filled her two story house with roomers and boarders, for every member of the family was both industrious and saving, and money was soon flowing in a steady stream into the family coffers. In 1857 Kate and Lizzie secured positions in the public schools of San Francisco, and teaching proved to be a life-time profession for each of them, as they were well fitted for this important work.

In those days San Francisco was full of young men who had come to seek their fortunes in the land of gold; women were in the minority, and the Kennedy girls found themselves a center of attraction for a number of interesting men who gravitated towards the social circle at 1006 Clay Street. There was much gayety at Grandmother's house in those days, the evenings often being spent in music and dancing, while schools, politics, and the many startling events of the times furnished topics for conversation, every newcomer being besieged with questions about the latest happenings on sea or land.

The first break in the family circle came November 27, 1856, when Mother married James Lynch whom she met soon after arriving in San Francisco in April 1853. Father made use of tactics he had learned in the army,

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laid down a siege which ruled other suitors off the field, and would not take no for an answer until Mother promised to marry him. The records show that several of my aunts were married under circumstances which indicated keen competition, and my uncles took matters into their own hands and set an early date for the weddings.

Aunt Anne married John Cushing July 25, 1858, and Aunt Mary surprised the whole family by announcing that she was going back to New York to get married, and then wrote that she and Peter Gaughran were married February 10, 1859. Romance was in the air in those days and the Kennedy girls went bravely out to meet whatever experience life held for them, and having put their hands to the plow there was no looking back. June 13, 1863, there was another wedding in Grandmother's house when Aunt Delia married James Moffitt. December 26, 1866, Aunt Lizzie married William F. Burke, and then there was a lull in the matrimonial events until May 25, 1871, when Uncle Patrick married Jennie Cordiell.

A group picture of the Kennedy family, taken July 18, 1857, is a treasured possession of their descendants and shows this dauntless little band of pioneers when their hearts were young and hope was high. The picture shows them in a serious mood, perhaps because having one's photograph taken was an unusual event in those days, but records tell of dancing, music and gayety, of balls, entertainments and theatres which they attended, while their many friends provided a round of dinners, calls, and evenings spent in pleasant conversation. Those were the days of hoop-skirts and flowing gowns, of

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plainly dressed hair and treasured bits of real lace, and in the picture we see the Kennedy girls dressed in the prevailing fashion in heavy silk gowns whose richness lent dignity to their small figures and satisfaction to their souls, for clothes meant quite as much to them as to the girls of this day. Grandmother in her best cap and gown maintained an air of composure, but it was a great day for her when after eight years of separation and uncertainty, of travel and tribulation, she found her family gathered about her again. Uncle Patrick who had the distinction of being the only man in the family might well have been spoiled by his sisters who adored him, but his kindly, genial nature withstood the test, and he returned their affection with interest.

A diary kept by Mother in French, dated July 19, 1857 to January 1, 1865, is another treasure which affords revealing glimpses of life in the early days of San Francisco and gives dates and events which have been valuable in tracing the history of the Kennedy family. They were a friendly, sociable, talkative, band of young people; the friends that they gathered about them were legion, and these associations were of the enduring type. Many of Mother's friends were French, frequent calls from Madame Delafont and Madame Villaceque being mentioned in her diary, while she saw the daughters often and corresponded with some of them for years. People were drawn together closely in those days; sympathy was warm and calls for help were quickly answered. Telephones being unknown, communication was kept up by a constant round of calls which kept friendships alive.

On New Year's Day the Kennedy family assembled

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at Grandmother's house dressed in their best attire, refreshments were provided, and all day long as well as in the evening a stream of men callers came to greet the family and then went on to a succession of other calls. I remember a New Year's Day in later years when the family was at home at the Burke house on Clay Street, Grandmother and Aunt Kate being present, and the number of callers was quite impressive. The friendships formed in the early days had an enduring foundation, and descendants of the Kennedy family met the D'Arcys and the Brangans, the Raynors and the Brittons, still coming in to discuss recent events or recall humorous incidents of the past. The art of conversation flourished in the stimulating atmosphere of a new land, and minds were kept alert by contact with interesting people. All the Kennedys were good talkers, needing only an audience, and family gatherings were never dull affairs.

In Mother's diary she wrote that the entire family assembled at Grandmother's house Christmas Day, 1858. "In the evening my dear mother sang and danced also, something I had not seen her do for many years, and I cannot tell the pleasure it gave me. I was very much affected." There is much more behind this simple statement than appears on the surface. It meant that after seventeen years of care and responsibility, of trials and privation, she felt the load slipping from her shoulders. The land of opportunity lay before her children; she caught something of the spirit of the West and like a true pioneer Grandmother sang and danced for joy.

I remember Grandmother just as she looks at me from her latest photograph, a very becoming cap soften-

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ing the lines etched on her face by a lifetime of experience. She always wore black or dark colors, a black bonnet worn with a lace veil, and a few gray curls showing under the edge of the bonnet. Each daughter kept a fresh cap at her house, and when Grandmother arrived she doffed her bonnet, put on her cap, and was ready to face the world. The caps were made of white net with a thick ruching around the face and were trimmed with lace and ribbon. I recall my youthful admiration of those crisp, dainty caps, framing the kind, worn face of my grandmother. On one occasion Grandmother was sitting on the porch of the ranchhouse at Tierra Redonda, and a humming bird flew up and tried to extract honey from the pink ribbon trimming on her cap, mistaking it for a flower. Grandmother took snuff, as was the custom of her day and one of her Christmas presents in 1858 was a silver snuffbox with her name engraved on it, presented by my father.

The beginning of the sixties saw Grandmother comfortably located in her house at 1006 Clay Street, some of her daughters living with her, and the rest not far away; but although she had earned a life of ease the next twenty years was a period of change and unrest. Life beat incessantly about her doors, and whenever there was a call for help Grandmother packed her bag and went to the rescue, always welcomed with joy for she was a tower of strength in time of need.

When Mother set out for her new home at Tierra Redonda Grandmother went with her, braving the discomfort of a two hundred mile journey by stage and team in order to see her daughter comfortably settled. They reached the ranch June 19, 1860, after spending

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six weary, uncomfortable days on the road, and Grandmother stayed for two weeks helping to get things in order. The ranch was located in a wild and lonely place, bears preyed on the sheep, and tales of Indians and wanton killing of settlers were not reassuring, so Grandmother again journeyed to Tierra Redonda October 16, to try to persuade her daughter to return to San Francisco for the winter. The herder had left without notice and Mother would not leave Father entirely alone, so Grandmother returned to San Francisco taking her three-year-old grandson James Kennedy Lynch with her.

During the next ten or twelve years Grandmother traveled to Tierra Redonda at least once a year, and she was doctor, nurse, and complete medical staff on all occasions until five more young Lynches had joined the family circle. Mother wrote in her memoirs, "Regardless of the long tiresome ride she came once, sometimes twice a year, bringing joy to the whole household, and to me relief from care, and rest, without which I often think I might not have lived to see my children grow up." Indeed it seemed that Grandmother could not escape from her responsibilities, and when she set out on a journey she usually had one or more grandchildren in her care. Babies came thick and fast in those days, sometimes two or three a year, counting the different families, until she proudly reckoned twenty-two descendants, each one the object of her love and personal interest. In 1868 seven-year-old Frank Lynch visited his grandmother in San Francisco for a couple of months, but, becoming weary of city life, he announced that he wished to return to Tierra Redonda so that he could eat

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grapes on his birthday, August 18; so Grandmother obligingly set out on the long trip with her small grandson, and for good measure took also her granddaughter Kate Burke, who was then a baby.

During the seventies Grandmother traveled by train to St. Helena, taking with her two grandchildren, and four hundred dollars which she intended to loan to Aunt Anne as part payment on a place she was buying. When Grandmother got off the train she was so occupied with the children that she forgot the handbag containing the money and it was never recovered.

Those were distracting years for Grandmother, as she tried to answer all the calls for help. She never failed to make her yearly visit at Tierra Redonda, always going when she was most needed, and was often called on to help take care of Alice Gray Cushing, whose brief life ended soon after her third birthday. When Aunt Lizzie's first child was born Grandmother rented her house and moved to the Burke home where she lived until 1882. When Aunt Lizzie resumed teaching, Grandmother took charge of the house and the children and made it possible for her daughter to carry on her work, cheerfully assuming the responsibility of helping to raise her grandchildren.

Aunt Kate boarded with the Cushings and then with the Burkes during these years, but in 1882 she bought a small house on Thirteenth Street in Oakland, where she and Grandmother spent the rest of their days. This was probably the most restful period of Grandmother's busy and eventful life. An efficient maid relieved her of cooking and heavy work and left her free to rule the house as she wished, for Aunt Kate was quite

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content to leave the housekeeping problems to her mother. A large yard supplied a place to raise flowers and vegetables, and several fine apple trees were loaded with fruit in season. Grandmother also kept chickens and enjoyed working with them, for she was a born farmwoman although she lived most of her life in towns.

Grandmother not only supported her children with advice, encouragement, and personal help, but with financial assistance as well, for she had accumulated money which she generously loaned when the need arose. Her lessons in thrift had been learned in the hard school of experience, and although she lived in comfort, she knew how to save and let her money grow. She brought from Ireland a half dozen cherished silver teaspoons with the Kennedy crest, a hand and dagger, engraved on the handles, and an equally valued tea set decorated with a raised design in pale blue. The spoons and tea set were distributed to her granddaughters after her death and are still among their treasured possessions.

During the sixties Grandmother was such a regular visitor at Tierra Redonda that she was one of the family, always welcomed, and her room always ready for her, but during the seventies she spent much time with the Burkes and Cushings. Life held so many problems in those days that sometimes even her willing spirit rebelled, and in a letter to Mother, dated December 21, 1873, she wrote, "How we get separated from year to year; sometimes with one and then with another. There seems to be no rest for me in this life." Again under date of December 12, 1875, after having spent over three months at Saint Helena with the Cushings, called there

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by sickness and accidents, she wrote, "This is the hardest year I ever had without exception. Since the children were sick last March there is no rest for us—one thing or another happening all the time. I hope it will be long until I see such another time as the past '75. My dear Allie, I long to see you and all the children. I have never been so long without seeing you and paying a yearly visit since you went to the ranch. I would take my Christmas dinner with you if Lizzie had such a girl as Amy. She has a Chinaboy who is doing well, but needs watching all the time. The house cannot be left alone with him, nor the children. You see I am tied down. I hope in the Spring to see you and stay a long time if I live. God is good to me. He gives me very good health. I seldom have reason to complain. Pray for me. Do not let the children forget me."

I remember Grandmother very well, for she spent much time at Tierra Redonda when I was a child, giving Mother much needed help and plainly enjoying the country life. She took a personal interest in the ranch, the growth of which she had watched ever since that memorable day in June 1860 when she arrived at Tierra Redonda, worn out after the long trip. The house Father had built with such care seemed so small at that time, and the country so vast and lonely, but as the years went by there were many changes and improvements. Grandmother got along well with Father, which was quite a recommendation for him, as she did not get along well with every one and had a strong will of her own.

My earliest recollection of Grandmother is when she scolded my small self vigorously for calling Mother from her work to dress me, and again at a later date when I

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had the temerity to laugh during a cross-examination after an open knife in my hand had accidentally inflicted a cut on my small sister's temple. Although Grandmother was a strict disciplinarian I had both admiration and affection for her and always sensed the kindness under her stern words. When I was about eight years old she and I figured in an accident when the back seat of the spring wagon fell out, tumbling us without warning to the hard ground at the bottom of a gulch. The fall meant nothing to me, just one more bump out of many, but it was a severe shock to Grandmother who kept to her bed for a few days and then got up and went about her affairs as if nothing had happened.

One grandson remembers returning from an errand when he was still a small boy to find that Grandmother had made for him a neat farmhouse and fenced yard, with walks and garden, constructed out of bits of board, stones, twigs, and other small articles, all most wonderful to his childish heart. In the flower garden she fashioned a high Indian wigwam of willow poles, and then planted morning glories which transformed the wigwam into a bower of bloom. An early morning walk to visit the Cushings two and a half miles away was utilized to preach a sermon to her small grandson on the importance of spiritual thinking and the great need of the Golden Rule in daily life. Although Grandmother remained a Catholic to the end of her days she never interfered with the right of her grandchildren to form their own religious opinions, and in her own life upheld the standard of goodness, kindness, and integrity.

I remember many pleasant activities in which Grandmother took part, such as setting fire to brush heaps at

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night and watching the leaping flames against the darkness, while small aids scurried about, piling on more fuel and stirring the fires to make the sparks fly. She incited us to attack and exterminate a large and unsightly patch of gray fire-weed which filled the whole space back of the ranchhouse, with the result that this space was transformed into a pleasant, grass-grown glade. Her hands were always busy with some helpful task, and knowing how to use tools she made many small articles which were useful about the house, some of these being still in existence. On her last visit to the ranch she brought with her a three-year-old grandson. On the brow of a hill overlooking the valley she made a comfortable seat at the foot of a large black oak tree. The seat has disappeared, but the tree still remains and always brings back to me a vision of Grandmother sitting there with her grandchild playing about her, looking at the vista before her, and perhaps thinking wistfully of the green fields of Ireland which she never saw again.

However, Grandmother's life and interests were so woven into the fabric of her adopted land, the growth of which she had watched since the days of '56, that it became her land, a country of freedom and unlimited opportunity, and she often said, "It is a beautiful world, and I don't want to leave it."

So the years rolled by over Grandmother's valiant head, and she was busy, active, and keenly interested in everything until her life came to a close at the age of eighty-three years. In 1889 she was visibly failing, and she was taken to the house of Aunt Delia where she had every care, but she was not to see another Christmas with her beloved children and grandchildren gathered

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about her, and December 22nd the light of her brave life went out.

November 6th Mother went to Oakland to spend some time with Grandmother. In a letter to me she wrote, "Mother was very glad to see me and made a great fuss over me. She looks very thin and worn, but betimes very like her old self. She feels that she is going to die soon and says she is satisfied. She says no woman ever left this world so proud of her grandchildren as she does. She says every one of them is good. She talks without fatigue and had lots to say about Papa and you and Henry and a great many questions to ask about Charley."

Mother returned to Tierra Redonda after spending some weeks with Grandmother, and December 22nd she received a telegram announcing the end of a busy, useful life. After the lapse of many years I can still see Mother preparing to go to Oakland for the funeral, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and repeating, "My *dear* Mother. My *dear* Mother."

Grandmother was buried in Calvary Cemetery in a lot owned by Uncle Patrick Kennedy, and a simple headstone bears the inscription, Eliza Kennedy, and the dates June 10, 1806 and December 22, 1889.

On the reverse side of the stone which marks the grave of Grandfather Thomas Kennedy in the cemetery at Randalstown, Ireland, is the inscription, "To the memory of Eliza King Kennedy, wife of Thomas Kennedy, who is interred in Calvary Cemetery, San Francisco, California. Also Thomas, son of Thomas and Eliza Kennedy, died May 1841, aged 9 days."

CHAPTER II

PATRICK JOSEPH KENNEDY

PATRICK JOSEPH KENNEDY, my only uncle on my mother's side of the family, was born at Gaskinstown, County Meath, Ireland, March 19, 1826. As the oldest child, and the only son in the Thomas Kennedy family, he occupied an important position, and the first three or four years of his life were spent in the home of his grandfather, Patrick Kennedy of Randalstown, where he was petted and indulged to his heart's content. When he was about four years old he was taken to the home of his parents at Deerpark, where he grew up with his six sisters.

At the early age of nine he began to take an interest in politics and the many questions affecting the well-being of the Irish people, hearing these topics discussed in his home and at all public meetings. When he was nearly sixteen he was taken out of school to run the farm for his mother, his father having died suddenly in 1841. This was a heavy responsibility for the boy, but he acquitted himself well, and soon was far ahead of other boys of his age in the understanding of political questions and the problems that confronted the tenant farmer. When he was seventeen he attended the Monster Meeting held at Tara Hill, and that evening dined with O'Connell and a number of the most noted

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men in Ireland at a dinner attended by one thousand guests and given in the Academy at Navan. He became a Young Irelander, and was preparing to fight for his country when the utter collapse of the movement put an end to his plans and resulted in his emigration to New York in April 1849. Some of his relatives tried to persuade him to remain in Ireland, assuring him that if he did so he would eventually inherit property, but he was of an independent nature and preferred to share the fortunes of his mother and sisters.

In his memoirs, written in 1904, Uncle Patrick gave an interesting account of his wanderings after he reached New York, and made a valuable contribution to the history of those days. His quest for fortune led him from the teeming streets of the big city to the hazardous life of a miner in the far West, but he went bravely out to measure himself with other men and never flinched at any hardship.

During the five years that he lived in New York he studied English grammar and took lessons in book-keeping at a night school. He also joined the Mitchel Club which was organized by a number of young men for the purpose of self-education and to agitate the question of Irish independence. The Club met every week to deliver essays and debate the political topics of the day, so in this way he was continually adding to his store of knowledge and fitting himself for the battle of existence. The experience in public speaking which he gained while a member of this Club was a great help to him in later years and gave a new facility to his eloquent tongue.

The members of the Kennedy family who had gone

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to California were continually writing letters telling of the wonderful prospects in the land of gold, so December 5, 1855, Uncle Patrick set out for the West, following the popular Nicaragua route. His mother and his sisters Kate and Delia accompanied him, and the four pioneers were the last installment of the Kennedy family to make the trip. In his memoirs he gave a graphic description of the journey which aroused his wonder and admiration. He wrote, "From frost and snow in New York to a tropical climate, humid and oppressively hot, with the most luxuriant vegetation of vivid green, was a wonderful change of scene. . . . Chattering monkeys, screaming parrots, birds of brilliant plumage, and buzzing insects infested the woods and made them resonant with life Made the trip from Virgin Bay to San Juan del Sud by moonlight. Mother, Kate, and Delia rode in a wagon, I on horseback. It was full moon, and the night was almost as bright as day. The ride was most enjoyable and exciting. We arrived at our destination about midnight, and got our first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean."

Fortunately they were not delayed and did not have the trying experience of those who went via Panama in 1849. Their steamer, the Sierra Nevada, in charge of Captain Blethin, was anchored some distance from the shore, and the passengers were taken through the surf in row boats. They had a pleasant and uneventful voyage to San Francisco which they reached at one o'clock in the morning of January 5, 1856, just one month from the time they left New York.

Father was in the wood and coal business, so Uncle Patrick went into partnership with him, bought out his

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interest three years later, and in May 1862 sold out to join the gold seekers who were rushing to the newly discovered fields of Caribou, British Columbia. He arrived at the diggings after a difficult but interesting journey and invested his total capital of \$2000.00 in a mine which was said to be rich. Filled with enthusiasm he worked there for six weeks, but finding that he was playing a losing game he returned to California, poorer in pocket, but with an idea in his mind which eventually made him rich.

Provisions were scarce and high in the mining districts, flour \$75.00 for a fifty pound sack, and other goods in proportion, and Uncle Patrick saw that more money could be made selling goods to the miners than in attempting to dig gold out of the ground. When he returned to San Francisco in September 1862, the Comstock Lode at Virginia City, Nevada, was attracting much attention in the mining world, so he loaded three six-mule teams with goods suitable for the miners and started them for Virginia City. In his memoirs he gave a vivid pen picture of the hardships encountered in the trip over the Sierras, caught in a snow storm, the roads almost impassable and blocked by a tangle of stalled ox and mule teams. Uncle John Cushing was with Uncle Patrick on this eventful trip, and they finally arrived in Virginia City, freight on the goods having cost the neat sum of \$140.00 a ton.

Uncle Patrick wrote briefly of his ten-year experience in those epoch-making days, during which time he accumulated a fortune, much of which was afterwards lost in the stock market. "Business prospered from the start. I took in a partner named Mallon in 1863, and

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in the course of two years rented another store at \$500.00 a month, where we did the largest mercantile business in the State of Nevada "Got burned out in 1873, sustaining a total loss of \$120,000.00 on which there was an insurance of \$80,000.00. Quit business and returned to San Francisco."

After returning to San Francisco he went into the tanning business with two others, the firm being known as the California Hide and Leather Co. The store was on Battery street between Jackson and Washington. The tannery, which was located on Islais Creek in front of the House of Correction, employed thirty men. The next venture was to purchase a seat on the Pacific Stock Exchange, and in 1882 he opened a grocery store at the corner of Market and Taylor streets. Dishonest employees made this a losing venture, so he called an auction and sold his stock. In 1888 he opened a real estate office at 638 Market street, and in 1892 he was elected Supervisor by the largest majority of any man on the ticket. He also served on the Wallace grand jury, and in 1897 he was commissioned a Notary and continued in this line of business until the end of his life.

Under date of January 4, 1871, Grandmother wrote to Mother saying that Uncle Patrick had rented a house in Virginia City, and was in San Francisco buying furniture and everything necessary for housekeeping. She gave an itemized list of purchases with prices paid, which were not excessive for those days, and said the total amount would be around \$2400.00. All these preparations indicated that Uncle Patrick was tired of a solitary existence, and May 25, 1871, the social circles of Virginia City were stirred by the wedding of pros-

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perous P. J. Kennedy and Jennie M. Cordiell, the event being held in a church which was filled to overflowing. The fire of 1873 which destroyed his store and stock of goods was the turning point which sent him back to San Francisco to make his home there for the remainder of his days.

Uncle Patrick never showed better judgment than he did in the selection of a wife, for Aunt Jennie was an attractive girl with a sunny disposition which endeared her to all her new relatives, and she held a high place in the affections of her many nieces and nephews. Few women could have adapted themselves to the situation as she did, having acquired six assertive sisters-in-law, but her tact and diplomacy never failed. She made all her husband's relatives welcome at her house, the doors of which were always open to visitors, and many delightful family gatherings were held at the hospitable Kennedy home at 1516 Taylor Street. The household machinery ran smoothly under her guiding hand, and she had the faculty of maintaining the atmosphere of a real home where everyone was made to feel comfortable and at ease.

Aunt Jennie had two sisters, Veronica who married Bernard McFadden, and Joanna who married Dennis Driscoll, a stockbroker who accumulated a fortune during the Comstock days, but died December 16, 1876, only six years after his marriage. Two of Aunt Jennie's children died at an early age, but five lived to grow up in a home which was an outstanding example of the rule of love and kindness.

Farm-raised Uncle Patrick always had a yearning for country life and often talked of retiring to a place where

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he could sit under his own vine and fig tree, but Aunt Jennie gently and firmly vetoed these suggestions, and he adapted himself to city life without repining. When he left Ireland as a young man it was a great grief to him that he had to leave behind his favorite black riding horse and his faithful and affectionate dogs, so it is no wonder that he dreamed of a place where he could have his horses and dogs about him again and gallop over the hills as his father did before him.

The Taylor Street house had a pleasant garden which afforded a beautiful view of the Bay with its endless parade of shipping, and here Uncle Patrick busied himself during his leisure hours by tending the flowers which bloomed and flourished under his care. In the early morning hours he was often seen sitting under a pepper tree in the garden, reading the daily paper, and perhaps fancying himself on his country estate. For many years it was his habit to go for a Sunday walk in Golden Gate Park, taking with him his youngest boy, and, as he expressed it, "Getting a supply of ozone to last during the week." He was always extremely well-dressed, and the flower which he invariably wore in his buttonhole typified the kindness and good cheer which he carried in his heart.

To give more than a brief sketch of Uncle Patrick's life would require too much space, but the boy who left Ireland at the age of twenty-three, friendless and penniless, was closely identified with the business life of San Francisco from 1856 to 1917 as merchant, broker, real estate dealer, Supervisor, and later as Notary Public, was widely known, and universally liked and respected. He was keenly interested in economic and political

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questions which he discussed with feeling and eloquence and was a firm believer in the principles of the Single Tax, which, in his opinion, was the solution of all the business troubles of the age. Like his father, his voice was always raised in defense of honesty, justice, and good government, and neither fear nor favor ever kept him silent.

All through his life he showed wonderful perseverance, and business reverses merely served to direct his energies into new channels. If he lost money in one venture, he immediately began a new one, and his family always lived in comfortable circumstances and wasted no time in repining over the fortune which had slipped away in the early days, as fortunes have a way of doing.

So the years passed over his head, and neither earthquake nor fire nor tribulation of any kind could disturb the serenity of his spirit. March 19, 1906, a month before the historic fire which left his home in ashes, his eightieth birthday was celebrated by a reception at 1516 Taylor Street. A limited number of folders showing his photograph and a few lines written by Kate Burke for the occasion were distributed and are still preserved as valued reminders of the day. The verse which aptly describes his nature and breathes of the affection in which he was held, follows,—

“White with the snows of eighty years,
Upon thy brow alone doth Winter lie.
A golden Summer glows within thy heart,
And frolic Spring still dances in thine eye.
Time, loved of thee—his debt repays,
With-holds his hand—and passes by.”

April 19, 1906, Uncle Patrick's two houses on Taylor

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Street near Broadway were burned to the ground, with only insurance as salvage. Hoping against hope, he refused to leave his home until ordered out by the soldiers, with the result that the family spent the night at Fort Mason and had a taste of refugee life. For a few months the Kennedys lived in a rented house in Berkeley, but their hearts were in San Francisco, even though it was a waste of bricks and ashes, and by Christmas 1906 Uncle Patrick and his family were comfortably installed in a new home at 27 Seventh Avenue, San Francisco, where he lived until the end of his days.

The years passed over him lightly, and at ninety he was still active and scarcely changed from the familiar figure of the early days. September 22, 1917, at the age of ninety-one years and six months, he slipped quietly out of this life and was buried at Santa Clara. It might well be said of him, "None knew thee but to love thee, None named thee but to praise."

After a time Aunt Jennie sold the house on Seventh Avenue and built one on Lake Street, next door to her daughter Veronica, who had married Robert Kinzie. January 15, 1924, Aunt Jennie folded the hands grown weary with ministering to others and joined her husband in the land from which no traveler returneth. She left behind her the memory of a beautiful, happy, and useful life.

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CHAPTER III

KATE KENNEDY

KATE KENNEDY, eldest daughter of Thomas and Eliza King Kennedy, was born at Gaskinstown, County Meath, Ireland, May 31, 1827. The surrounding country was beautiful and filled with the romance of by-gone days, about which tales were told at every fire-side. The little girl grew up steeped in the legends and folk-lore of her native land, and at the age of twelve could hold an audience spell-bound for hours with her dramatically told stories.

Although the laws which forbade education to the children of Catholic parents had been repealed, many of the older people in the country districts were unable to read, and Aunt Kate was often called upon to read aloud from newspapers stirring speeches made by prominent men in Ireland and accounts of events that were taking place all over the Island in the fight to secure Irish Independence. At such times the family and assembled neighbors formed an attentive audience, and Aunt Kate felt the first thrill of the ability as a speaker which she developed in later years.

Her early education was acquired at a school two miles away where the children sat on wooden benches in a poorly lighted building with earth floor, mud walls, and thatched roof. After graduating from the convent

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school at Navan she was given the task of teaching her five younger sisters; so the first experience gained by this girl who was destined to become one of the foremost educators in California was in her home in Ireland.

The death of her father when she was not yet fourteen years old and the troubled conditions prevailing in Ireland at that time made a deep impression on her and filled her with a desire to find some solution for the sad plight of her native land. The famine of 1846 and 1847 which cost the lives of over a million of her countrymen, the indescribable suffering that she saw all about her, in the face of which the government stood helpless, all this was etched on the heart and mind of this young girl, and not all the prosperity of her later years was able to erase the picture. The spectacle of people starving in a world where there was plenty of food for all filled her with indignation, and she resolved to devote her life to helping the working people in all lands.

By 1849 conditions had reached the stage where emigration seemed to be the only solution, and Aunt Kate set out for New York with her brother and one sister, hoping to find in the New World the opportunities which were denied her in Ireland. She was then twenty-two years old and had lived through the experiences of an ordinary lifetime. It was a great grief to her to leave the land of her birth, the home where she had grown up and where all the family traditions were centered, but the situation called for a desperate remedy. Nearly thirty years later she returned to Ire-

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land, a woman in comfortable circumstances and with an assured position as an educator, and revisited her girlhood home.

Aunt Kate lived in New York for five years, earning her living with her needle and spending all her spare time in study to prepare herself for the work of teaching, while she was continually broadening her knowledge of economic questions. She arrived in San Francisco January 5, 1856, and soon found a position in the public schools of Suisun, where she taught for about a year and made a number of warm friends.

In 1857 she was enrolled in the public schools of San Francisco and maintained this connection, as teacher and principal for many years. Aunt Kate not only had a real gift for teaching, but she felt that the salvation of the race lay in education and knew that there was much work to be done along political lines. Even in these early years she showed her ability as a teacher, and in Mother's diary she recorded the fact that Aunt Kate passed the examinations at the head of the list in January 1859 and again in January 1860.

For thirty years Aunt Kate taught in the San Francisco schools and saw the town grow from the small beginning of 1856 to a large and prosperous city with a fine school system of which she was justly proud. Her first school in San Francisco was in a frame building which stood close to the present site of the Palace Hotel, and to the south of the school house rose a high hill of sand. Over and around this hill many prominent men and women, well known in the later life of San Francisco, used to walk as children to the little frame school house where Aunt Kate taught. Literally thousands

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passed through her classes, or under her influence, and then went out into the world to remember and profit by her counsel.

She possessed a remarkable degree of patience, kindness, and understanding, as well as a gift for clear and forceful instruction which made a lasting impression on her young charges. I have talked with those who attended her school as children and found that the memory of her personality, and above all, her kindness and understanding, has endured through the years. One prominent citizen paid her the following tribute many years after he came under her influence, "Miss Kennedy was the first teacher whom I can remember. I had other teachers before her, but the very first day I went to the old Greenwich Street School her gentle kindness impressed itself upon me, and I wanted to do right if only to please her. The first lesson she taught me was to be truthful always—that a lie was an abomination, and a liar one who would be mistrusted by everybody in everything. Those were not her words, but that was her meaning, and whenever I have been tempted to speak an untruth, that first lesson would come uppermost, and I could not if I would, and would not if I could."

Aunt Kate could scarcely have made such progress in her profession if she had married as her sisters did, but, having no family cares, she devoted herself to her chosen work with an ardor and singleness of purpose which could not fail to raise her above the level of those who worked with a divided mind. She had suitors, being an attractive young woman, but none that could

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measure up to the requirements of her mind and intellect, and perhaps she realized that "he travels fastest who travels alone."

She had not been teaching very long before the unjust discrimination against women teachers in the matter of salary came to her attention. She was appointed principal of a grammar school; but was compelled to accept the same salary that she received while principal of a primary school, in spite of the fact that she was recognized as one of the best educators in the city. She began to agitate the question of equal pay for equal work, and through her efforts, assisted by her friends and Judge Maguire who was then in the Legislature of California, a bill was passed to prevent discrimination against women teachers. This bill, which was passed and approved March 30, 1874, reads, "Section I.—Females employed as teachers in the public schools of this State shall in all cases receive the same compensation as allowed male teachers for like services, when holding the same grade of certificate." In 1875 an attempt was made to repeal this bill, as well as one that had been passed in 1873 enabling women to hold school offices, but Aunt Kate was an active worker in the contest, and the bills were not repealed. She was the first woman who ever received equal pay for equal work, and Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton visited her at her school building to congratulate her upon her victory, while Henry George was her warm friend and firm supporter in her battle for equal rights for women.

During these years she was laying her plans and testing her powers, and in private homes and at public meetings she spoke with feeling and eloquence on equal

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suffrage, land reform, proportional representation, and all economic questions. She was a staunch and loyal friend of women, and many of the privileges that they enjoy today are due to the earnest, self-forgetful work of Aunt Kate. Her chief efforts were directed towards improving the condition of the working people, and to this end she contributed her time and money, speaking openly on public platforms, until she began to be feared by the capitalist class. She gave money to strikers from time to time, and was a member of the Knights of Labor of San Francisco. When she saw what she believed would benefit her fellow-men she labored unceasingly with tongue and pen to spread the good news. The fire of the patriot and the reformer was the consuming flame that guided all her actions, and little she reckoned the consequences to herself if only she could be the means of helping others.

In 1878, over twenty years after she began her work in the San Francisco School Department, Aunt Kate asked for a year's leave of absence and spent this time traveling through the British Isles and visiting France, Italy, Spain, Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. She spoke German, Italian, French, and Spanish, so wherever she went she was able to talk to the people in their own language and gather information from many sources. Her chief object was to investigate educational and economic systems in those countries, and she talked with those interested in the higher education of women and visited many of the leading universities.

During this time she wrote letters which were published in the San Francisco Bulletin, issued August 2, 1878, and in later issues. Nothing escaped the attention

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of her alert mind which was reaching out for a system which would unite all countries in the bonds of brotherhood and equal opportunity. She wrote of factories and colleges, cathedrals and Parliament Houses, showed a keen interest in the farming districts, and great appreciation of the beautiful scenery in Scotland and Ireland. She journeyed to Cork by train, and of this district she wrote, "After feasting our eyes some minutes on the beautiful scene spread out before us, now glowing in the golden light of the morning sun, we turned our steps towards the suburbs, and soon found ourselves in the open country. Everything was so new and strange, the rich cultivated fields separated by hawthorne hedges, the soft delicious verdure, the air of peaceful repose, and the graceful clumps of foliage, that we forgot both fatigue and hunger in the admiration they excited."

After spending July Fourth at Killarney she wrote, "As we approached Ross Castle the clouds broke into those masses of fleecy whiteness so peculiar to Irish skies, making the glimpses between appear more intensely blue and flecking the landscape with patches of alternating light and shade. Climbing to the top of this beautiful ruin we stood for some minutes on the battlements to admire the scene around us. The view extends over the lakes and a great part of the surrounding country, embracing the mansion of Lord Kenmare and many other stately edifices, and is one of indescribable loveliness. The castle is said to be the last stronghold which held out against Cromwell, and the cannon used in its defense are still seen, half embedded in the soil and overgrown with ivy. Our road back to the hotel lay through the beautiful domain of Lord Kenmare, and we

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shall long remember the Fourth of July at Killarney as one of the happiest days of our lives."

After many years of close devotion to teaching, this leisurely vacation was a time of great enjoyment, broadening her outlook on life and storing her mind with material for use in her work. The experiences of her early years had developed an intellect which could not be confined within the boundaries of any one country, and a heart which would never be satisfied until words were translated into deeds.

While Aunt Kate was absent in Europe the "Land Reform League" was organized, some of the members being Henry George, Judge Maguire, Joseph Leggett, and William M. Hinton; and on her return she joined the league, and from that time worked unceasingly to advance the cause of the Single Tax which she believed would solve all economic questions. During the years 1885 to 1887 she wrote a series of articles entitled "Short Sermons to Workingmen" which were published in the San Francisco Star under the signature of "Cato the Censor". In these she presented a clear and convincing picture of the way wealth is produced in a community by the influx of population and argued that the increased value of land belonged by right to the people and not to the capitalist who bought and held the land.

She believed that a single tax on land would prevent the holding of large tracts and result in an equitable distribution of wealth, and to bring about this result she gave her time and her money lavishly. Although many years have passed away, Aunt Kate is still a living presence to me by the expression of her earnest face and the tone of her ringing voice, as she talked on the one sub-

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ject which seemed to her worth while—the improvement of the condition of the working classes. It is sadly true that reformers are never properly appraised by their own time, and their work must be viewed from the perspective of years to reveal what they have accomplished. The world seldom sees in the earnest man or woman, lifting a voice in the midst of the tumult of daily living, the prophet of a new philosophy which is destined to revolutionize not only its thinking but its economic structure.

So Aunt Kate, gifted daughter of a long line of Kennedys, threw all the force of her personality against the torrent of public opinion as bravely as her ancestors fought to defend their native land against the invading Danes. She believed that organization was the only hope of the working man, and that reformers would be protected by the force of numbers, but she little realized the ordeal that lay before her, or that her life was to be literally sacrificed in her efforts to help her fellow-men.

For several years Aunt Kate lived with her mother at 1006 Clay Street, but when Aunt Lizzie's first child was born Grandmother rented her house and moved to the Burke house, and Aunt Kate lived with the Cushings at 2010 Taylor Street, where she was near her school. When the Cushing family went to Monterey County to live, in April 1869, Aunt Kate made her home with the Burkes at 1213 Clay Street, where Grandmother ran the house and took care of the children to relieve Aunt Lizzie who was engaged in teaching.

In 1882 Aunt Kate bought a house on Thirteenth Street, Oakland, across the street from where the Cushings were then living, and there Aunt Kate and Grand-

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mother spent the remaining years of their lives, as Grandmother died December 22, 1889, and Aunt Kate followed her mother to the grave in the short space of three months.

During the eighties I boarded at 1213 Clay Street, and occupied the room which was still known as "Aunt Kate's room." It commanded a beautiful view of the Bay, Yerba Buena Island, and the Oakland hills, over which the first rays of the morning sun shone into the room, and at night the moon made a pathway of light across the water. In this inspiring environment she did her work, and dreamed of the day when her life-long efforts to benefit mankind would be crowned with success.

Busy Aunt Kate visited Tierra Redonda only once—in 1866—but she and Mother held the same views on economic questions, and she was a faithful correspondent during all those years; also every Christmas brought a generous box of presents for her flock of nieces and nephews.

In 1886 Aunt Kate ran for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, not with the hope of being elected, but in order to bring the question of woman suffrage before the people. She received a complimentary vote which was sufficient to defeat the Democratic candidate Mr. Moulder, who knew that she was the means of his defeat, and when the opportunity came he did not hesitate to take his revenge.

The strain of many years of unselfish and devoted work began to tell upon Aunt Kate's health, and she asked for and was granted a leave of absence from the School Department for the months of February, March,

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and April 1887, expecting to return to work May first to finish out the year, at the end of which it was her intention to retire and devote all her time to the Single Tax cause. She did not suspect that the Board of Education had planned to remove her from the schools because she was so fearless and outspoken, had contributed money to the striking carmen, and advocated the Single Tax movement, but soon after she went on her leave of absence their plans were made public.

March 16, 1887, the Board of Education passed a resolution transferring Aunt Kate from the principalship of the North Cosmopolitan School, with a salary of \$175.00 a month, to the same position in the small Ocean View School at a salary of \$100.00 a month, and on May 18th they passed another resolution dismissing her from the school department. In taking this summary action they changed one of their rules, ignored others, and gave her no chance for a hearing or any explanation for her dismissal. They had dropped other teachers for political reasons and thought they could do so in this case.

It might be asked why, since Aunt Kate had planned to retire in a few months, she did not accept her dismissal and carry on her work free from all restraining influences, but it was not in her nature to submit to tyranny and injustice. Moreover, she saw that if she yielded without protest the Board would use the same tactics with teachers who were less able than she was to resist, and she determined to make it a test case for the benefit of women teachers.

The suit which she began May 31, 1887, against the San Francisco Board of Education lasted for nearly three years, and attracted widespread attention on account of

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its far-reaching importance and the prominence of those involved. After the lower court had decided in her favor the Board appealed to the Supreme Court which confirmed the decision of the lower court, and the Board was compelled to recognize her right to the position from which they had attempted to remove her. She then resigned and began suit for thirty-three months back salary which the Board was compelled to pay her and which amounted to \$5,700.75. The result of her unselfish action was the "tenure of office law" which made it impossible to remove a teacher without cause and without a hearing, and this law is still in effect and has been of great benefit to thousands of teachers.

It was a source of great regret to all who knew Aunt Kate that she did not live to enjoy many more years of usefulness, but the long period of devoted work, together with the strain of the protracted court proceedings, wore on her to such an extent that her health failed and she died March 18, 1890, soon after the suit was decided in her favor.

Although she was brought up a Catholic she had outgrown both church and creed, and all through her life she practiced the faith she had formulated which was based on the Golden Rule and included loving her neighbor as herself.

She was buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery; and Judge Maguire who had known and worked with her for years made a feeling address beside her grave, saying in part, "I do know from her expressed wish that she hoped to have some friend acquainted with her most cherished thoughts, aspirations, and sympathies, say at her grave that—regardless of the distinctions and classifications

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prevailing in human society, regardless of the division of races, parties, and creeds — she loved her fellow-creatures, one and all; that she sympathized with the poor and oppressed of her brethren; that she labored and hoped for the restoration to them of their natural heritage, of their natural opportunities, believing firmly that the greatest portion of human miseries, in the present age, springs from the exclusion of the poor from the resources which the Creator has so generously and bountifully provided."

A simple shaft of granite bearing the name Kate Kennedy marks her resting place, but her lasting memorial is in the hearts of grateful teachers and recorded in the laws which her efforts placed on the statute books. Wishing to know how her memory has endured after the lapse of over forty years I asked a retired teacher if she had known my aunt. "Oh yes," she said, "I knew Kate Kennedy well. She was a wonderful woman, absolutely fearless in the expression of her opinion if she felt that she was right." Then she enumerated, as if the facts were still fresh in her mind, all the important laws and rulings that Aunt Kate had originated, and said that when the suit against the Board of Education was finally decided in her favor she drew the largest salary warrant ever issued to a San Francisco teacher. It is good to know that her earnest efforts to help her fellow-men were not in vain, and that, regardless of the passing years, she is still held in loving remembrance by all who knew her.

The many articles published in the newspapers after her death show what a high place she held in the community, and her family felt that the facts of her life

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should be recorded in a fitting biography, but no one could be found who would undertake the task. She had requested that her essays "Short Sermons to Workingmen" be published in book form, and distributed for the benefit of the Single Tax cause, and it was proposed that a sketch of her life should be included in this book, but no action was taken until 1906, sixteen years after her death, when Uncle Patrick had the essays published at his own expense. He wrote a brief review of her life as a preface to the book, and this, together with a short sketch written by Leonora Beck in 1891 and read before the Single Tax Club of Chicago, Ill., is the only existing record of a woman who surely deserves a place among the foremost women of the nation.

Her many friends in San Francisco felt that there should be some permanent memorial in this city, and through their efforts a school in Noe Valley bears the name, Kate Kennedy School, and her certificate as a teacher occupies a conspicuous place on the wall. Her name is also perpetuated in the Kate Kennedy Parent Teacher's Association.

Aunt Kate was principal of the North Cosmopolitan Grammar School for many years, and when she was removed from this position the pupils staged a riot as a protest against the action of the Board. When the school was rebuilt in 1910 a copy of Aunt Kate's book "Short Sermons to Workingmen" was placed in the cornerstone, and the ceremonies included a review of her life and work as a teacher.

Although Aunt Kate spent her money freely, she lived very simply, and her fortune accumulated to such an extent that at the time of her death it amounted to

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nearly \$50,000, and she forgave debts to the amount of \$10,000.00. She showed her fine impartial spirit in her will which remembered each one of her many relatives with bequests of from \$500.00 to \$2000.00 each. To Judge Maguire she left \$10,000.00 in trust, to be devoted to the promotion of the Single Tax cause. Among her assets were a raisin ranch near Fresno, her house and lot on Thirteenth Street, Oakland, and seventeen lots in San Francisco; the Oakland and San Francisco property having been deeded to Judge Maguire as part of the Kate Kennedy Trust Fund.

CHAPTER IV

ANNE KENNEDY CUSHING

ANNE KENNEDY, second daughter of Thomas and Eliza Kennedy, was born June 16, 1829, on the pleasant Deerpark farm which was located near Moortown, County Meath, Ireland. The productive farm of two hundred acres kept her father and the hired men busy with the work of plowing and reaping, and the thatched-roofed cottage, with its outbuildings and near by orchard made an attractive and homelike place where the young Kennedys romped and played through their childhood years. Aunt Anne was named for her maternal grandmother, and at an early age began to develop the strong and forceful character which distinguished her in later years and which left the impress of her personality woven into the laws and schools of California.

Aunt Anne grew up under conditions which imposed a burden of responsibility on her, and at an early age she was able to make her own decisions. When conditions in Ireland became so serious that it seemed as if emigration was the only solution, she contended that there were good business possibilities in Dublin, where she expected to make a beginning. However, the rest of the family had decided to emigrate to the United States; so, rather than be separated from her nearest

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relatives, she gave in to the majority, and in 1851 left her native land, accompanied by her mother and two sisters, to join the pioneer members of the family in New York.

Here again Aunt Anne showed her independence of thought and action, for she was not satisfied with the prospects in New York and decided to try her fortune in California, to which place the eyes of all the world were turned on account of the discovery of gold. Like a true pioneer she was filled with enthusiasm by the tales of the richness of the West, and was determined to make the trip, in spite of the difficulty of travel in those days, hoping that the rest of the family would follow the trail she blazed. Mother, who also had plenty of pioneer spirit, accompanied Aunt Anne, and the two girls reached San Francisco April 13, 1853, after a voyage around Cape Horn.

Mother was the first of the Kennedy sisters to venture on the troubled waters of matrimony, her marriage taking place November 27, 1856, but Aunt Anne was a close second. Sunday, July 25, 1858, Anne Kennedy and John Morland Cushing were married by the Rev. F. C. Ewer, the wedding taking place at 6:20 in the morning. They immediately set out for a sojourn in the country, and returned to San Francisco August 4th, to begin housekeeping in a well furnished home which had been made ready for them. Aunt Anne's first child, a little girl who was named Alice Gray, was born May 16, 1859, and August 15th of that year she left with her husband and baby on the steamer Sonora to visit his parents who lived in Great Barrington, Mass. November 27th Uncle John returned to San Francisco leav-

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ing his wife and baby with his parents while he looked about for a new business location. December 9, 1860, he went into business in Sacramento where he and his family lived for several years, and there was much visiting back and forth between San Francisco and the Cushing home in Sacramento. In 1861 Mother spent a few months in San Francisco, and with her small son James and Grandmother, visited Aunt Anne in Sacramento from March 1st to 12th.

There was a special bond between Mother and Aunt Anne because they had shared the vicissitudes of pioneering days and together blazed a trail into the far West; so it was not surprising to find Aunt Anne setting out on the long stage trip to Tierra Redonda to visit her sister. She and her little girl arrived at their destination July 11, 1861, and, as if the usual discomforts of early-day travels were not enough, the stage upset on the way, giving Aunt Anne a bad shaking up.

Little Alice Gray Cushing was a delicate child, and although she was given every care she died July 10, 1862, when she was only a little more than three years old. Those were years to test the bravest spirits, and Aunt Anne did not have even the security of an established home during this trying time. Late in the year 1862 Uncle John joined Uncle Patrick in the rush of gold-seekers bound for the newly discovered field at Virginia City, Nevada. March 3, 1863, Aunt Anne's second child, Lizzie, was born, and July 7th she set out with her baby to join her husband. August 16th little Lizzie Cushing, only five months old, died at Virginia City, leaving her parents stunned by this second blow which left them childless. Aunt Anne never hesitated

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at any hardship and followed her husband wherever he went, but her children were unable to stand the changes and vicissitudes of pioneer days, and two little lives were sacrificed while history was being made in the far West.

Uncle John Morland Cushing was a real pioneer, having arrived in San Francisco July 5, 1849. He was born in Salem, Mass., July 16, 1825, and his father John Dean Cushing was a printer and publisher in that city. In 1834 the family moved to Great Barrington, Mass., where the elder Cushing started the Berkshire Courier, and Uncle John assisted his father as he grew older. During the early part of 1849 the tales about the wealth of gold discovered in California became so exciting that Uncle John decided that he must see this wonderful country for himself, and February 5th set out for Panama on the ship *Crescent City*.

He and his party spent many weary months on the Isthmus, waiting for a ship to take them to San Francisco, and during this time over three thousand gold-seekers were camped in the neighborhood of Panama City, and there were many deaths. Uncle John found work in a printer's office, and afterwards with a party of surveyors, and at last the welcome day came when the whaler *Niantic* called at Panama and took him, together with several hundred other passengers, on board. In the *Quarterly Magazine* published by the Society of California Pioneers, dated October 1929, is an article written by Uncle John when he was eighty years old, describing his experience while he was detained on the Isthmus, and giving a vivid picture of the hardships and heart-breaking delays suffered by the gold-seekers. A ship

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which left Boston February 5th, the same day Uncle John left New York, carried passengers around Cape Horn for \$150.00 each, and arrived in San Francisco the same day as the Niantic, whose passengers had spent twice that sum for the trip and had had a very unpleasant experience on the Isthmus.

Like other pioneers Uncle John would not be satisfied until he visited the mining camps and experienced the thrill of digging for gold, but a few years of this life convinced him that it was a losing game for the majority of miners, and he turned his attention in other directions. Father, after having worked in the mining districts and tried several business ventures, had located at Tierra Redonda in San Luis Obispo County, where he was engaged in the sheep business, and by 1869 he was well established, and the venture was prospering. The stream of gold-seekers had gone to the northern part of California; hence the southern section was sparsely settled and presented many promising opportunities to enterprising settlers; so Father put before Uncle John the question of going into the sheep business in southern Monterey county.

The rich and productive Harris Valley section was unsurveyed, several men were living there and raising stock, and it seemed like a favorable place for a sheep range. The valley was named for Robert Harris who had helped drive sheep from Missouri to California in the early days, and with his partner McCutcheon had been in the stock business in this section for some years, but who gave up sheep raising to become County Surveyor. In March 1869, Father bought the sheep and land rights belonging to Edward Perry who was then

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living in the house which Harris and McCutcheon had built in Harris Valley, and into this house moved the Cushing family which consisted of Uncle John, Aunt Anne, and two little boys, Oscar and Charley. Uncle John made his beginning with a band of about five hundred sheep, and settled down to the business of raising sheep and wool.

About this time William Pinkerton, Sr., bought the Pleyto ranch, and immediately claimed that Harris Valley, where Uncle John had settled, was within the boundary of the Pleyto Grant. The matter was taken up with the Government Land Office which finally decided that the southern boundary line of the Pleyto Grant extended to the range of hills south of Harris Valley; so Uncle John had to move off. To make matters worse, Pinkerton sued for rents, profits, etc., during the three years that Uncle John occupied the land, and again he won, the amount being set at \$1297.00, half of which was paid by Father and half by Uncle John. The case was tried July 28, 1872, in the Federal Court in San Francisco.

Uncle John then built a house at Willow Glen, close to the Pleyto road, but outside the Pleyto Grant, and here the family lived until November 1874, while he continued to range sheep on Government land. During the period from 1870 to 1871, Martin Hurges, one of the settlers living in Harris Valley, began a campaign of violence in an effort to drive sheep men out of the country, and the Cushings were living too near this desperado for either comfort or safety. The lawless actions of the Hurges gang extended into the Nacimiento section where Father ranged his sheep, and this period of

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border warfare was a time of great anxiety for Mother and Aunt Anne who lived in constant fear that their husbands would be killed. Sheep were shot and scattered, herders beaten and threatened, wells filled in and barns burned, including Father's barn, and the trouble reached its climax when two men hired by Father to guard his sheep and the herder were wounded, resulting in the arrest and trial of Hurges. By some strange quirk of early-day justice he was acquitted, but a few months later was stabbed to death by a brother of one of the men he shot, thus putting an end to his lawless career and terminating a very anxious and troubled period for all the settlers in that section.

Aunt Anne was inclined to blame Father for having induced them to come to the country, though he had believed that he was doing them a service; and the trouble with Martin Hurges did not develop until after the Cushings arrived. Some years later at a family gathering in Oakland the subject was discussed, and Mother said that she wanted to go on record as saying that, regardless of how the venture turned out, nothing was ever planned in a more kindly spirit than that shown by Father; and this statement had the effect of silencing criticism.

The arrival of the Cushings at Willow Glen was hailed with joy by the young Lynches who had no playmates outside of their own family, and who spent much time visiting their cousins who lived only a little over two and a half miles away, a distance which could be shortened by taking a foot and horse route over Trail Hill. Aunt Anne and Mother, the first members of the Kennedy family to reach California, lived so near to

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each other from 1872 to 1874 that the Cushings had only to walk to the top of Trail Hill, where they could look down on the Valley of Tierra Redonda and see the Lynch ranch house about three-quarters of a mile away. One day Mother was walking in a field below the house with the younger children when she became aware that someone was calling from Trail Hill, and there stood Aunt Anne, outlined against the sky with her two small children, calling for Oscar who had walked to Tierra Redonda on an errand. Caroline Morland Cushing was born at the Harris Valley house in 1871, but she had a particular affection for the little pioneer home at Willow Glen, and returned in later years to visit the place and to take a photograph of the house.

My first real acquaintance with Aunt Anne began when I was three years old and was left in her care while Mother visited in San Francisco with my elder sister Elizabeth and Kate, who was then a baby. I had a very enjoyable time playing with my cousins and investigating the house which to my young mind was a very wonderful place, for one could step from the hillside right to the roof of the house, and the cellar was a cool dark place dug into the hill, just outside the kitchen door. The near-by creek which was filled with a tangle of willows afforded an inviting place for children to play, and the house was built close to the road which carried traffic from Pleyto to Tierra Redonda and on across the mountains to Cambria.

Uncle John was much disheartened by his experience in the stock business, and decided to return to the central part of the State where there were more people and less of pioneer conditions. Each move made by the

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Cushings brought them nearer to the great centers of population where Aunt Anne's work really lay, and where she found an outlet for her ability as a social worker. In May 1875, the Cushings moved to Saint Helena, and rented from Mr. Marchant a place known as Pine Croft, with the privilege of buying within three years for \$7000.00. There were six and a half acres in the tract, one thousand good vines, and a house large enough to permit taking summer boarders; so with grapes, chickens, and boarders they would have several sources of income. They lived in this attractive place for nearly four years, the children attending school and Aunt Anne busy with a multitude of affairs; but in January 1879, they moved to Oakland, where they had a house built at 1669 Thirteenth Street. This proved to be the last move for some years, and here for the first time Aunt Anne had an established home, and a chance to develop the real talents she possessed.

The attractive cottage with its large garden filled with flowers and vegetables was always a homelike place and was the scene of many pleasant family gatherings. Aunt Anne was an efficient housekeeper, and always had enough for a few more guests at her table, so her hospitable roof sheltered many transient visitors. Berries and many kinds of vegetables were grown in the well-kept garden; she also knew how to persuade hens to lay regardless of the season, and the surplus eggs, above what was needed in the house, helped to pay the grocery bills. At this time Uncle John had a position with the Southern Pacific Co., and with a regular income they were able to plan for the education of the three children, and enjoy the comfort of an estab-

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lished home which seemed good to them after the vicissitudes of pioneer days.

I saw Aunt Anne often during the eighties and had reason to marvel at the efficient way in which she ran her house, and still had time to plan pleasure outings for the young people. After a day spent in San Francisco with her young charges she would return to her house, and in a surprisingly short time have a hot and delicious meal on the table, topping off with a strawberry shortcake, the cake part of which was mixed and put into the oven after the family sat down to dinner. On special occasions she made some of her famous tarts, the secret of which she learned as a girl in Ireland, and none of her sisters could make pastry that compared with hers. For many years Mrs. Cuddy as laundress and Mrs. Cady as cook helped her with extra work, and were her devoted friends on account of the kindness and consideration which she showed them.

There was a bond between me and Aunt Anne—something which was never put into words, but which was none the less felt, and I have much reason to remember her with gratitude for her many kind offices in my behalf, not only at this time, but in later years also. She had a sympathetic understanding of the problems of young people, and with characteristic decision she extended a helping hand whenever she saw an opportunity.

Thanksgiving Day in 1882, Grandmother and Aunt Kate moved into a cottage across the street from Aunt Anne's house. There was much sociable visiting back and forth between the houses, and callers were constantly arriving. As telephones were not then in use, communication was kept up by means of calls, which

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often resulted in some pleasant gossip over a cup of tea.

Grandmother died in December 1889, and when Aunt Kate felt that her end also was near, it was to Aunt Anne's house that she elected to go. There she spent the last months of her life, and Aunt Anne saw that she had every care, and went through the trying ordeal of sickness, nurses, and a constant stream of visitors with her usual efficiency. Aunt Kate wished to die as she had lived, outside of church or creed, and Aunt Anne promised to see that her wishes were carried out to the letter. She kept her promise faithfully. Aunt Kate was buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery, near her two little nieces, Alice and Lizzie Cushing, whose lives had ended so many years before.

During the period that followed 1890, Aunt Anne, then over sixty years old, really began her life work. Her two boys were earning their living, and Carrie was attending college and afterwards taught for several years; so she had time to turn her attention to political and economic questions in which she had always taken a deep interest. As she lived to the good old age of ninety-four years she had over thirty years in which to make her influence felt, and she made good use of her time. The Oakland Club printed an article written by Aunt Anne on the subject of probation, in which she showed the great advantage of probation for first offenders whenever the circumstances justified such action, and said that many young people needed a helping hand instead of being shut up in prisons where they came in contact with hardened criminals.

June 25, 1909, a San Francisco paper published an article under the heading "What a woman can do. The

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inspiring example of Mrs. Anne M. Cushing," which gives such a good idea of the range of her work that it is quoted in part—"Not alms, but a friend.—Mrs. Anne M. Cushing has waged a many year long campaign to make effective that principle of dispensing charity. In doing so she has become a most admirable example of the power for good that rests in a woman who, without the ballot, and without any organized plan of action, persistently uses the everyday resources of persuasion by personal interview, or by correspondence, to influence men in authority to better conditions. She has favored woman suffrage, but her active work has been chiefly directed toward helping to solve the problems of dependent childhood.

"She was the pioneer of the playgrounds movement in California at a time when playgrounds were unknown and were ridiculed when mentioned. To her persistent advocacy of their establishment is due much of the progress that has recently taken shape in Oakland in a far-reaching plan to issue bonds for a chain of public grounds for children all through the city. She aroused much interest in the subject in Palo Alto where she lived for a time after the San Francisco fire, bringing the idea to public attention by bringing the secretary of the National Playground Association to the town to discuss it publicly.

"After the national conference of charities and corrections was held in San Francisco in 1889, Mrs. Cushing agitated the passage of a bill by the State legislature to create a state board of charities and corrections. Her method of attack was here the same she always used—she wrote letters to legislators, to the Governor, to poli-

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ticians, to charitable organizations—she saw personally as many people of influence as she could, and by argument and persuasion organized sentiment to bring about the needed reform. The bill, largely as the result of her efforts, was passed in 1903.

"Her greatest interest has been the care of orphans and abandoned children. Recognizing the fallacy of the method of raising orphans in public institutions, where they develop mechanically and miss the inspiration and love of a home, Mrs. Cushing has used every means at her command to abolish orphan asylums and to substitute the finding of homes for the children. She has advocated that the legislature stop the demoralizing practice of giving state funds to orphan asylums, pointing out that seventy-five per cent of the inmates of these institutions have one parent living who should see that the children are placed in proper homes, to be raised as human beings instead of as semi-prisoners.

"It is impossible to say specifically what her influence has been in this regard. The law has not yet been changed, but no one can doubt that her hundreds of letters and interviews, with their personal touch of persuasion, have made an impression that sooner or later will affect the laws and bring about their reform. Fourteen years elapsed between the inception of the idea of a board of charities and corrections and the creation of the board—but the thing was done at last.

"In the same way Mrs. Cushing advocated the passage of the juvenile court law, and of the laws admitting both juvenile and adult offenders to probation. Since these laws have been in operation she has devoted much time to their practical operation, interesting judges

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in cases that she believed could properly be handled by probation officers. Three things have characterized her work: an amazing range of information upon all subjects related to philanthropic and remedial legislation; a sound judgment that has kept her from permitting her instinctive sympathy for the victims of injustice to become confused by sentimentality; and a persistency in fighting for a reform in which she believes that knows no limit of patience and work nor any admission of defeat. She has simply worked with more energy, consistency, and persistency than most woman do; hence she has accomplished more."

The complete record of Aunt Anne's work and influence on the up-building of her adopted State will probably never be written, but this brief sketch will give some idea of her amazing perseverance and her warmhearted sympathy for all people, both young and old, who were struggling to lift their heads above the waves of adversity. She was never content with mere words. Sympathy and action went hand in hand with her, and when her decision was made she put on her bonnet and went forth to battle with the Goliath of public opinion and human inertness, and like David of old she usually left the field victorious. I could cite two separate instances of young people who were at the parting of the ways and sadly perplexed as to the future outlook. With her usual intuition Aunt Anne sensed the need, and by direct action and wise counsel set their feet on the road that leads to independence, and they have never ceased to bless her name.

It is good to be able to record the prosperity of Aunt Anne's later years, and to know that her life of devotion,

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not only to her family, but to mankind, was rewarded by a peaceful period, free from financial worries. During the nineties the Cushings built a large and comfortable house at 920 Linden Street, Oakland, and there she and Uncle John lived for a number of years. April 13, 1899, she gave a tea and reception at this house to celebrate the anniversary of her arrival in California in 1853, and Mother was present to share the honors of the occasion with her. When the memorable earthquake of April 18, 1906, shook the Bay Region, Aunt Anne was living in the Linden Street house, but soon after this date she and Uncle John went to Palo Alto to stay with Carrie who was living there with her husband. During 1908 Uncle John was failing in health, and January 4, 1909, he slipped quietly out of this life, his pioneering days ended.

After his death Aunt Anne did not return to house-keeping, but for over fourteen years lived in boarding houses and hotels in San Francisco—busy, cheerful, and still taking an active interest in social and political affairs. The increasing years might curb her footsteps, but they could not dim the gallant spirit with which she faced life or lessen her interest in the world about her. She was a notable example of a woman who kept her standard flying to the last; cheerful, uncomplaining, her pioneer spirit never went down to defeat. She maintained to the last her own social center where she welcomed her many friends, who never found her with idle hands, but always busy with some delicate bit of knitting, and many beautiful examples of her work were presented to friends and relatives.

November 13, 1923, the light of her brave life went

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out, and she was buried beside Uncle John in Cypress Lawn Cemetery. She was the only one of the Kennedy family who reached the advanced age of ninety-four years, although three other members lived to be over ninety. It is impossible to estimate the effect of her influence on the thousands with whom she came in contact, and the other thousands who were benefited by her unselfish and devoted work. Her name deserves a lasting place in the roster of pioneers who helped to make California what it is today.

CHAPTER V

MARY KENNEDY GAUGHRAN

THE Deerpark farm where Thomas and Eliza Kennedy lived and worked was a place that teemed with life and hummed with industry, and babies came so fast in those days that Grandmother had no time for anything but the crowding daily tasks. Mary, the fourth child, was born in 1831, and she was followed in rapid succession by three small sisters who reduced her to a midway position in a family of seven, having neither the advantage or prestige of being first nor the importance of the last.

However, Aunt Mary had plenty of spirit, even at a very early age, as told by her brother in his memoirs. He wrote, "Father engaged the village schoolmaster to give sisters Kate, Anne, and myself lessons three evenings every week. The teacher's name was Clark—a man of large stature, dark complexion, black hair and beard, severe and stern looking. We were in mortal dread of him; he was our *bete noir*. Sister Mary was too young to attend school; independent and aggressive, she frequently to our delight gave the teacher a piece of her mind. Mary was our champion on all occasions, she had no fear of Clark, and often had him let us out half an hour before time."

Aunt Mary was only ten years old when her father

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died, and the years that followed before she left Ireland were both eventful and bewildering to her young mind. She received the same education as her sisters, and in addition was sent to Dublin to learn dressmaking. The hard work she did at this time affected her health to such an extent that she was never as strong as her sisters; but this did not prevent her from taking a leading part in pioneering expeditions. She was so eager to join her brother and sisters in New York that she made the trip accompanied by a cousin, and did not wait for her mother and other sisters who followed in 1851. In 1855 she again showed her daring by setting out on the long trip to California with her sister Lizzie and joining Anne and Alice in San Francisco.

During the next four years she found plenty of occupation in helping to keep house for the assembled family; but eight years of life in New York and San Francisco had not satisfied her restless spirit for the reason that she had left her heart in New York, and what her family considered a passing fancy proved to be the one great love of her life.

Aunt Mary was an attractive young girl with a mass of black hair, gray eyes, and flaming cheeks, and one of her sisters said many years later that people turned on the street to look at her. When she and Peter Gaughran met it was a case of love at first sight; but he was not rich in worldly goods, and her family persuaded her to put the continent between them, thinking that she would soon forget him. However, they did not know Aunt Mary or realize the depth of her feeling for him. She and Peter corresponded during the four years that she lived in San Francisco, and at last it was

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arranged that she should return to New York to marry him, as he was unable to leave his work.

A Mrs. McNulty, who was returning to New York and wished to have a companion on the trip, made the matter of transportation easy, and Aunt Mary announced to her surprised family that she would leave for the East January 5, 1859, and would marry Peter Gaughran. Before her departure she was the center of attention—dined, entertained, and showered with gifts, while the whole family escorted her to the wharf, and bade her an affectionate farewell, for none of them knew when they would see her again. Among the presents she received on this occasion was a daguerreotype of Father, Mother, and little James, which many years later she gave to my sister Kate, and which is still a treasured memento of those early days.

A letter was received from Aunt Mary announcing her safe arrival at Acapulco, and on March 17 another letter was received advising that she and Peter Gaughran were married in New York February 10; and for some years they lived in the East. Aunt Mary had a real gift for housekeeping and for taking care of people, so it seemed that her future was happily provided for. She was the third of the Kennedy sisters to get married, three weddings having taken place in the space of three years, so the question of what they should do for a living was fast being decided for them by a group of determined young men.

No one could foresee that the romance and tragedy of Aunt Mary's life would all be over in the short space of nine years, or that she whose warm heart and willing hands were always at the service of those she loved was

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destined to go through life alone. While living in the East she had two daughters, the first of whom was born in 1861 and lived only a short time. Her death on the third of November left her mother broken-hearted, for she had looked forward with great joy to children of her own to make her life quite complete. In May 1863, another child was born dead, leaving her broken in health and almost overcome by this second blow. After a few years she and Uncle Peter came to San Francisco, and with her family about her she became more like her old self. The Gaughrans had a house at the corner of Hyde and Washington Streets, where Aunt Mary had a chance to show her ability as a housekeeper, and with a garden and chickens to take care of she was busy and hopeful again. Uncle Peter had a stall in the California Market where he sold eggs and butter, and they were getting along well, until in the Spring of 1868 he was taken sick and died October 19th of that year.

This was the final blow from which Aunt Mary never quite recovered. Warm-hearted and affectionate, family ties meant the world to her, and she was left alone. Other women might gather up the ruins of their lives and marry again, but she had lost the one love of her life, and felt that no one could take his place. She mourned for Peter with a persistence which her practical sisters found unreasonable, and even a small nephew looked at her wonderingly and said, "Aunt Mary, why do you cry so much?" She did not have the intellectual interests which opened up new worlds for her sisters, or the physical strength to make a place for herself, so she went her way, a saddened little figure, clinging to relatives instead of preserving her own individuality.

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When Uncle Peter died Aunt Delia was married and living in San Francisco, and she took her widowed sister into her home. When the Moffitts moved to Oakland in 1876 Aunt Mary went with them, and for over thirty years she lived under their roof, made welcome by kind Uncle Moffitt, but with no life or standing of her own.

Uncle Peter did not leave much property, but there was a considerable amount of money owing to him, and Aunt Mary managed to collect this, forming the nucleus of a little fortune which by careful handling and investment kept her for the rest of her life. She had no desire to begin any enterprise, but she was adept at saving, and knew how to make every dollar count. Her own expenses were kept to a minimum, but she loved to give, and often came bearing a gift from her little store, perhaps a vase for one of her sisters, or cash to buy a dress for a niece who was attending school and was very short of funds. Christmas Day in 1880, my sister Kate and I each received a present of a gold locket and chain from Aunt Mary, and we little realized at the time that she was denying herself in order to give to others.

As the years went by Aunt Mary was regarded as one who always had money and who was most generous about loaning it, and many applications for loans were made to her. These financial transactions with relatives became a test of character, for one nephew who borrowed a small amount from her failed to return it; but another paid back every penny, although it took a number of years and entailed much self-sacrifice; and Aunt Mary was so pleased when he made the final payment that she forthwith gave him a substantial present.

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Aunt Mary's life did not bring her into public notice, but if her many kind acts had been recorded it would be found that she had a long list to her credit. Her great desire was to be of service to someone, and wherever there was trouble or need she was sure to be there, offering help and consolation. It was she who found Dave Patterson, brother of a dear friend of the family, sick and penniless in a hospital, and gave him comfort and encouragement during his last days by frequent visits and gifts of food to tempt his appetite. She was never so happy as when she had someone to wait upon, and Uncle Patrick, who had a warm spot in his heart for "Auntie Mollie" as he called her, paid her high tribute in a letter to Mother written in 1877. He wrote, "Auntie Mollie, God bless her, is one woman in a million, for it is only one woman in a million who could care for the child of another as she has done."

When Grandmother was at the Moffitt house during her last illness in 1889, Aunt Mary waited on her devotedly, giving her every care and attention, and Grandmother, who liked to be made comfortable, said to Mother, "Thank the Lord, I have Mary." So it is good to be able to record that Aunt Mary's affectionate service was appreciated.

Aunt Mary visited at Tierra Redonda often during the 80's and 90's and seemed to enjoy country life for a time, although she always came after the hot weather was over. She was very fond of Mother and never could do enough for her, and she also got along well with Father, with whom she often had long conversations. In fact all that Aunt Mary wanted was an audience to whom she could pour out her long pent

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up thoughts and feelings, and sometimes I was stopped in the midst of the housework to listen to her conversation, which she often prefaced by saying, "but my darling Dollie Day," quoting from a popular song.

She took a hand in all the ranch operations from gathering and preserving fruit to putting the turkeys to bed, and once she induced Mother to go out into the wheat field with her to do some gleanings, evidently wishing to find if there was a real thrill in the experience. She announced that she wanted to visit me in my cabin on the side of Tierra Redonda; so early one morning she and Mother made the steep climb, and appeared at my door like pilgrims with their staffs in hand.

When one of the casualties of ranch life utterly wrecked the knee of a stocking, Aunt Mary volunteered to mend it, and painstakingly filled in the yawning hole with the neatest bit of darning ever seen. Like her sisters she was an expert with the needle, and her finished products were a marvel of patience and fine stitching. She made a chair cushion for Father, filling it with feathers from which she removed the shafts, and this tedious work resulted in a cushion so soft and light that it seemed to be down-filled.

One day when our Chinaman Gouie was preparing dinner, he cut his finger on a vegetable slicer, but Aunt Mary calmly bound it up, quite as if it were all in the day's work. Then to our great dismay, he fell on the floor in a faint, and it was Aunt Mary who loosed his collar and bathed his face, apparently undisturbed by this most unlooked for performance, until Gouie was able to sit up again, quite proud when he found that he had fainted. On another occasion Aunt Mary was

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sitting in her room reading, when a loaded shotgun fell to the floor in an adjoining room, sending the charge through the wall into her room. Fortunately none of the shots hit her, and she emerged, quite unperturbed, to find out what the shooting was about, as if being under fire was no new experience to her.

The passing years seemed to make little change in Aunt Mary except that she was a little more stooped, a little more pathetic-looking, and it is probable that she was the most discussed member of the Kennedy family, for all her relatives had advice to offer. All that she needed was someone to lean on and give her the care and comfort which she had given to others so freely throughout her life. Her health, never very good, began to fail, and when San Francisco was swept by fire in April 1906, Aunt Mary was at the Adler Sanitarium, from which place she was rescued by relatives and taken to Aunt Anne's house in Oakland. The Cushings soon gave up housekeeping, and went to live with Carrie in Palo Alto, and Aunt Mary boarded in Berkeley, a rather forlorn situation for her, to whom family ties meant so much. A friend on whom she depended very much at this time was Katie Regan Clark, whose warm heart had prompted her to many kind acts and little attentions through the years. Aunt Mary never forgot her kindness, and left \$500.00 to Mrs. Clark in her will, with a special proviso that she should receive the full amount, even if other legacies had to be scaled down.

Fortunately Aunt Mary was able to go about by her-

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self. Many people came to see her, and she had a list of houses where she called regularly, Uncle Patrick and Aunt Lizzie being particularly close to her, and always listening with sympathetic interest to her conversation. In 1911 when her beloved sister Allie was nearing her end in San Francisco, unable to recognize anyone, Aunt Mary, then eighty years old, appeared at the house in the midst of a severe rainstorm, wind-blown and dripping, having come all the way from Berkeley to see her sister. All that she could do was to sit beside her and hold her hand, but she would have gone through fire and water to do anything for Allie.

January 29, 1914, Aunt Mary went out of life as quietly as she had lived, and was laid beside Uncle Peter in Holy Cross Cemetery, having survived him for forty-six lonely years. Her little girls were buried in Bergen, New Jersey. Because she had lived frugally and denied herself everything except necessities, true to the dictates of her affectionate heart she left gifts to many people when she died. The largest bequest was to her beloved brother who had never failed in his kindness to her throughout their lives. He received ten shares of First National Bank stock, worth over two thousand dollars, and her will contained instructions that this bequest was not to be reduced in any event. To many of her nieces and nephews she left sums varying from \$500.00 to \$750.00, and her estate, after all expenses were paid, was sufficient to pay nearly sixty per cent of these amounts.

Each life builds its own memorial in the minds of

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those who are left behind, and a simple life like Aunt Mary's serves to remind us that a record of great achievements would grow wearisome. I remember her with much affection, and hope that her loving heart and restless spirit have found all that was denied to her in this world.

CHAPTER VI

ALICE KENNEDY LYNCH

WHEN little Alice Mary Kennedy was born at the Deerpark farm, January 17, 1833, the fourth girl in a family of five, it is probable that her parents felt they might just as well be reconciled to a family of daughters. They could not have realized that their little girls were to add distinction to the name of Kennedy in the far West, and do much to advance the day of recognition for the rights of women in the world of business.

Mother's early years were spent in the routine of study which Grandmother laid down for her children. It was characteristic of her that she was not content with the good ground-work of education which she absorbed at this time, but continued to add to it during the rest of her life. She studied French with her sister Kate and later at the convent school which she attended for two years, with the result that she spoke French almost as well as English. A stole which she embroidered at the convent school at Navan as a sample of what she had learned is still in the possession of her daughters, the intricate stitching and delicate coloring showing the skill which she had acquired even at this early age.

The two-mile walk to school through green fields and under the cloud-flecked Irish skies inspired her with

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a love for beautiful scenery which was a never-failing pleasure to her; and her eager mind absorbed the poetry of Ireland and other countries to such an extent that she could always draw on this storehouse of uplifting thought.

Mother was only seven years old when her father died, and she grew up in an atmosphere of stress and trouble, both family and national, which made a deep impression on her mind. She remembered the Big Wind of January 6, 1839, which blew off a portion of the roof of the Deerpark house, and also the O'Connell Monster Meeting of August 15, 1843, and recorded both of these events in her memoirs, written in 1898. The suffering of the Irish during the famine of 1846 and 1847 and the appearance of the starving young men who came to her mother's house to beg for food was an experience that she never forgot. She carried through life a warm sympathy for those in trouble of any kind, and her desire to help always took form in deeds.

When her brother Patrick and her sister Kate decided to emigrate to New York, Mother, although only sixteen years old at the time, elected to go with them, and April 1, 1849, she left the land of her birth, never to return. Although the Thomas Kennedy branch of the family had been disinherited by the will of my great-grandfather Patrick Kennedy, Mother and Aunt Kate had each been left one hundred pounds by their aunts Catherine and Allie Kennedy, and this legacy supplied the funds which paid for the trip to New York.

During the three and a half years that Mother lived in New York she earned her living by her needle, her expert embroidery being much in demand. She also

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spent much time in study to prepare herself for teaching, which was the work she liked best; and she was the pioneer teacher of a family which was destined to make the Kennedy name known in educational circles throughout the West. In December 1852, Mother again showed her daring spirit by joining Aunt Anne in the long and perilous voyage to California — the little known but much advertised land of gold.

It was a considerable venture for these young girls to travel so far alone and undertake to make their living in a city which was still in a primitive condition, but they had the true pioneer spirit which regards difficulties as a challenge. Soon after arriving in San Francisco Mother was engaged to teach a class in the Bush Street school, of which James Denman was principal, and she received a salary of \$100 a month. She enjoyed the work and was happy to have made a beginning in a profession for which she was well fitted. Also, her knowledge of both French and Spanish was a great advantage in dealing with foreign parents. Her heart was so filled with goodwill to all mankind that it was a great shock to her when she was made to bear the brunt of a situation which was purely political. The "Know Nothing Party" came into power, and as the basis of their party was opposition to foreigners, and particularly Catholic foreigners, she was let out at the end of the school year.

Mother wrote in her memoirs, "It nearly broke my heart, and perhaps brought my first white hairs, to be deprived of an occupation that was a pleasure to me and in which I had given satisfaction, and besides, the loss of income, \$100.00 a month, was a serious matter."

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Several loyal friends tried to have her reinstated, and F. C. Ewer, Director of the San Francisco School Department, wrote a stirring article which was published in the San Francisco Herald in 1854; moreover her Superintendent called attention to her value as a teacher on account of her knowledge of languages; but their efforts were of no avail, and she was out of the schools for eleven months.

During this period, John Swett, who in later years became famous as an educator and who was a firm friend of the Kennedy family, kept her in touch with school affairs. At the end of the year the Democrats came back into power. F. C. Ewer, an intimate friend of Father's, was elected school director and immediately took steps to get a place for Mother, with the result that she was appointed to fill a vacancy before the new Board of Education took office. After a time she was elected Principal of the Intermediate Department of the North Beach School at a salary of \$125.00 a month. She held this position for a year and then closed her connection with the San Francisco School Department on account of her approaching marriage.

Mr. F. C. Ewer's letter which is quoted in part gives an interesting picture of conditions prevailing in the San Francisco School Department in the early 50's, and shows the disheartening experience that Mother went through as a pioneer teacher, but it is probable that she made the path easier for those who followed after her. Had she remained in the School Department, her fine mind and real ability as a teacher developing as the years went by, there would have been three noted teachers in the Kennedy family, instead of two, but the lines of

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her life were laid far from cities and schools, and the time that she spent teaching her children and grandchildren, as well as many others, received no public reward or notice.

"The Late Purification of the Public Schools. Editor of the Herald:—I want the citizens generally to understand that the new Board of Education, at a recent meeting, re-appointed all of the old teachers, with the exception of two, whose birth or religion could not stand the inquisitorial test of the new political idea. . . . As an illustration, however, of the extent to which such feelings when fully gratified will lead, I wish every member of this exclusive association to know of this cruel act of persecution. Without an open syllable uttered against her, without aught being said save in her praise, one of these young ladies was discharged from the position that she has graced for a year past with every accomplishment of mind and with every refinement of taste. She is a very interesting and amiable person. Her resources being slender and unaided save by her own endowments, she sought and procured this situation with the highest recommendation of the superintendent and by the unanimous vote of the late Board. The private objection urged against her was that she spoke with a foreign accent, but this was a base falsehood; her language is as chaste and her accent as pure a Saxon as clothes the tongue of any native of the soil.

"But enough. I merely wish to bring the fact before the eyes of the people, and to tell the gentlemen composing this Board of Education, as they have introduced the axe of partisan warfare in the schools, that they had better carry out the principle to its full extent—dismiss

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the children of adopted citizens, lest they may corrupt the aborigines with their foreign ways, or graft the Celtic accent that they have derived from their mother's milk upon the lips of their playmates. It was a gallant and praiseworthy act; this persecution of a friendless Irish girl, and fully entitles these gentlemen to the lasting scorn and contempt of the community."

"A Native Born American."

Mother arrived in San Francisco April 13, 1853; Father who had spent several years in Stockton came to San Francisco July 1, 1853, and the city of good St. Francis being a small place in those days, he and she soon met. He used his powers of persuasion to such good effect that she resigned from the School Department, and they were married November 27, 1856. The wedding took place in Old St. Mary's Church in the presence of the entire Kennedy family, and the notice of the marriage was published December 1, 1856, in the first edition of the San Francisco Call, then a very small paper.

Father and Mother boarded with Grandmother for more than a year, and their first child, James Kennedy Lynch, was born at 1006 Clay Street, September 7, 1857. Soon after his birth Father bought a house at the southeast corner of Green and Mason Streets, and the James Lynch family moved into it December 28, 1857. Mother had the home-making instinct which could make either a ship or a cabin seem a home-like place, and she soon became much attached to the little Green Street house. She was not far away from her mother and sisters; so there was much visiting back and forth which resulted in pleasant afternoons over the tea cups; and members

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of the family frequently dined with the James Lynch family, or spent the night there. In Mother's diary she kept a record of the daily happenings while she was living at this place, and she mentioned visits from her brother when they spent the evening talking about their school days in Ireland.

Little James as the first child in the family circle was petted, showered with gifts, and was in danger of being spoiled by many admiring friends and relatives. When he was a year old his picture was taken and framed in a gold brooch which he presented to his devoted grandmother on his first birthday. When Grandmother died the brooch was given back to Mother, and she in turn gave it to James's wife, who still preserves it—a valued memento of September 7, 1858.

From the windows of the Green Street house Mother could watch the sun rise over the Oakland hills, and she took much pleasure in the panorama of the city, bay, and hills spread out before her. She saw the procession of white-sailed ships rounding Telegraph Hill, sometimes five large vessels leaving the Bay at about the same time, a sight which cannot be duplicated in these days of steam and motors. She liked to walk on Russian Hill where she got an extended view of the city and Bay, or down to the wharf to watch the ships coming and going and to meet the crowds of people who made an after-dinner promenade of this interesting place.

Several times she substituted for one of her sisters who was absent from school for a day, and watched all the proceedings of the School Department with the greatest interest. An article which she wrote for the San Francisco Bulletin was published under date of

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February 14, 1859. In her diary she mentions the fact that her sisters passed the teacher's examination of December 1859 at the head of the list, and she was as proud and happy over their achievements as if it were her own personal concern. She kept up her embroidery during this period and in September 1859 embroidered a cloak which was exhibited at the Fair in Sacramento. She had many callers at the little Green Street house, and being socially-minded and fond of people, she thrived in the warm and friendly atmosphere that surrounded her. It seemed that the lines of her life had fallen in pleasant places, and she was well content.

Father left his home near Philadelphia while still very young and had not seen or heard from his family since that time; but in 1858 Mother wrote to one of his sisters to get the exact date of his birth, which he had forgotten, and received an answer from her. In July 1858, one of Father's brothers came to visit him and spent some months at the Green Street house, where he made friends with Mother and with little James. It was supposed that he would make his home in San Francisco, but a visit to the mining region where he heard many tales of Indians, put an end to his pioneering, and he returned to Philadelphia in October 1858, leaving a ring for James which was to be kept until he grew up. January 25, 1860, Mother received a letter from her brother-in-law, but after that date nothing was heard from Father's family, and the last link that bound him to his boyhood home was severed.

Father was the son of James and Margaret Mohen Lynch who came to the United States from Ireland in 1819 and settled near Philadelphia where Father was

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born May 2, 1826. Nothing further is known about his family, and the failure to secure information during his lifetime is another evidence of a lost opportunity. It is probable that his father and mother came from County Galway, the home of many families of that name, where Lynch's Castle and Lynch Stone are still pointed out to tourists as objects of interest. The latter is supposed to mark the place where James Lynch Fitzstephen, Mayor of Galway, hanged his own son for the murder of a young Spanish guest.

On a corner of the main street in Galway is what is said to be the only complete example of Spanish-Irish architecture in existence, showing the influence of the Spanish invaders. On the street face are richly ornamented medallions, showing the arms of the Lynch family with their crest, a Lynx. The Lynch Heraldic Shield is of azure banded with gold, with three gold shamrocks on the azure ground, and above is the Lynx. The motto of the Lynch family is—Semper Fidelis.

Father was brought up in the country, and although his school days ended at an early age he remembered well the stone building with gambrel roof and cupola which served for both school and meetinghouse. He was apprenticed to a carpenter while still very young, and soon left home and went out to make his own way in the world. He was in New York, working at his trade and doing well, when war with Mexico was declared, and Colonel J. D. Stevenson began recruiting a regiment for service in California with the understanding that when their term was over the men were to stay in the West and help to colonize the new territory. Father was only twenty years old, was keen for any ad-

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venture, and welcomed the opportunity to reach the western land which offered so much to enterprising settlers.

He entered the service August 1, 1846, and was mustered out at Santa Barbara September 8, 1848, after two years which were crammed with action and interest, but no real fighting. He reached San Francisco March 6, 1847, on the troopship Thomas H. Perkins which had a stormy voyage around Cape Horn. After being mustered out of the army he spent some time in the mining district of Northern California, the net result being little in the way of gold, but a vast amount of experience and adventure. In his book "With Stevenson to California" written in 1896, he gave an interesting account of his wanderings during those days. In 1850 he moved to Stockton where many members of his regiment had located, and for three years took an active part in the political and business life of the town, organizing the first fire department and becoming a member of a military company which was formed to maintain law and order.

In 1853 he returned to San Francisco to take a position as Weigher in the Custom House at a salary of \$3000.00 a year, and two years later opened a wood and coal yard at the south-east corner of Sansome and Broadway. When Uncle Patrick arrived, January 5, 1856, Father took him in as a partner, and the firm was then registered as James Lynch & Co. The business did not prosper, Father had a yearning for country life, and in January 1859, he decided to sell everything and try his fortune in Southern California. By the first of April he had sold his interest in the coal yard to Uncle Patrick;

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and April 11, 1859, the little Green Street house where Mother had been so happy was sold for \$1300.00.

The famous earthquake of 1906 could scarcely have been more upsetting to Mother than was this household revolution of 1859. All their furniture was packed so that it could be freighted to the country, and Mother went back to 1006 Clay Street with her little boy, who was then less than two years old. Father bought a wagon and a team of mules, paying over five hundred dollars for the outfit, loaded the wagon with tools and provisions, and with a friend named Flood who was to be a partner in the venture set out on his voyage of discovery Tuesday, April 26, 1859. Father was a young man of action, and once his mind was made up he wasted no time. Although he traveled two hundred miles over rough roads before he found the place that suited him, he was back in San Francisco May 15th, and told Mother that he had found Tierra Redonda which was to be their home for fifty years.

Located in the northern part of San Luis Obispo county, with a fine spring of water, plenty of timber, and a rich growth of grass, it was an ideal place for a sheep range. The fact that there were very few settlers in the country was no drawback to Father's mind, as he must have room for a growing business, and he felt that he had found the place where he would be willing to spend the rest of his life.

Father went to work energetically, hiring a man to split material for a house from the oak and pine trees; and by September had a sheep corral, some sheep, and a man to herd them; so with the new structure beginning to look like a habitation he invited Mother to come

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down and visit her new home.

The past months, which had not only deprived her of her home but had upset all her hopes of a secure and happy life in the big city, had been a time of uncertainty and anxiety for Mother. She had never hesitated to plunge into the unknown when she had only herself to consider, but the thought of taking her little boy into this wild and lonely country was a different matter. She had twice proved that she could make her living in the big cities, and many opportunities opened up before her there; but the new venture would require capital, and of this they had very little. The whole family was much disturbed at the thought of their beloved Allie having to undergo the hardships of pioneer life in an unsettled country, but Father had burned his bridges behind him; he was hard at work building a house and expected his family to join him.

In the last week of September 1859, Mother set out for the ranch, leaving little James with his grandmother; and she reached Tierra Redonda October 2nd, having spent four days on the road. The first night she stayed at San Juan, then two nights at Monterey waiting for the semi-monthly stage for San Luis Obispo, and finally reached Pleyto, from which point she journeyed to the ranch on horseback. The man who escorted her on the last stage of her trip entertained her by relating that Indians had murdered Dr. Henry J. Freund, a member of Stevenson's Regiment, and pointed out his grave and the charred ruins of his cabin which were located a few hundred yards from the spot where Father was building his house. This introduction to her new home was scarcely reassuring.

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In her memoirs she wrote, "My surprise was great on seeing a country so entirely in its primeval state. The only signs of habitation visible were a sheep corral and a small house, in the construction of which my husband had worked hard, getting all the material in the woods. The house was then without roof, except a torn canvas thrown over the rafters, without door or windows or floor. I stayed about six weeks during which I superintended the splitting of shakes, and the roofing of the house. My husband and I then set out for San Francisco in our wagon drawn by two mules. We camped out, and reached our destination late in the evening of the fourth day."

Mother spent the winter in San Francisco and June 13, 1860, set out with her little boy for the place which was to be her home for fifty years. Grandmother went with her, determined to see her beloved Allie comfortably settled in her new home, lending the comfort of her presence and the help of her willing hands, as she continued to do for many years. She climbed Tierra Redonda for an extended view of the whole country, rode horseback around the valley to inspect the ranch, and returned to San Francisco July 6th. The following account of this momentous trip as written in Mother's diary shows how slow and difficult travel was in those days, and gives Grandmother's first experience in real pioneering.

"Tierra Redonda, July 1, 1860.—Since the 19th of June I have been at the ranch. Mother, my little one, and I left San Francisco the morning of June 13th by the stage for San Jose. We arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. There we met my husband and with him

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passed the night at Mrs. Walsh's. The 14th we left San Jose at three o'clock in the afternoon, at nine o'clock we were at San Juan, and at midnight we arrived at Watsonville where my husband had left his mules. The morning of the 15th he sold his mules, and at noon we left for Hills Ferry where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening. The 16th, Saturday, my husband and Mr. Harris went to Monterey, and we remained all day at the hotel.

"The morning of Sunday, June 17th, we left early, and after traveling all day exposed to the heat of the burning sun and to the winds which are very strong on the Salinas, we arrived at the Mission of Soledad in the evening. We stopped with Mr. Soberanes, and after a very bad supper we went to bed. In the morning we had a very bad breakfast, although Mother was not at all well. I forgot to say that Sunday, crossing the Salinas river, there was much trouble. My husband was obliged to carry us across the river. It was necessary also to unload the wagon. Monday the 18th it was very hot all day. We arrived at Cox's at three in the afternoon. Mother was truly very sick that evening, and the morning of the 19th we doubted if she would be able to continue the journey. Finally she decided to come. She suffered a great deal during the day. At six o'clock in the evening we arrived at the house. Mother was utterly worn out, but after a good bath she went to bed, and in the morning she was much better."

The complete story of Mother's life at Tierra Redonda would far exceed the limits of this narrative, so only a brief sketch can be given here—an outline which can only suggest the qualities of her heart and mind

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which made of her life a light shining bravely in this remote section of California.

Her unquenchable spirit rose above all the conditions of work and loneliness that beset those pioneer years, and her mind was forever reaching out to help her fellow-men, and was as much concerned with the political and economic problems of the world as with the manifold perplexities of ranch life. She might well have gone far had she remained in the educational field, but the many who knew and loved her can attest that she made of her life a notable success, which was all the more remarkable because of the difficulties she had to overcome. Her happy disposition carried her through many trying situations, and she managed to combine a spirit of kindness and good-will to all with the ability to stand like a rock for what she felt was right.

The first years on the ranch were particularly trying to one of her sociable nature, finding herself separated from her family and friends and beginning a life where all the conditions seemed strange and inhospitable, but as time went on she became very much attached to her new home. In her diary under date of September 9, 1860, she wrote, "Sometimes I am very dissatisfied here, and I feel very sorry for myself. We have at present a window, and my husband has just floored our little house, which makes it much more comfortable."

Lions and bears preyed on the sheep which were kept at night in a corral close to the house, and on one occasion Mother heard a noise from that direction and went out in time to see the dark form of a bear climbing out of the corral. The walls of the rough-hewn house which Father had built were scant protection against

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the rain and the cold, and could not shut out the wailing howls of coyotes which filled the nights with protests against the invaders of their solitude. During the wet winter of 1861 and 1862, the stages were unable to travel, and for six weeks no letters from San Francisco reached the ranch, so Mother was marooned in a land where it rained and snowed by turns, until it seemed that the sun would never shine again.

Mother did her reading and sewing by the dim light of tallow candles, and the preparation of evening meals was made difficult on account of the poor light. In later years she told the story of placing a dish containing boiled bacon on the table, and little James said to her in French, "Why did you put the soap on the dish with the bacon?" Mother hastily snatched the platter off the table, and found that a large piece of soap had slipped off a shelf into the pot which held the dinner, and in the dim light she thought it was a piece of bacon.

With the exception of Grandmother, Aunt Anne was the first one of Mother's family to make the long journey to Tierra Redonda, and during her visit in 1861 Mother's second son, Francis William, was born, so Aunt Anne had her hands full taking care of her sister and the baby, as well as her own little girl. Under date of November 30, 1863, Mother recorded in her diary a visit from Mr. Hamilton, whom she was very glad to see as the first of her friends to visit the ranch. During this time the family was still living in the little rough-hewn house which Father had built in 1859, but in 1864 he began work on a permanent dwelling which was much more comfortable and had more room to accommodate the visitors who followed the trail he had

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blazed and came to see the ranch for themselves.

In 1865 there was a period when for six months Mother never saw the face of a woman, and so great was her longing to have a talk with her friend Mrs. Burnett who lived four miles away that the entire family walked there and back, Mother taking turns at carrying baby Elizabeth. A neighbor had borrowed the wagon just when they were about to make the trip, and Mother felt that she simply could not wait until it was returned.

In those days there was just one house several miles away, the light of which could be seen at Tierra Redonda at night, and it was like a friendly hand reaching out of the darkness—an assurance that others lived and worked in this vast country.

In 1869 Aunt Anne and her family came to live a few miles from Tierra Redonda, and Mother was delighted to have her sister near her; but during this period the outlaw Martin Huges began his campaign of violence. This was the most anxious time of Mother's life on the ranch, but she emerged from the trials and tribulations of those dark days with her spirit unbroken and with a deeper devotion to the home which she and Father had defended from attacks on every front. The last of Mother's six children was born during this troubled period, and no one knew better than she, what pioneer women went through while California was being made safe for coming generations.

The sheep business prospered, and by 1877 Father had twelve thousand sheep and fourteen camps which were distributed over a wide range of territory. The years had brought both good and bad fortune, but he was in the business to stay and refused to be discouraged

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by the many trials which beset the path of a stock raiser. Under date of January 20, 1876, Uncle Patrick wrote to Mother as follows—"My dear sister: Your very kind and affectionate Christmas letter, breathing all over with the spirit of peace, gratitude, and happiness, was duly received. I am glad to know that your domain is expanding, your flocks increasing, and I rejoice at your prosperity. You were always blessed—more than any other member of our family—with a happy and contented disposition. You had the faculty of looking on the bright side of things, neither desponding nor repining under circumstances that would have disheartened temperaments of a less sanguine nature. The early life of yourself and Mr. Lynch on the ranch was a battle and a struggle, hidden away in the wilderness, far from the plaudits of the world, but through your perseverance, self-denial and courage, you have succeeded where thousands have failed.

"I have always contended that you were a pair in a million, and that your success is the well-merited reward of patient toil and perseverance. 'Tis a happy phase in our natures that when the struggle is over and success attained, we in a great measure forget the hardships encountered, while we remember with pleasure the sunny spots. James and Frank do you credit—they are most exemplary in their conduct. The marvel is how you ever found sufficient time from your other duties to give them so advanced an education."

Uncle Patrick wrote regularly to Mother during all the years that she lived at Tierra Redonda, and they exchanged views on political and economic questions in which they were vitally interested. There was a very

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close bond between them, a oneness of thought and feeling, and they both worked and hoped for the betterment of world conditions. Mother's sisters also wrote to her faithfully and always maintained a loving interest in Allie at far away Tierra Redonda. Aunt Kate, Aunt Anne, and Aunt Lizzie in particular wrote long and interesting letters, giving her all the news and gossip of the day, and these letters were a wonderful help to Mother through the years, linking her with the world which she had left behind her and sustaining her with their affection.

Father worked hard during the years when he was getting his business established, but, like all pioneer women, Mother carried a double load, having the care and anxiety of bringing up her children and giving them an education, in addition to the complex demands of ranch life. Only those who lived on a sheep ranch during the early days can have any understanding of the incredible amount of work that fell to her share, or of the difficulties of housekeeping at a time when every ranch house was a free stopping place for travelers, and she never knew how many extra people would drop in for meals or to spend the night.

Herders came and went with their bands of sheep, and during shearing and haying seasons there were sometimes as many as forty workmen to feed in addition to the family and visitors. Chinamen were employed in the kitchen, and it was part of Mother's work to settle the disputes that arose when these hard-working little men were called upon to supply meals for belated arrivals. Supplies were ordered twice a year from San Francisco, and she had the responsibility of seeing that

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nothing was omitted from the formidable list and that she had enough groceries to feed the ranch force for six months. She never allowed anything to interfere with the education of her children, although she had to hear their recitations while her hands were busy with necessary tasks. She did all the family sewing and mending, wrote innumerable business letters and endless descriptions of land, kept the ranch books, took care of the house, garden, and poultry, and through it all kept her serenity.

It was not so much the volume of work that she accomplished or her assumption of a full share in business matters, but the fact that she did all this and still kept her happy heart and a mind always interested in world affairs, and was always reaching out to help those less fortunate than herself. Many a time when a call for help came she dropped everything and set out on her horse to bring comfort and consolation to a neighbor whose child was sick.

She won the hearts of the Indian and Mexican workmen by taking an interest in their affairs; and it was wonderful to see the smiles that lit up the dark and sometimes sad faces when they found that the Patrona could speak and understand Spanish. With the heart of a true teacher she sought out those who had no education and worked patiently, teaching them to read and write, and giving them every encouragement to keep on with their studies.

Although brought up a Catholic, Mother in the early years on the ranch, far from the influence of church or

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creed, evolved her own beautiful faith, the corner stone of which was the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments, and she lived her religion as few women have done. Her faith might be summed up in the beautiful lines she so often quoted:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care."

A life like Mother's brings its own reward, and it is good to know that her later years brought prosperity and freedom from care. Her devotion to her home was so deep that she would not consider living anywhere but at Tierra Redonda. During the 80's and 90's there was a constant stream of visitors at the ranch, some of them staying for several months, for the world had beaten a pathway to her door. She made occasional visits to San Francisco to see her relatives and renew old acquaintances; and a trip to Alaska and one to Honolulu gave her much pleasure and a chance to make many new friends.

In 1909 Aunt Delia took Mother on a trip to New York, and she enjoyed revisiting the city which she had not seen since the days of the early 50's. This ended Mother's traveling, for Father died December 6, 1909, and she followed him March 10, 1911. They were buried on a hilltop overlooking the Valley of Tierra Redonda, in a spot that Mother had selected many years before, and a shaft of stone taken from the mountain's rocky side marks the last resting place of James and Alice

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Kennedy Lynch.

To those who knew her best the memory of her life will always remain a beautiful and enduring thing, written on every tree and rock about the home she loved, breathed on every wind that whispers through the pine trees; and will impart something of her qualities of heart and mind to those who follow after her.

CHAPTER VII

LIZZIE KENNEDY BURKE

LIZZIE KENNEDY, fifth daughter of Thomas and Eliza Kennedy, was born at the Deerpark farm December 26, 1834, and this little girl who was destined to make her name known in the educational circles of California was only six years old when her father died, leaving his family to face a troubled future. Those who saw little Lizzie Kennedy trudging the two Irish miles to school during these early years could not have dreamed that literally thousands of children in the New World were to come under her influence during the period when she taught in the San Francisco schools, or that she was to establish a record of seventy years of teaching experience.

Aunt Lizzie left Ireland with her mother and sisters in 1851, spent four years in New York, and in 1855 arrived in San Francisco, coming via Nicaragua with her sister Mary. Her first experience as a teacher was in the private school of Dr. Ver Mehr in Sonoma, but by January 23, 1857, she was enrolled in the San Francisco public schools. In addition to school work she kept up her embroidery which brought a welcome amount of money; and also found time to take lessons in drawing and painting for which she had considerable talent. November 27, 1857, the anniversary of Mother's wed-

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ding, Aunt Lizzie presented her with two pictures which she had painted, and these are still preserved as valued reminders of the early days. One marvels that she found time to do so many things in those days when earning a living was the chief consideration, and school work was so all-absorbing, but Aunt Lizzie had been trained to utilize every minute, and found her chief pleasure in work well done.

Besides being gifted with clever hands and a well-ordered mind, Aunt Lizzie had her share of dancing and gayety, and this demure girl with her crown of auburn hair received plenty of attention from the appreciative young men of her day. She made many trips into the country during her vacations, sometimes going to San Jose to stay with Mrs. Walsh who was a close friend of the family, and sometimes to Sonoma to visit friends with whom she became acquainted while she was teaching in the Ver Mehr school. One of these friends was Mrs. Carolina Krug, a grand-niece of General Vallejo and wife of Charles Krug, who was for many years a leading winegrower of Saint Helena. This early day acquaintance resulted in a life-long friendship between the Krugs and the Kennedys and many delightful visits at the hospitable Krug home.

For eleven years after she reached San Francisco Aunt Lizzie continued teaching, busy and happy in her chosen profession and in no hurry to venture into matrimony, but in 1866 she married Wm. F. Burke whom she had known for a number of years, and who as a regular boarder at Grandmother's house was almost like one of the family. They were married on Aunt Lizzie's birthday, December 26, 1866, and in later years it was always

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understood that she was at home to all her relatives and friends the day after Christmas to celebrate the anniversary of her birth and her wedding day. In a letter to Mother dated January 17, 1897, she wrote, "The folks assembled in goodly numbers on my birthday, and we had a good time and lots of reminiscences. James did not come, owing I presume to the weather. It rained almost as fiercely as it did thirty years before." (her wedding day).

Uncle Burke was born in Cork, Ireland, educated in Dublin, and came to San Francisco in the late 50's. He was one of six sons who were notable for the fact that they were all six feet or over in height and a very fine-looking group of young men. His brother Thomas settled in San Francisco and brought up a family here, and a nephew, son of his brother Patrick of Chicago, came west in the early 80's to make his home with his Uncle William.

During the 60's Uncle Burke was in the shoe business, and had a large store at the corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets. His dwelling was at Dupont and Chestnut Street. In 1868 he bought a roomy two-story and basement building at 1213 Clay Street, between Taylor and Jones, and there he and his family lived for nearly twenty years. He went out of the shoe business about 1875, and for a time had a position in the San Francisco Clearing House. In the early 80's he bought a vineyard of several hundred acres which was located a few miles from Saint Helena, and spent most of his time on the ranch overseeing the care of the vines and the sale of grapes. He had considerable artistic ability, and when in San Francisco occupied his leisure in

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painting, and one of his early productions, a picture of Rebecca at the Well, was presented to Mother:

Aunt Lizzie had four children, making a family large enough to occupy all her time, but in some way, known only to herself, she managed to be a teacher and the mother of a family at the same time. Grandmother was living at 1213 Clay Street during those years, and took charge of the children and the house, but even with her help it must have been a difficult time for Aunt Lizzie. There is little doubt that her success as a teacher was due to the fact that she loved the work, always went back to it with fresh enthusiasm, and found contact with young minds a constant stimulus. As the years went by teaching became her life, so much a part of her that she had no wish to retire, and when her family urged her to leave the school department and enjoy a well-earned rest, she indicated very plainly that her idea of rest was to go on teaching.

From 1857 to 1860 Aunt Lizzie was a teacher in the Union Street School, and later was made vice-principal of the old South Cosmopolitan School on Post Street near Stockton. She left there to accept the position of Principal of the Columbia Grammar School, which proved to be a final assignment, for she remained in charge until her retirement from the School Department in 1914, when she had reached the age of eighty years.

Most women would have concluded that it was time to take a rest, but not Aunt Lizzie. She went immediately into her daughter's private school, and continued teaching until her end came in 1926. During the years that followed 1857, thousands of children passed

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through her classes, and then went out into the business world to profit by her wise and kind instruction. She could not go to any place, however remote, without meeting some of her former pupils who had pleasant memories of the time they spent in her classes.

In 1897, after forty years spent in the schoolroom, Aunt Lizzie wrote to Mother, "I do not go around very much myself—school work and school meetings take up most of my time. There is to be a new class opened in Columbia tomorrow, making 16. I do not intend to let it add very much to my work, although it will inevitably add something. I have a very harmonious set of teachers, and very good." In 1903 after forty-six years of teaching experience she wrote, "I believe I am growing narrow. 2037 Pierce Street, 1500 Larkin, and Columbia make up the sum (almost) of my life, and it is well that my interests are in living things. I have 18 classes and 878 children, and a very nice school—no better work done anywhere."

In 1897 Aunt Lizzie was a member of the advisory committee of one hundred appointed by Mayor James D. Phelan to draft a new charter for San Francisco which was adopted March 25, 1898. When she retired in 1914 she was given a banquet at the Palace Hotel to mark the close of her fifty-seven years of service, and principals, vice-principals, high school teachers, and department officials united in honoring her on this occasion.

Aunt Lizzie's quiet, faithful, and efficient work during her years in the San Francisco school department did not bring her much before the public, and the complete story of what she accomplished as an educator may never

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be written. Only those who worked with her and realized to the full extent her patience, kindness, and wisdom in handling difficult situations would be qualified to write the story of her life, and it is regrettable that she did not record her experiences for the benefit of those who come after her.

In her letter to Mother, dated January 17, 1897, and again referring to her wedding in 1866 she wrote, "I remember how long it took to get the box into the ranch, and how you celebrated about New Year's. It is only a little while since I read the letter you wrote soon after, telling me about it. Aunty Argyras and many more have gone since then, and many have come to take their places. It is only a little while, and it behooves us to see that they are worthy to walk in the footsteps of their fathers, and capable of bearing their part in this life's responsibilities with credit to themselves."

Family ties meant a great deal to Aunt Lizzie, and after Grandmother died she did all she could to hold the various family groups together by having frequent reunions at her house, where she enjoyed meeting not only those of her day, but the rapidly increasing younger relatives. Her hospitable home at 1213 Clay Street was a family meeting place, and many delightful gatherings were held there; and evening callers were always sure of a warm welcome at her fireside, a friendly exchange of conversational bits, and a sociable cup of tea before they left. In addition to her own family and Grandmother and Aunt Kate, Aunt Lizzie boarded at her house no less than five young Lynches when they were attending school, not all at once fortunately; but her household was large and distractions numerous, and one

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marvels that she could keep up her school work and maintain her serenity through it all.

Just how Aunt Lizzie ever found the time or energy to take young people on special trips has never been explained, but I remember visits to the Mint, the Union Iron Works, and the Woolen Mills, which were organized by her, and memorable expeditions to Woodward's Gardens which seemed a very wonderful place to my young mind. On one occasion she arranged a tug-boat excursion to Angel Island, where we were to eat a picnic lunch; but the member of the party who carried the eatables fell into the bay as she was boarding the tug. During the exciting moments when she was being lifted back to the wharf, Aunt Lizzie was apparently the calmest one there, and she directed the remainder of the party to continue the trip while she called a cab to take herself and the drenched one back to the house.

The Clay Street cable cars which ran past the Burke house were still something of a novelty during the 80's, and most people got on and off at the regular crossings; but Aunt Lizzie could not be bothered by walking the short distance from Taylor Street, and I remember watching with amazement while she stepped nimbly off the moving car in front of her house. Always sociable and fond of the old order of things, she kept up the custom of being at home on New Year's Day, and enjoyed meeting the many friends who came to greet her on those occasions.

Nearly all the farm-raised Kennedys cherished the hope of retiring to a place in the country, and Aunt Lizzie was no exception. Most of her vacations were spent on the Burke ranch near Saint Helena, and a large

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share of her hard-earned money went into this project with the hope that it would be a home and a source of income for her children, but although two of them lived there for a while, they never developed a real interest in ranch life.

This attractive place of some two hundred acres, at the foot of a large mountain, with a good spring, some fine oak trees, and many acres of vineyard, was an ideal place for a country home, but it was difficult to make it pay. Uncle Burke was the only one of the family who took an active interest in the ranch, and he spent much of his time there. His health had been failing for some time, but he was not considered seriously ill, so it was a surprise to all when he died quite suddenly on the ranch June 29, 1903. A few years after his death the ranch was sold, and this ended Aunt Lizzie's country experience, for her school work had become so much a part of her life that she had no wish to leave it.

In 1892 Aunt Lizzie's second daughter married her cousin Jere Burke, who had made his home in San Francisco since the early 80's, and soon there were grandchildren in whom Aunt Lizzie took a great interest. As the years went by there were no less than eight children in this one family, and her pride in them gave a new impetus to her life; but like her sisters she could never narrow her interests to her immediate family. Her thoughts were continually reaching out to help others, and wherever there was need she was on hand to help and advise. Her favorite aphorism was: "The best way to help others is to help them to help themselves" and many people had occasion to thank her for a friendly hand extended in time of need and for well-directed

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assistance in finding employment.

She who had worked all her long life had no sympathy with drones, and she often said, "Work is the salvation of the race." Her hands were always busy, and during the years that she lived in Berkeley and crossed the Bay daily she spent the time on the boat tatting or crocheting and made countless yards of beautiful and intricate edging. She was an expert at tatting and her flying shuttle wove patterns that were a wonder to those who found even plain tatting considerable of a mystery.

In April 1906 Aunt Lizzie and her daughter Kate went to Tierra Redonda to spend their Spring vacation visiting Mother, and were there when an earthquake shook the ranch, but did no damage. That evening a message came through by way of Salt Lake City saying that San Francisco had been wrecked by a severe earthquake and was burning, giving a long list of killed and injured. Of course Aunt Lizzie was much concerned about her family and wanted to return to San Francisco at once. Train service had been stopped, but an automobile was secured from Paso Robles, and after an exciting trip, delayed by many mishaps and changing from car to train at Gilroy, Aunt Lizzie reached Berkeley and learned that her family was safe, and her rented house at 2037 Pierce Street in San Francisco had not been burned. During this trying time when the uncertainty about what she would find at the end of her journey was enough to shake the strongest self-control, Aunt Lizzie was calm and self-possessed, showing the qualities which made her a leader for so many years.

In a letter to Mother dated April 29, 1906, she wrote,

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"I have been over to the City twice since I came here, and I agree with every other person who has been there, that the ravages of the fire are appalling. Looking north from Market along any street there is not a building unburned. There is nothing left but brick walls or chimneys. Ruin everywhere. No one could believe it possible that such ruin could be wrought in such a short time. The damage by the earthquake could be repaired in a year. That by the fire not in ten times as long.

"The Western Addition is just as before except that there are rows of little brick fire-places along the sidewalks where the people do their cooking. The streets are crowded with sightseers, and everybody seems to be on the move. There is a restlessness owing to the fact that there is no work being done, and few have settled down to business as yet. We are the luckiest people. Nothing burned, and all in positions where the salary is going on."

Aunt Lizzie was a living exemplification of the saying that the real test is not what happens, but how one takes it, and she who had faced life so bravely had to endure many severe trials in later years; but she came through with her banners of hope and courage still flying, and her interest in her fellow-man unabated. November 12, 1911, Jere Burke, Aunt Lizzie's son-in-law died suddenly, leaving his wife in failing health and with seven little children. At this time Aunt Lizzie was living in Berkeley a short distance from her daughter's house at 2911 Russell Street, and still holding her position as Principal of the Columbia Grammar School in San Francisco. She endured the trying two

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years that followed with the fortitude of a soldier who has been tested in many battles, and after the death of her daughter, December 7, 1913, took up the burden of caring for the seven orphan grandchildren — the oldest 19 and the youngest 4. She sold her own home, moved into the Russell Street house, and devoted herself to the management of the house and the children until the two oldest were through college and able to take charge.

During this time when her own life and interests were submerged in those of her grandchildren, and the burden of overseeing such a household was a considerable one for a woman of more than eighty years, no word of complaint ever crossed her lips, and the serenity of her spirit remained unbroken.

After retiring from the San Francisco School Department in 1914, Aunt Lizzie began teaching in her daughter's private school at 3065 Jackson Street, and took much pleasure in carrying on the work she loved in an environment which was the culmination of all her hopes and dreams. The real story of a life like Aunt Lizzie's contains such a vast amount of material that it cannot be compressed into a few pages, but it may be that only this brief sketch will be recorded for the benefit of future generations. If even a small measure of her courage, ability, and wisdom has been passed on to her descendants, it will be a steadying influence to them in the years to come.

Down the swift current of time which has brought so many changes to the Kennedy family, Aunt Lizzie stands out like a rock of strength and calmness, always ready to stretch out her hand to help someone confused

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by the turmoil of life, with a warm sympathy which extended far beyond the boundary of her own home. During the last years of her life she lived with Kate in a small house near the Jackson Street School, and here had a measure of the peace which she surely had earned; but she was active to the end.

She enjoyed seeing her friends and relatives who always found a welcome at her fireside, and she maintained the family reunions on December 26th, usually being at home in the reception room of the school. Her fine mind and indomitable spirit which had carried her through so many experiences kept her busy and interested in people until the day came when she slipped out of life so quietly that it scarce seemed that she had gone.

She was laid beside her husband in a crypt in Holy Cross Cemetery, and her death October 13, 1926, left only one of that band of brave pioneers who reached California during the 50's.

CHAPTER VIII

DELIA KENNEDY MOFFITT

DELIA KENNEDY, sixth daughter of Thomas and Eliza Kennedy, was born at the Deerpark farm February 8, 1837, and had the distinction of being the youngest member of the family, a position which usually insures many privileges. She received very thorough instruction and training, and her keen mind quickly absorbed all that she was taught, with the result that she was always noted for the high standard of her work.

In 1851 Aunt Delia left the home which had been a shelter and a refuge during her early years and set out for New York with her mother and sisters, and January 5, 1856, she arrived in San Francisco. Every member of the family had work to do, and Aunt Delia sat long hours at her embroidery frame, completing many beautiful examples of her skill for the ladies of fashion, as well as gifts for friends.

Mother made frequent mention of Aunt Delia in her diary; they made calls together and visited schools. Aunt Delia stayed with Mother on occasions when Father was out of town and made frequent trips between Grandmother's house at 1006 Clay Street and Mother's house at the corner of Green and Mason.

Bright, pretty, and fond of pleasure Aunt Delia had her full share of dancing and gayety, and no lack

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of attention from the young men of her day, but she seemed to be in no hurry to marry and settle down, and it was not until 1863 that the excitement attendant on her wedding reached all the way from Tierra Redonda to New York.

Monday, April 27, 1863, Grandmother arrived at the ranch unexpectedly, and her appearance was hailed with joy, for Father had been sick, the shearers had come to shear the sheep, and Mother was nearly overwhelmed with work and anxiety. Grandmother stayed for more than a month, and affairs at the ranch were going smoothly, when Monday, June 1st, she received a letter from James Moffitt asking for the hand of her daughter Delia in marriage. He stated that he was leaving for New York June 13, and wished to take his wife with him and make it a combination business and wedding trip. Uncle Moffitt was a young man who knew what he wanted, and he did not propose to take any chances on losing the girl of his choice while he was absent in the East.

Thursday, June 4th, Grandmother, accompanied by Mother and her two little boys, left the ranch and arrived in San Francisco the following Sunday afternoon, making the trip by stage which was the only means of travel at that time and which was both slow and wearisome. June 13, 1863, Delia Kennedy and James Moffitt were married at seven o'clock in the morning at 1006 Clay Street, and they left at half past eight the same morning on the steamer Constitution, bound for New York. The travelers arrived at their destination July 4th, and did not return to San Francisco until after December 6th of that year, when Mother wrote in her

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diary that great preparations were being made at Grandmother's house for the reception of the James Moffitts, and their new home at 1010 Clay Street was being made ready for them.

Aunt Delia had known James Moffitt for some years, and he was liked by all the Kennedys who were glad to welcome him into the family. Even at that early date he showed unusual business ability and had accumulated a fortune of sixty thousand dollars, the net result of some fourteen years in the far West. He was born in Enniskillen, Ireland, February 10, 1827, and came to New York with his parents while still an infant. He learned printing and the press trade, and in that way became acquainted with Horace Greeley; but in 1848 he joined the procession of pioneers bound for the gold fields of California and reached the coast in June 1849.

He spent some time in the mining district of El Dorado County, near Georgetown; tried several ventures in company with other enterprising young men, but in 1853 was back in San Francisco, engaged in the printing business. He took in Francis Blake as a partner, and many of the first issues of the San Francisco dailies came from the presses of this well-known firm. The business developed gradually into the paper house of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, which still stands today—a monument to the ability of its founder.

In addition to the paper house to which he devoted most of his time, Uncle Moffitt was a director of the First National Bank and the Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco since their foundation and a director of the Oakland Bank of Savings. He was associated in the

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early days with Andrew S. Hallidie, Joseph Britton, and H. L. Davis in building the Clay Street cable road, the first cable road in the country, and one which successfully solved the problem of traffic on San Francisco's steep hills. He made his home in San Francisco until 1876 when he bought a house at 22nd and Webster Street in Oakland, and this was the family home for over thirty years.

In April 1868, Aunt Delia made a visit to Tierra Redonda with her two little boys, braving the long stage trip which she regarded with some trepidation on account of the children, in order to visit sister Allie in her new home on the ranch. She was accompanied by Aunt Lizzie with her small daughter and two nursemaids, so the party nearly filled the stagecoach and taxed the capacity of the ranchhouse. Uncle Moffitt and Uncle Burke joined their wives later for a short visit, so at this early date Tierra Redonda saw a reunion of the Lynch, Burke, and Moffitt families, and seven small Kennedy descendants were assembled under one roof. One day a wail was heard from a very small Lynch boy who had been left lying on a blanket on the porch, and investigation revealed the marks of small teeth on the baby's forehead. Aunt Delia questioned her oldest son who gave it as his opinion that a turkey gobbler had bitten his cousin, but the circumstantial evidence was all against him.

Aunt Delia had a family of five children, but little Frank Moffitt died in March 1875. The Oakland home was a pleasant place to bring up children, Uncle Moffitt having purchased an entire block of land surrounding the house. The large garden and the barn and chicken

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yard left a vacant space where the Jersey cows could have their freedom. Aunt Delia took great pride in her garden where roses grew in profusion under the watchful eye of the gardener, and visitors who loved flowers were rewarded with generous armfuls of exquisite blossoms. The Moffitts always kept driving horses, and I recall many delightful drives through the hills back of Oakland. On some occasions Aunt Delia took a single horse and handled the reins herself.

She upheld the standard of the Kennedy family for ability and it is more than likely that she would have succeeded in any enterprise she undertook; but the lines of her life were laid down for her when she married James Moffitt, and nothing was required of her except to see that the household machinery ran smoothly, and that the children were well cared for. She did her share most efficiently and maintained a house which was at once a pleasant home and an example of perfect housekeeping, and yet a place where children played and romped from the roomy attic to the cheerful and well-lighted laundry. She had a small cottage built in the back yard where the little girls could entertain their friends and learn to keep house, and they took much pleasure in having their own quarters.

Aunt Delia did her work so quietly, and handled her monthly allowance so carefully, that many did not realize what she was accomplishing, and in later years when a daughter-in-law took over the housekeeping for a time she marveled that this large household with its manifold expenses had been maintained within the budget allowance. As the children grew older the management of the house was not sufficient to fill Aunt

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Delia's time, and if she had taken up club work as Aunt Anne did it would have been an outlet for her energies, but Uncle Moffitt did not encourage her to take up any activities outside of her home.

She was a true Kennedy, trained to keep her hands and her mind busy, and it sometimes seemed as if the wealth which made it unnecessary for her to make use of her real ability was a handicap instead of an advantage. However, life ran pleasantly for her, and she was spared the financial worries which her sisters had to accept as part of the day's work. She filled in her leisure with music and fancy work, and had many warm friends who found her very good company, for she was an entertaining talker.

Just across 22nd Street lived Captain Mathews, whose daughter Minnie married Robert Cryan and reversed the usual procedure by going to Ireland to live, and whose nieces, children of his sister-in-law Mrs. Jolliffe, spent much time at his house. Little Margaret Jolliffe played with Lucy and Alice, and was as much at home in the Moffitt house as she was in her own. Aunt Delia became so fond of her that when she grew up and married Herbert she was like another daughter.

Aunt Delia might have spent much time traveling, but Uncle Moffitt was absorbed in business and did not care for traveling; so her first trip abroad was made in 1896 when she persuaded her husband that it was time to let the girls see something of the world in which they lived. They spent some months touring the British Isles and the Continent, and on this occasion Aunt Delia visited the home of the Kennedys at Randals-town, Ireland, and did something which probably never

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would have been done except for her thoughtfulness. She had a headstone with a suitable inscription made to mark the grave of her father Thomas Kennedy in the Donaghpatrick Cemetery at Randalstown, and had a photographer take views of the headstone, showing the inscription on both sides.

She also had views taken of the Randalstown house which her father built just before his death in 1841, of the houses of her grandfather Patrick Kennedy at Randalstown and her grandfather James King at Moortown, and of the Deerpark farmhouse where she was born. Copies of these photographs were given to her sisters, and are still preserved as valued links between the Old World and the New.

In 1880 Aunt Delia had a family reunion at her house to celebrate Christmas Day, and on this occasion Mother journeyed from Tierra Redonda with her two youngest children; so a large number of the relatives were present, and the Moffitt house was filled to overflowing. A Christmas tree was set up in the roomy attic, and the day was long remembered by the many little nieces and nephews who enjoyed her hospitality. During the summer of 1880 she sent her two boys to spend their vacation at Tierra Redonda with Aunt Allie, and later on she took her little girls to the ranch for a visit. All the Moffitt children visited at the ranch during the years that followed. Then came the day when Lucy and Alice married New York men and went to live in the East; so Aunt Delia was deprived of their companionship at the time when she needed them most. She took a deep interest in her ten grandchildren, five of whom lived in the Bay Region and five in New York,

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and made frequent trips to the East to see her daughters.

For over thirty years Aunt Delia maintained her Oakland home and welcomed the long list of friends who were drawn to the hospitable Moffitt house, set in a garden where flowers bloomed throughout the year. All the Kennedys were fond of flowers, and Aunt Delia was able to give special time and attention to them and share them with her friends. In one corner of the garden she planted a small oak tree, in the shade of which she expected to sit in the years to come, but before the tree had much chance to grow many changes took place.

During the fifty-seven years since Uncle Moffitt reached California he had scarcely missed a day from business, and was an outstanding example of vigor and strict attention to his affairs, which prospered under his guiding hand. In 1906 his health began to fail, and his death on the 25th of October was mourned by a large number of friends and relatives to whom he had endeared himself. Between Father and Uncle Moffitt there was a very warm feeling, dating from their early days in San Francisco, and Father, himself eighty years of age, came up from the ranch to attend the funeral, and with tears in his eyes saw the last of his old friend. This quiet kindly man had won the affection of all who knew him and the true story of the many to whom he extended a helping hand will probably never be told. He possessed the qualities that inspired trust and confidence in all with whom he came in contact, and the days of '49 brought few finer men than Uncle Moffitt to this Western shore.

As business houses were crowding about the old

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Moffitt place it was no longer a desirable location for a home, so Aunt Delia sold it and built a house on Seaview Avenue in Piedmont. In 1910 she moved into her new home which stood on the crest of a hill and commanded a beautiful view of Oakland and the Golden Gate. From her windows she could watch the ships entering the harbor into which she sailed January 5, 1856, and look out on the Bay, beside which she had lived for more than half a century. The hillside made a beautiful setting for a large garden where flowers ran riot as if to reward the loving care and attention she lavished on them. The inspiring panorama of bay and sky was a constant source of pleasure to her, and the sunsets filled the west with beauty and color.

Many people climbed the hill to share the beauty of her house and garden and to enjoy the view which was an inspiration in itself. It was a notable fact that many of her friends were men and women much younger than herself, who found her very interesting, and enjoyed listening to her flashes of wit and humor. There was so much of youth in the spirit of the Kennedys that I never thought of my aunts as old, even when they had passed the four score point and were gallantly on their way to add another ten years to the record. Aunt Delia was seventy-three years old when she built her house on a hilltop and planned her garden, even planting another oak tree in a corner, and for seventeen years she watched it grow and looked out on a panorama that can scarcely be equalled.

Delia Kennedy had traveled a long way from the green fields of her native land; and life had brought her sorrows as well as much happiness; but she bore

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herself gallantly through it all and faced the world with courage and good cheer. She was devoted to her children, but her affection and sympathy extended to many outside of her immediate family, and many acts of kindness were done so quietly that only the recipients knew of her thoughtfulness. Aunt Delia lived to be over ninety years old, and she sometimes spoke sadly of the number of old friends who had died, leaving her feeling more alone as the years went by.

In 1927 she was the only living member of Grandmother's family, and her death on the 25th of April seemed of special significance as the closing of a chapter in the history of California which is filled with interest—a period which saw changes and achievements the magnitude of which is scarcely realized by the young people of today. To me it seemed as if something vital had gone out of the world when the last of the Kennedys was laid in her grave. They stood for so much that is fine and good—they carried the standard of kindness and integrity high for all the world to see. The qualities of heart and mind which made them notable are just what is needed today to straighten out the tangled affairs of men.

Aunt Delia was buried beside Uncle Moffitt in Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The house from which she used to watch the sun set through the Golden Gate has been wrecked to meet the requirements of this modern time. I like to think that she still walks her garden paths, greeting her flowers with loving interest as of yore.

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

IN undertaking this brief historical account of my grandmother and her family I was moved by the feeling that they had earned the right to a place in the history of the early days of California, and that they deserved something more than the oblivion to which time often consigns notable lives which might be recorded for the benefit of future generations. It is no easy task to transfer to paper the warmth and color, the feeling and courage, which made them stand out as personalities; and I have merely set down the facts, trusting that those who come after will read with a sympathetic understanding that will enable them to complete the picture.

This narrative, written after the lapse of so many years, is of course colored by my personal opinions, but to me the family circle was an interesting one, and, observing the family divisions of these later years, it seems that it was also an unusual one. Their most striking characteristic was the way they held together, carrying the clannish feeling of the Irish to the shores of the Pacific. This was particularly noticeable while Grandmother lived, and after her death Aunt Lizzie did her best to keep the family-feeling alive, knowing all that can be accomplished by united effort.

The strong influence of Grandmother's character, an

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influence which was not exerted openly but made itself felt in the love and interest she felt for her children and which grew big enough to include her grandchildren, was undoubtedly the bond which welded the family together, and drew the young people to return, again and again, to visit their relatives. I have letters written by Grandmother which contain many references showing how her love and solicitude for her children reached out to them when they were far away; and she expressed great pride in her grandchildren, whom, fortunately for them, she viewed through the not always discriminating eyes of affection.

The Kennedys were a very human family. They laughed and wept; indeed tears were always near the surface, but they never indicated weakness. Deep down in their hearts was a strength and serenity which carried them through many trials, and which can best be described as an abiding trust in a power higher than all human combinations; something stronger than courage and more steadying than faith. They were not always of one mind, but back of the varying moods that swept over them one sensed the granite of character which was founded on principles that never varied; and they were united in kindness and a strong desire to help those less fortunate than themselves.

My recollections of the family group are most pleasant, and the days of the 80's when Grandmother was still with us and the circle was unbroken, repeat the story of the earlier years. During this period the Burkes lived at 1213 Clay Street, and Uncle Patrick and his family at 1516 Taylor Street, a few short blocks away, so there was much visiting back and forth, and both

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houses were gathering places for the relatives from across the Bay. The Cushings lived at 1669 - 13th Street, Oakland, and Grandmother and Aunt Kate were pleasantly located in a cottage across the street. Aunt Mary lived with the Moffitts at 22nd and Webster Street, and Mother, the only one of the family who lived in one place for fifty years, was at Tierra Redonda.

For two years during the 80's I lived at 1213 Clay Street, and my regular Sunday outing included a trip across the Bay, a call at each of the three houses, winding up with dinner, and then a return to San Francisco bearing a large bunch of flowers to decorate my room. To illustrate the wide gulf between the 1880's and the 1930's, I recall that at the advanced age of sixteen years I enjoyed talking to my aunts, and found their conversation more interesting than that of young people my own age. I also remember their affectionate interest in the niece who was so far from home, and who, unlike her courageous relatives of the early 50's, was afflicted with homesickness.

I felt that I had quite the nicest grandmother to be seen anywhere, and with her gray hair crowned with a dainty cap which she wore like a badge of distinction, she was the central figure in all family groups, waited on and deferred to, although she was quite capable of waiting on herself and was independence itself. My uncles by marriage were included in my interest, each one seeming to fit into the family circle as if he had always been there, while the twenty-two young people who made up the second generation took care that there were no dull moments when the Kennedy Clan assembled for festivities.

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Father, Uncle Moffitt, Uncle Burke, and Mr. Britton, a close friend of the family, were particularly congenial, and fond of playing practical jokes on each other, so there were many tales told of the results of their efforts, and much laughter and merriment when they got together. In November 1885, Uncle Moffitt and Mr. Britton both visited Tierra Redonda, and the three friends had a gay time playing jokes on each other and telling stories of old times.

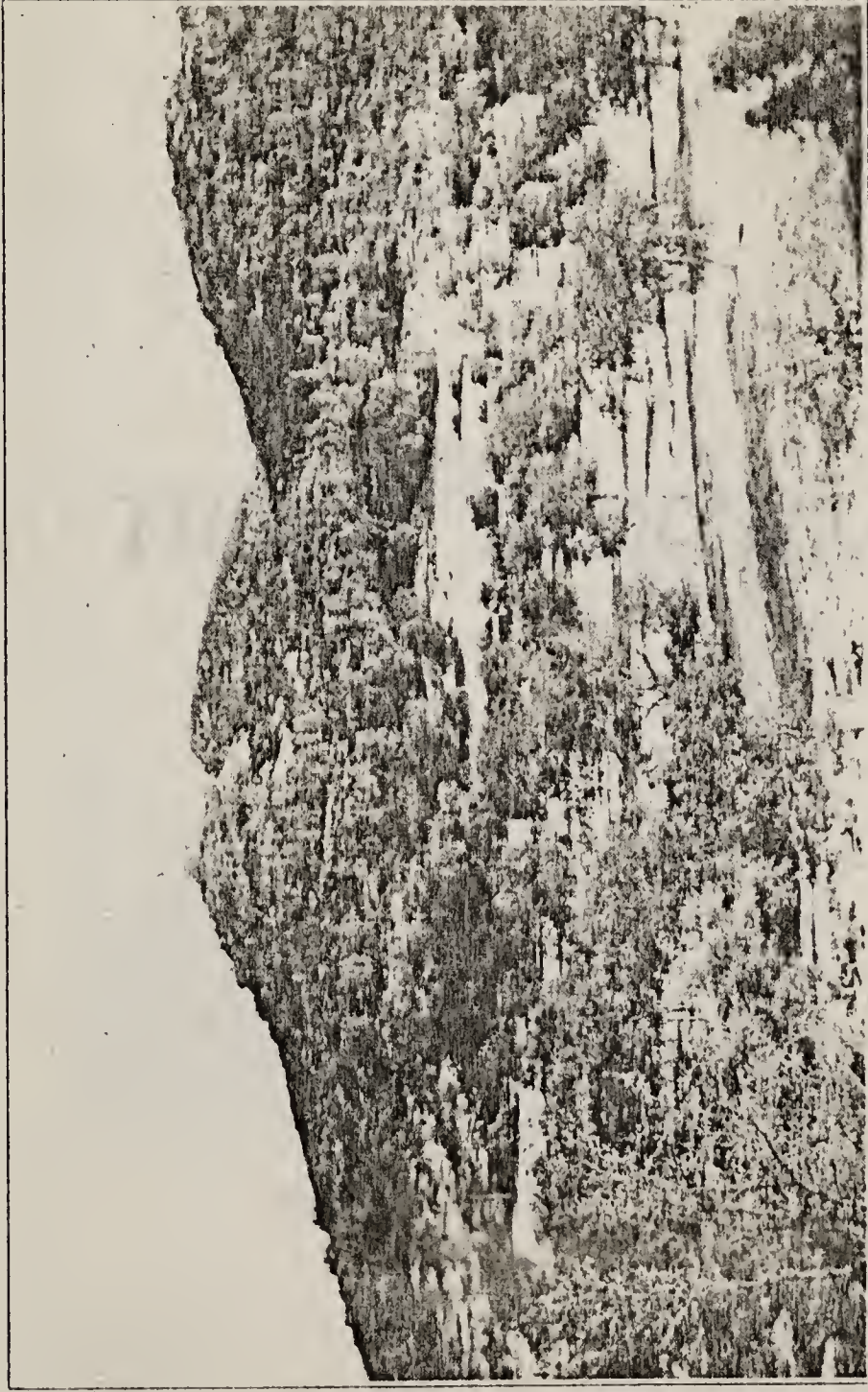
When their visit was over Father drove them to San Luis Obispo, sixty miles away, where they took the train to Port Harford and returned to San Francisco by water. Father had driven over this route so often that every turn in the road was familiar to him, and the final descent of the Cuesta Grade an exhilarating experience, but his guests felt that nothing in their pioneer days had equalled this wild ride, and regarded the canyon below with anxious eyes. Father had good horses, and drove fast, but so expertly that those who knew him well had great confidence in his ability, but even those who had made the trip with him many times regarded the descent of the Cuesta Grade as something of a thrill.

The Grade was always reached late in the afternoon when many four and six horse teams were met returning from San Luis Obispo, but Father went down the winding and dangerous road at a rapid pace, avoiding the teams climbing the hill with what seemed to be a scant margin of safety, and then on again at a headlong rate. His guests on this occasion were unable to appreciate his driving skill and were much relieved when "Jim Lynch" delivered them safely at their destination.

We have left behind us the era in which my grand-

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mother and her family grew up, and entered into a new one, which, while it has given us many marvels, seems to offer more perplexities than the days of the pioneers. Life was not so comfortable in Grandmother's day, but it was more simple. One had only to be honest, kind, and industrious, and happiness and prosperity would follow "as the night the day". A return to the simple standards of the early days might work wonders in overcoming the unrest of this age.



Tierra Redonda

A faint, light-colored map of Mexico is visible in the background, centered behind the title. It shows the outline of the country with some internal details like state boundaries or major cities, though they are not clearly legible.

TIERRA REDONDA

THEORY OF THE



Alice Kennedy Lynch

CHAPTER I

PIONEER DAYS

FATHER and Mother settled at Tierra Redonda May 11, 1859, and lived there for fifty years, too intent on establishing a home to realize that they were helping to make history in California. As a child I listened with great interest to tales of the Indian Rancheria which once occupied the spot where Father built his house and of the warfare with desperadoes who tried to drive sheep men out of the country. I viewed with considerable awe the grave of a settler killed by wandering Indians, but it was not until over seventy years after the discovery of Tierra Redonda that I took up the task of recording this bit of pioneer history for the benefit of future generations.

On account of the lapse of time much searching of old papers has been necessary in order to piece together the story of the early years, but these faded records supply an accurate account of events from that memorable day in May 1859 until the closing of the chapter. A diary kept by Mother from 1857 to 1865, her memoirs written in 1898, together with account books and letters have enabled me to reconstruct the happenings of those pioneer days.

My mother, Alice Mary Kennedy, was born January 17, 1833, at Deerpark, a farm near the little village of

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Moortown, in County Meath, Ireland. Her father Thomas Kennedy was the eldest son of Patrick Kennedy of Randalstown, and her mother Eliza King Kennedy was the daughter of James King of Moortown. The death of my grandfather in 1841 and the troubled conditions existing in Ireland at that time resulted in the emigration of my grandmother and her seven children to New York and finally to California. Mother reached San Francisco April 13, 1853, having made the voyage around Cape Horn in the sailing ship Anna Kimball, accompanied by her sister Anne.

Soon after coming to San Francisco Mother met James Lynch, and on the 27th of November 1856 they were married. Little is known of Father's family as he left home when still a boy and never returned. He was born in Philadelphia May 2, 1826, the son of James and Margaret Mohen Lynch who came to the United States from Ireland in 1819. He served an apprenticeship as a carpenter, and was in New York working at his trade and doing well, when war with Mexico was declared. Colonel J. D. Stevenson was authorized to raise a regiment for service in California, and Father enlisted among the volunteers.

He entered the service August 1, 1846, and was mustered out at Santa Barbara September 8, 1848. The troopship Thomas H. Perkins on which he embarked September 25, 1846, reached San Francisco March 6, 1847, after a stormy voyage of five months and eleven days, during which time the ship battled with tempests and encountered icebergs while rounding Cape Horn and was becalmed on reaching the Equator. As the Perkins sailed through the Golden Gate with a fair

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wind and every sail set, the masts of the only other ship in the Bay were visible at Sausalito.

In his book "With Stevenson to California" written in 1896, Father gave a graphic account of his connection with the army and his experience in the mines during the exciting days of 1849 and 1850. The book is filled with interest and action and gives an excellent picture of this adventurous man, whose army training had fitted him to face the dangers and hardships of frontier life.

In the Spring of 1850 he moved to Stockton where many members of his regiment had located, and for several years took an active part in local politics and also in the presidential campaign of 1852, when Franklin Pierce was elected. He organized the first fire company in Stockton and was elected foreman; held the position of first lieutenant in a military company formed for the purpose of maintaining order and holding the lawless element in check; and was elected assessor of San Joaquin County, although he did not take office.

In 1853 he again returned to San Francisco, and from July 1st of that year to September 29, 1855, filled a position as Weigher in the Custom House at a salary of \$3000.00 a year, his friend Major Hammond having been appointed Collector of the Port. After leaving the Custom House he was in the wood and coal business for several years, but in April 1859 he sold his interest to his brother-in-law, Patrick Kennedy, and decided to establish a home in the country.

The impulse which had brought him to the western shore was urging him on, and this energetic young man who had ridden and tramped and mined over the length and breadth of California knew that he would never be

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satisfied with city life. He sold the house at Green and Mason Streets where he and Mother had lived since January 1858 with their little son James Kennedy, who was born September 7, 1857. Thirteen hundred dollars which he received for the house, together with some small savings, constituted the capital for the new venture, which was to be sheep raising.

He bought a wagon and a team of mules, paying over five hundred dollars for the outfit and supplies, and leaving his family with Grandmother turned his face southward, following the stage road between San Francisco and San Luis Obispo and retracing the route over which he had come after being mustered out of the army at Santa Barbara in 1848. He had in his mind a picture of the place he wanted, which must have a good spring of water and land suitable for farming and grazing, as well as plenty of timber for the house and barn he expected to build from forest materials. To find sufficient range for a growing sheep business he knew he would have to go into a wild and isolated country, but he had confidence in his ability to carve a home out of the wilderness, and the spirit of adventure lured him on.

He traveled south for two hundred miles, asking many questions of the scattered residents of Monterey county and at last was directed to a high mountain in the northern part of San Luis Obispo county, a landmark which was visible for many miles. When Father entered the valley of Tierra Redonda on this May day in 1859 he knew that he had found the place he was looking for, and after a short interval he returned to San Francisco and told Mother he had located the place which was to be their home for fifty years. It was

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very beautiful and had plenty of wood and water. In this simple manner his quest ended, and the work of establishing a home began.

It seemed as if the spirit of the place had drawn him from over half the world away—the spring rippling its endless song under the thick shade of the oak trees, the silvery pines on the hillside murmuring a greeting, and Tierra Redonda lifting its rocky head high above the peaceful valley as if looking through the years for those who were to call this place home. Even the casual visitor feels the peace and charm that pervade this favored spot, and to Father it seemed like a haven of rest after his many years of roving life.

By the dim light of his campfires in many a lonely canyon he had dreamed of a place that he could call home, far enough to the south to escape the snows which drove the miners to San Francisco during the winter months. When he entered the valley for the first time in the month of May it is no wonder that he was held by the beauty of the place and knew that his search had ended.

He saw where he would build his house, close to the mountain which was to be a shelter from the storms of winter, but facing a beautiful vista of wooded valley with range after range of hills to the north. A number of low hills which formed part of the boundary of the valley were rounded in shape, and on account of these the Spanish residents of the country had given the name Tierra Redonda or literally "round land" to the valley and to the mountain, which rose abruptly above the surrounding territory, 2051 feet above sea level, and was visible for many miles.

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A man named William Smith had laid the beginning of a log cabin in the valley, but he was not looking for a home and cheerfully relinquished all claim for the sum of two hundred dollars, leaving Father in possession of the site for his new home. Material for house, barn, and sheep corrals must be hewn from the oak and pine trees which grew all about the place, but the labor involved was so great that his partner Flood, who was supposed to share the work and the profits of the venture, returned to San Francisco, leaving him to build his house with such help as he could find in that sparsely settled country.

Jim Berry, who ranked as an expert with ax and saw, was given the task of splitting material for the house, and by degrees a rustic dwelling-place was constructed. It consisted of two rooms about twelve feet square with a smaller room at the back. The interior was finished with neatly hewn oak timbers, and the outside lathed with willow rods, given a coating of adobe, and then whitewashed.

When Mother made her first visit to the ranch in September 1859, the house was without floor or roof, windows or doors, but during her stay of six weeks a roof of oak shakes was put on. In her memoirs, written in 1898, she mentions this first visit and her great surprise at finding the country so entirely wild and uninhabited. Used as she was to towns and thickly settled communities, the prospect of living in this lonely place was somewhat appalling.

With the house sufficiently finished to afford shelter from the rains, she and Father set out for San Francisco in their wagon drawn by two mules, camped wherever

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night found them, and reached their destination Monday, November 7. Provisions and supplies sufficient to last through the winter were purchased, and on the 28th of November Father turned southward alone. The trip from the ranch behind their faithful mules was put through in the comparatively fast time of four days, but the return trip with a heavy load and hindered by rising rivers took two weeks.

The third day from San Francisco he reached Santa Clara, and on the tenth day John Comfort, the stage agent, reported having met him, still far from the ranch and going very slowly, delayed by rain-washed roads and many mishaps. Five feet, ten inches of sheer grit, lean and sinewy from months of the hardest kind of work with ax and saw — he needed every ounce of his strength and all his resourcefulness on this long trip. He had set himself to the task of establishing a home, and no obstacles of wind or weather could make him turn aside, so he won his way back to the ranch, working alone, and overcoming many difficulties.

After several months of hard work, house-building, and plowing, Father again took the long trail to San Francisco, this time driving a bunch of fifty-five wethers for the market. The records do not give the details of this slow and tedious journey, but the sheer audacity of the undertaking carried him through, and on the 21st of March 1860, he reached his destination, only to find that his troubles were far from being over.

The sheep, left for the night in what was considered a safe place, wandered away and were lost in the wilds where now are the busy streets of San Francisco, and it took many hours of searching in the pouring rain before

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they were located. The long drive of two hundred miles, put through at the best pace the sheep were able to maintain, was hardly the way to fatten them, and the butcher refused to buy them, saying that they were too thin.

It was characteristic of the pioneers that they did not know the meaning of the word defeat. Obstacles were encountered, but still they carried on. It seemed unthinkable to retrace every step of that long drive, but Father turned south with the sheep, and no doubt would have driven them all the way back to the ranch had he not found a buyer at San Jose. So ended his first attempt at marketing his produce, and he returned to Tierra Redonda with \$165.00 in his pocket and a considerable fund of experience.

The month of June saw him on the road again on his way to San Jose to meet Mother and little James who were coming to the ranch to stay. At Watsonville he sold the faithful mules which had shared his fortunes for the past year and continued by stage to San Jose. His preference was always for horses, and the mules had served their purpose, but it is likely that he felt some regret at parting with them, for in crossing the Salinas river near Soledad on the return trip his team was unable to pull out, and he was forced to unload the wagon and carry his family across the river.

Grandmother braved the long and wearisome trip in order to see her beloved daughter and only grandchild comfortably settled in their new home which they reached June 19, 1860, after spending six days on the road. The slow journey over the hot and wind-swept Salinas plains was a trying experience, and they

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were all glad to reach the hospitable shelter of Tierra Redonda. After a stay of two weeks, during which time her capable hands did much to make the little house comfortable, Grandmother returned to San Francisco, leaving her daughter to adapt herself to her new surroundings, but it is evident that Grandmother was worried about the situation, for she returned to the ranch October 16, quite unannounced, to try to persuade Mother to return to San Francisco for the winter. The country was wild and lonely with no neighbors within four miles, wild animals prowled about, boldly claiming a share of the flock, and there had been several cases of the wanton killing of settlers, so there was a considerable element of danger in addition to the lonely pioneer conditions. However this happened to be one of the times when the herder had left without notice, leaving Father to take charge of the sheep himself, and Mother would not leave him entirely alone, so Grandmother returned to San Francisco November 21st, taking little James with her.

After a man was found to take care of the sheep, heavy rains set in, and Mother did not see her boy again until January 24, 1861, when she was able to leave the ranch. New Year's Day, 1861, she wrote in her diary, "I am all alone in the little house where I have passed the six months which finished today. Separated as I have been from the world, I have, nevertheless, been very happy most of the time. I expect to leave Sunday next for San Francisco. I shall be sorry to leave my dear husband. In this world it seems that there is never joy that is not balanced by sorrow."

Several months were spent in San Francisco, slipping

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back easily into the pleasant circle of family life, where many warm friends welcomed her, and a multitude of interests absorbed her active mind. On the 19th of May she and little James returned to Tierra Redonda where there is no doubt that they received a warm welcome, and on the 18th of August Mother's second son, Francis William, was born. Aunt Anne, then Mrs. John Cushing, was with her sister at the time, having made her first visit to the ranch with her little girl, and Grandmother arrived soon after for a stay of six weeks.

No chronicle of the Lynch ranch would be complete without some mention of Grandmother Kennedy whose devoted care and welcome visits meant so much to Mother during those early years, and who took a personal interest in the place, the growth of which she had watched ever since that June day in 1860 when she made her first visit. In her memoirs, written in 1898, Mother recorded a beautiful tribute to her mother, and wrote that she often felt that she would not have lived to see her children grow up if it had not been for the loving care and efficient help which Grandmother gave her so freely.

In these days of rapid transportation it is difficult to understand how completely isolated the Lynch ranch was in the early 60's. The only link with the outside world was the stage carrying mail and passengers from San Francisco which passed Pleyto, seven miles away, twice a month. If no one was on hand to receive the mail the driver placed it in a hollow tree. During the winter months when roads were washed out and rivers impassable, they were sometimes left for six weeks without letters or news of any kind. One year a box con-

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taining a turkey and other good things for their Christmas dinner sent by Grandmother reached them in the middle of February, the perishable articles having been removed at San Jose.

The trip to San Francisco by stage took from three to four days, even when the roads were in good condition, a portion of the time being spent in waiting for connecting stages and fresh horses. Wool must be hauled to Moss Landing, over one hundred miles away, a supply of provisions being brought to the ranch on the return trip. The nearest voting place was at San Simeon, some eighteen miles over the mountains, and for legal business of any kind it was necessary to make the sixty mile journey to San Luis Obispo.

The courage which sent Mother out to make her way in a strange land when only sixteen years old was put to a severe test during her early years on the ranch. She soon learned to love the country, and threw herself with energy into the task of making a living and a home, but there is no doubt that she missed her beloved family circle sorely. The Kennedy home was a center of life and hospitality — the scene of spirited discussions of all the topics of the day, and no one enjoyed the exchange of opinions better than Mother, whose warm heart and quick sympathy prompted her to protest against all forms of injustice.

At the ranch she found herself faced with conditions which might well have seemed unendurable. She rarely saw a woman's face except when her mother made her yearly visits; the nearest neighbor was four miles away beyond the Nacimiento river which was often impassable, and during the stormy winter months when com-

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munication with San Francisco was cut off it seemed as if even the elements were against her.

The entries in her diary during these trying years show what a battle she was having, but she had too many resources within herself to give way to discouragement. Through her love of poetry she found strength and inspiration in the woods and skies, and a never-ending source of pleasure was caring for her garden, where flowers and vegetables rewarded her richly.

Even at this early date the peaceful valley of Tierra Redonda had witnessed a tragedy. When Father entered the circle of hills for the first time he found the grave of Dr. Henry J. Freund, a member of his regiment, who had been killed by Indians two years before. A hastily organized posse followed the men, who were dispatched with scant ceremony, and their victim was buried close to the charred ruins of his home, a cross marking the spot. Before Mother made her first visit to the ranch Father removed the cross and warned his herder not to say anything about the murder, but in spite of his precautions Mother heard the whole story. The last stage of her trip from Pleyto to the ranch was made on horseback, and the man who escorted her, no doubt wishing to be entertaining, told her of the lonely grave almost at the threshold of her new home.

On account of the slow communication only echoes of the Civil War reached Tierra Redonda during the four years of fighting, but Father stood stanchly for the Union and looked with great disfavor on the Southern sympathisers in the neighborhood, who were termed Copperheads. The name Copperhead Canyon still marks the spot where so-called rebels lived. Always in-

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tensely loyal to his country and the flag under which he had served, Father was most outspoken in their defense, and the Stars and Stripes flying from a pole at his front gate flung his challenge to the breeze.

The periodical trips to Watsonville for supplies kept him on the road for eight or nine days, but also provided a contact with the outside world, an opportunity to discuss the latest war news and find out what was going on in local affairs. Always socially-minded, he greeted every traveler on the lonely roads, and usually found them glad to stop and exchange news, no introduction being needed in those days when their mutual needs drew men together. While he and his team were creeping over the long miles between Watsonville and the ranch, Grandmother was usually at Tierra Redonda helping her daughter to carry on during his absence.

With two little boys to care for in addition to all the household work, Mother found her days full, but she was never too busy to help a neighbor in time of need, and on several occasions during those early years she spent a week or ten days with her friend Mrs. Burnett, and with Mrs. Miller at the Pleyto stage station, keeping the domestic machinery running until they were on their feet again after the arrival of a baby. Returning to the ranch with her own small children after one of these visits, it is no wonder that she found herself quite worn out and hardly able to dispose of the work that had accumulated during her absence, but the next time a call for help came she responded without a thought of self.

On one occasion during a very wet winter when the Nacimiento was impassable, her sympathetic heart was

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much troubled about her friend Mrs. Burnett who was expecting a baby, and the river made it impossible for aid to reach her. It was characteristic of Mother to want to lend a hand wherever there was need, and the quality that drew people to her during all her life was the spirit of love and kindness shining through every word and deed.

CHAPTER II

MILESTONES AND SHEEP

THE wet winter of 1861 and 1862 was set down in the annals of the Lynch ranch as one of the milestones marking the years. During December, January, and February the rain fell in torrents, rivers were impassable, stages unable to travel, and the absence of news from the outside world made the situation more trying. Called to San Simeon on the 20th of December, Father expected to return the following day, but was stormbound by the heavy rains and swollen creeks. On the 26th of December he reached home after swimming his horse across the Nacimiento which was changed from the pleasant stream of summer days to a mighty river, sweeping away everything in its path and extremely dangerous to cross. The oldest settlers in the country had never experienced such rains, or seen the rivers raised to such heights.

The flood pouring down from Tierra Redonda threatened to sweep the little house from its foundation and tore through the garden leaving devastation in its path. Great damage was averted only by digging ditches to carry the water away from house and garden. For weeks there were large streams of water running on each side of the house, which fortunately was located on rising ground. On the 27th of January they awoke to a

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world of strange and mysterious beauty, an inch of snow having fallen during the night, and the woods resounded to the crash of breaking limbs, brought down by the weight of snow.

The cold soon gave way to more rain, soaking the ground until every creek became a torrent and rivers were raised beyond all bounds. The days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still it rained, the constant downpour and the feeling of being marooned in a world of weeping skies and sodden ground being almost unbearable. The 13th of February they had letters reporting everyone well in San Francisco, and about that time the weather cleared, although severe frosts continued, and the mountains were still covered with snow. There was some loss among the sheep due to the heavy rains, but on the whole they came through the deluge with little material damage. In February the little lambs began to arrive, and it required constant work and vigilance to keep them from perishing from the cold and rain.

The Lynch family had not ceased talking about the wet year, or entirely recovered from its effects, when a very dry year was experienced in 1863 and 1864. Very little rain fell during the winter, and in the middle of March 1864 all the grass and grain in the vicinity dried, leaving the country as brown as in November. The sheep were on very short rations, but by careful management they were brought through the year without serious loss. The herders were told to take them into every little nook and corner in the brush where feed might be found, searching ravines and mountain-tops, and with a plentiful supply of browse and what grass they could

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discover they fared very well.

The cattle in the country suffered severely, four-fifths of all in the State having died before grass came in 1865. Hungry cattle and whitened bones were to be seen everywhere, and it was heart-rending to see the distress of the poor creatures. Many cattle men were ruined, and moved away, Wesley Burnett being one of those who gave up the battle and moved to the coast side of the mountains where dry years were unknown. Strangely enough, this disastrous year was the beginning of prosperity for Father, for when rains came in 1865 and 1866 he found himself with two thousand head of sheep and plenty of free range, and from that time his flocks increased with great rapidity.

He began buying sheep in 1859, soon after he settled at the ranch, the first purchase being 146 at \$3.50 a head, and small lots were bought at favorable prices when he saw an opportunity. In April 1860, he bought 132 ewes at \$3.00 a head, and March 16, 1862, a count showed 868 grown sheep belonging to him, the lambs bringing the total to 1285. In 1860 he took some five hundred sheep on shares, to be kept on pasture for four years, the payment being half the increase and all the wool. In 1865 he bought 470 of these sheep at one dollar a head, the owner preferring to sell them at this low price rather than drive them to market. They were hardy, well-bred sheep, the descendants of those that were driven all the way from Missouri to stock the valleys of California.

Life on that frontier sheep ranch meant constant warfare with the wild animals that infested the country. Bears were numerous and troublesome, coming close to

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the house at night and climbing into the corral to make their kill. An occasional one was killed after Father had spent the night in a tree near the sheep corral, armed with his double-barreled shot-gun loaded with slugs, but always more bears lurked in the shadows. The treacherous mountain lions were seldom seen, but evidences of their raids were frequent, a single toothmark on each side of the throat of a hapless sheep showing how the end came. Wildcats and foxes hovered on the outskirts of the flock, waiting for a time when the herder relaxed his vigilance, or a lamb fell asleep and was left behind. Coyotes, those mocking and elusive imps of the wilds, raided by day and by night, taking heavy toll of the flock, and driving the sheep dogs into a frenzy of rage with their taunting howls.

This small sheep ranch, established far beyond the outposts of civilization, was beset on every side by the forces of the wilds, but Father had no thought of surrender. It was well for him that he had the pioneer spirit which will not admit defeat, and he found the sheep business a fascinating one. The care of his woolly charges with their amber eyes and endearing ways became something quite apart from any thought of commercial gain, so that their welfare was his chief concern, and their misfortunes rent his heart.

A flock of sheep feeding on a green hillside was a picture to delight the eye, the landscape needing just that touch of life to render it perfect, and his imagination leaped to the thought of his sheep on many hills. The neat little trails made by their wandering feet on every mountain-side transformed the hills into a place of beguilement, tempting him to follow where

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they led. A bunch of sturdy lambs at play, their tails waving in a mad race over hill and dale, or pausing to dig with sharp little feet in a convenient bank—every lamb intent and serious over the task—was compensation enough for the wet and weary days that every sheepman knows.

The lambing season in February and March was the most anxious time of the year, for that was the season of heavy rains, and unless the flock was carefully watched many lambs would die, their bewildered mothers refusing them proper care. Regardless of driving rains and bitter cold, Father was out among the sheep early and late, and one of my earliest recollections is of seeing him striding towards the house, heedless of the rain which dripped from his hat and soaked his coat, with an apparently lifeless lamb in each hand.

At the house Mother maintained an emergency hospital for desperate cases, and sometimes a dozen lambs were ranged about the fire while she poured warm milk down their throats and coaxed them to stand on their wobbly little legs again. When fed and warmed they were ready to return to their mothers, and the search for emergency cases went on.

It was trying work with the year's profit hanging in the balance, but there was real satisfaction in fighting to save little lives. The once lonely ranch was teeming with new life, the mountain echoed the plaintive calling of mothers to their lambs, and James Lynch was well launched on his business venture.

The shepherd's life was a lonely one, and the pay at that time only sixteen dollars a month, so it is no wonder that the men were continually drifting on to

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seek their fortunes in other fields, leaving Father to herd the sheep himself, or take a hasty ride to San Antonio Mission, twenty-seven miles away, in search of a new herder. Some of the early-day sheepherders came from San Francisco, and one of these, a well-educated young Pole named Paul Sobolewski who arrived February 16, 1861, was so well liked by the family that his name occupies a prominent place in the ranch records. He made a lasting impression on four-year-old James with his fund of interesting stories and playthings skillfully fashioned out of the materials at hand.

The older people found him a cheerful companion. The clever sketches that he left in the family scrapbook showed considerable artistic ability; so when this versatile young man left suddenly October 27, 1862, they were all sorry to have him go. While herding the sheep he carved his name on a rock near the gorge in the eastern end of the valley, and there it may be found today, still clear and legible in spite of seventy years of sun and storm that beat upon the rock.

CHAPTER III

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

WHEN a visit to San Francisco meant at least four days of slow and wearisome traveling it would seem that Father and Mother would hesitate to make the trip, but they did a surprising amount of traveling during those early years. However alluring they found life in the pleasant valley of Tierra Redonda, however absorbing the task of establishing a home, they could not escape the feeling of aloneness; the City drew them with its thronging streets, its lights and gayety, for they were both young and had a natural longing for companionship.

Six times during the year that followed the discovery of Tierra Redonda Father took the trail to San Francisco, his path beset by many hardships. Finally every turn in the road was familiar to him. After spending six months at the ranch in 1860 Mother returned to San Francisco in January 1861 for a visit of four months. June 1, 1862, she again went to San Francisco with her two little boys for a stay of three months, during which time Father visited in the City for three weeks. Early in June 1863, Mother with her two boys and Grandmother again made the trip to San Francisco to attend the wedding of her sister Delia, and on this occasion stayed for a little over two months, Father joining her

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for a visit of four weeks, while the herder was left in charge of the ranch and the sheep.

As the years went by and their responsibilities increased, it became more difficult for them to leave the ranch, and sometimes several years went by without a visit to San Francisco. Their fast-growing family inevitably made them more content, giving them plenty of occupation, as well as companionship, and with more people living in the country the sense of isolation was dispelled. Tierra Redonda had become a real home, a place that in some mysterious way twined itself about the heartstrings, holding them with its ever-changing allurements—the wonder of misty, fragrant dawns and the glory of flaming sunsets.

In 1864 there were three children in the James Lynch family, the first daughter, Elizabeth, having been born March 16th, and the need for a larger house became pressing. Again the woods rang with the sound of Jim Berry's ax splitting stout oak timbers for the new house which was completed in 1865. Father had never lost his skill with tools, and although he had help in building this house it was entirely planned by him and was largely the work of his own hands.

He bought lumber for the floors, ceilings, and interior finish, and had a man come to plaster the walls; but all the rest of the house—foundation, floor beams, uprights, and rafters—was made of hand-hewn oak and pine timbers; the outside was finished with overlapping oak shakes, and the roof made of the same stout and durable material. Just as he planned and built it, the house stands today, except for a new roof which became necessary after twenty years.

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The hopes and dreams of many years were wrought into that house which gradually took shape under his skillful hands. He was building a shelter for his children and his grandchildren; a fireside where he could watch the glowing coals in the days to come when a measure of success gave him a chance to rest; a porch where he could sit, looking out over the valley and the distant hills, and feel the content which comes only to those who have worked and won.

When completed the house consisted of four rooms; but three more were added at a later date, and Father saw his vision realized, for the house he had built with such loving care, no longer a mere speck in the wilderness, became in after years a center of hospitality, overflowing with life and humming with the many ranch activities.

One June day in 1864 when he was hauling oak timbers for the new house he took his two boys with him, and on the return trip at the foot of a steep hill a mile from the ranch he left the boys to walk, while he drove the heavy load up the hill. Three-year-old Frank was not pleased with the arrangement and refused to move, so James followed his father to tell him of the situation, leaving the small rebel alone at the foot of the hill. Father left his team and hurried down the hill, but Frank was gone—a tiny figure lost in this lonely place where bears might be encountered at any time, and no help possible.

After some minutes of anxious searching, footprints were found in a small creek leading towards the Naciminto river, and Father followed as fast as he could pick up the trail, with feelings that can well be im-

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agined. A mile down the canyon he caught sight of the frightened boy, his small world tumbling about his ears, running as fast as his little legs could carry him, straight away into the wilderness. They were so glad to see each other that discipline was forgotten, and Father carried his son back to the wagon with a thankful heart.

The amount of work accomplished by Father was one of the wonders of those early days, but although he was of slight physical build he had unlimited energy and determination. House, barn; and fences were all made from forest materials. He plowed the land in the intervals of other work and harvested the crops in due season, with many interruptions to tend the sheep and haul wool to the shipping point. The early fences made by him were all of brush, which involved constant repair work as the brush settled and venturesome animals found a way out. The roads which formed his only line of communication with the outside world were made and kept in repair by him—pick, shovel, and plow being the only tools at hand. The open country was followed wherever possible, and when he reached the top of a hill with his wagon, he slid down with rear wheels locked. If his team was unable to pull a load up the hill, he unloaded a portion and returned for it later or carried it up on his own shoulders.

In the Bee Rock district, a mile from the ranch, a road had been found through an extremely narrow pass, with steep and rocky hills rising on each side. Some enterprising hunters, searching for honey which bees had stored among the rocks, rolled large boulders into the roadway, blocking it completely. Having neither time nor help to get the rocks out of the road, Father

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found a new road up a comparatively short pull on one side of the hill, and with wheels locked, and wagon threatening to fall on the horses, slid down the long steep hill on the other side. Just how he made the ascent on the return trip is one of the mysteries of the early days, but for many years the only available road ran over this hill.

Traces of the road made by Father and Wesley Burnett down the Backbone Ridge, leading from the valley to the Naciminto river, can still be seen—a practical reminder of the skill and resourcefulness of those men of the early 60's. The road followed the backbone of the ridge, descending by more or less gradual degrees through the brush; but the final descent was so steep that stern measures must be adopted to keep the wagon upright. Each time a wagon was driven down this hill, a tree was cut where the steepest part of the road began, and tied to the rear axle. This acted as a drag and kept the wagon from overturning or running on the horses. Long after this road was abandoned, the flat at the foot of the hill was littered with the remains of trees which had been cut for this purpose.

The experience gained by the stagedrivers of the early days who frequently had to pilot their stages around washed-out portions of the road, developed remarkable skill, and they were not averse to showing off a bit. In 1868 H. A. Thomas drove his four-horse stage to the ranch and down the Backbone road, with Father standing on the step on the upper side to act as a balance. One glance at the scene of this exploit would leave no doubt that Mr. Thomas deserved the driving record for all time.

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Among the early settlers in this section of San Luis Obispo county were the Wesley Burnetts who arrived in 1860 and built a neat log house on the bank of the Nacimiento river, a difficult four miles from the Lynch ranchhouse by way of the road, but plainly visible from the top of Tierra Redonda. Mother and Mrs. Burnett became warm friends, frequently helping each other in cases of sickness, and in 1862 Mother recorded in her diary that Mrs. Burnett came to help take care of little Frank, who was very ill, and wrote that he improved rapidly after her arrival.

Early in the year 1865 when Mother had not seen a woman's face for six months, she became so filled with longing to see and talk with her friend that a day was set to visit the Burnetts. Just then a neighbor borrowed the wagon, and it seemed as if the visit must be postponed indefinitely, as the lambing season was just at hand and it was impossible to leave the ranch during that time. It seemed to Mother that she simply could not wait, and she decided to walk rather than give up the visit, undaunted at the prospect of helping to carry the baby. The family set out early in the morning, resting frequently for the benefit of four-year-old Frank, and at last reached the Burnett home, where they received a warm welcome. After a soul-satisfying talk with her friend, Mother returned to the ranch filled with fresh courage, the haunting feeling of aloneness having left her somewhere along the road.

Another woman friend who meant a great deal to Mother during those early years was Mrs. Mary Argyras who arrived in 1869 and made her home in Copperhead Canyon, some four miles from Tierra Redonda.

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She was a frequent and welcome guest at the ranch, as well as a warm and sympathetic friend during the troubled times that disturbed this section of the country in the early 70's. She and her brothers were engaged in the sheep business. She remained only nine years, but she left behind her the impress of an unusual personality; and memories of the love and kindness she expressed still linger about the spot that was her home. She completely won the hearts of all the children in the country, and kept them in a state of delightful anticipation by means of toys and treasures produced from some mysterious source. She was our adored and always welcomed "Auntie". A visit to her little log cabin in the canyon was a joyful occasion, and lovely things made by her skillful hands adorned the Lynch home for many years. The log cabin where she lived still stands, having withstood the storms of over sixty years and proved almost as enduring as her memory.

When Father completed the new house in 1865 it became possible to plan for the future, and the ranch took on an air of permanence. Mother began teaching her children at a very early age, but in 1867 some change became necessary, as she was well-nigh overwhelmed with work. Father suggested a governess, but Mother said, "No. Get a cook, and I will teach the children." So Ah Kip was sent down from San Francisco, the first of a long succession of Chinese cooks who served the family faithfully through the years, getting from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month in return for an amazing amount of work, and lifting the worst of the burden

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from Mother's shoulders.

They were important factors in the ranch life, their varied characters and temperaments creating a kitchen atmosphere which was something like living on the brink of a volcano. Kind old Ah You, long remembered for his faithful service, called the baby of the family "Petty", and often left his work to amuse her by the waterfall, so that her tired mother could eat her dinner in peace. Ah Sow, on the other hand, had a peppery disposition and declared war on the slightest pretext. On one occasion, finding himself in a sea of down after dry-plucking a goose in a room adjoining the kitchen, his too-scant patience quite gave way, and wrathfully calling to Mother to come and look out for her feathers, he departed to his room in a rage.

Ah Kip was a young Chinaman with a very-limited knowledge of English, and, evidently filled with misgivings during the tiresome four-day trip from San Francisco, he expressed himself at great length to sympathetic Mrs. Miller at the Pleyto stage station. When he set out for the ranch with Father, and found himself going ever away from his countrymen into a wilderness of which he knew nothing, his fears became magnified, and a very weary Chinaboy reached Tierra Redonda in a state bordering on panic.

Seeing only men about the place he seemed to think that he would get rough treatment, and when he finally saw Mother's kind and smiling face he nearly embraced her in his surprise and relief, and was her firm friend during the year that he worked on the ranch. These

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fine hard-working little men, venturing into an unknown country far from those of their own race, played a large part in the success of the ranch and probably never suspected how the domestic mercury rose and fell with their arrivals and departures.

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CHAPTER IV

GARDENING DAYS

MOTHER was undoubtedly a born teacher, one of those somewhat rare beings to whom the work is a real pleasure, and although she was far from the educational world she established a center of her own, the influence of which was far-reaching. Not only her own six children, but every child and young person who came to the ranch in later years received the benefit of her instruction, freely and generously given. Even an ambitious Chinese cook learned to read and write English under her direction, and was so enormously proud of his accomplishment that every member of the family in turn was called on for admiration. Many were the fat letters that he sent through the mails, Chinese writing inside, but the address in clear and legible English.

It was a constant source of wonder to all who knew Mother that she was able to carry her children through their regular classes without ever pausing in her endless round of duties. The affairs of the ranch must go on, but she was determined that her children should have a good education, and with remarkable energy and perseverance she carried on two lines of work without neglecting either. Wherever she might be, making butter in the cellar, or pies in the kitchen, we followed with our books, and she taught us as she worked.

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Her mind was a veritable storehouse of poems which she recited to us, passing on her own love for all that was best in that line and inspiring us to read everything that the ranch library afforded. When James was four years old he spoke French as well as English, and all of us acquired a good knowledge of both French and Spanish from Mother—the latter language being very necessary as many Mexicans were employed on the ranch.

Early in 1860 when the first house had been made habitable, preparations were made to set out a small orchard and vineyard, and in 1863 the trees and vines were bearing, and Mother had the pleasure of sending a box of ranch fruit to her mother. The vegetable garden, orchard, and vineyard supplied an immense amount of food for family use, but Mother loved flowers, and in spite of all she had to do, a carefully tended flower garden, filled with color and fragrance, greeted the eye in front of the new house, built in 1865.

Flowers of every kind grew and flourished where her busy hands had worked—tall hollyhocks where the bees loved to linger and feast; lilacs filling the air with fragrance; and morning glories climbing everywhere and greeting each day with dainty new faces. She surrounded the house with locust trees for their pleasant shade in Summer and exquisite blossoms and fragrance in Spring. Grapevines were planted at intervals to twine along the fence and swing into the locust trees, and being of the climbing Mission variety they followed the trees as they grew.

When the workmen were putting the picket fence in place at the back of the house, one of them raised an ax

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to cut a tiny black oak tree, with a stem no larger than a man's finger, which was in the line of the fence, but Mother stayed his hand. The tree grew to a great height in later years and afforded thick shade for all the ranch activities that went on in this cool and sheltered spot. A grapevine swung into the tree and began climbing for a place in the sun. As the tree grew so did the vine, twining its long arms in every direction until the tree was covered with a network of graceful swinging vines and leaves, and on this sturdy trellis the vine hung its Autumn offering of fruit, presenting the surprising sight of a tall oak tree hung from top to bottom with bunches of grapes.

The spring was turned from its original channel and brought through the flower garden in troughs hollowed out of slender pine trees. From some hidden source deep within the mountain the water came, rippling an endless song and lulling the ranch to sleep with the sound of falling water. All the birds, bees, and butterflies in the region were quick to discover that food, water, and shade, together with the finest kind of nesting space, were to be found at Tierra Redonda, and they promptly moved in and established a permanent home. From dawn to dusk during the Spring months the garden was filled with the busy, shifting throng, the air sweet with the fragrance of locust blossoms, and the humming of the myriads of bees sounded like the pulse of the place—steady and comforting.

Golden orioles flashed through the trees, pausing now and then for a few liquid notes, and then away to the business of hanging an artfully woven nest from one of the highest branches. Humming birds sipped from

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every flower in turn, lingering over honeysuckle and crimson gladiolus and making their tiny nests confidently close to the paths. Red-tipped linnets were everywhere, singing their little hearts out with the first gleam of daylight, nesting in the vines that covered the house, invading the porch, and rearing their families over the doorways, plainly regarding the building with adjacent orchard and vineyard as put there for their especial benefit.

In the fascinating pastime of growing flowers Mother might well have forgotten the serious things of life, but the vegetables were more carefully tended than the flowers and yielded a great amount of food, not only for the family, but for cows and poultry as well. People came from twenty miles away to buy the sweet Mission grapes; the fruit bringing in several hundred dollars a year to add to the ranch income; but no account was kept of the amount given away to friends who were never allowed to leave without a box of choice fruit.

In those early days it seemed that everything that Mother planted produced abundantly as if to reward the loving care that she gave to growing things. Great barrels of delicious apples were stored away to be eaten during the winter months, enormous pears were laid in the cellar to ripen, and dried fruit of every kind, together with an endless array of preserved fruit, jellies, and jams, enriched the family table. Peaches, which in later years proved hard to raise, ran riot in her orchard, bending the boughs to the breaking point and strewing the ground with delicious fruit which was fed to the poultry, as only the best, picked from the trees, was kept for family use. All the stored-up richness of sun and

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soil was in that fruit, which had the crispness and flavor found only in peaches that are allowed to ripen on the trees.

Honey was another ranch product which was much appreciated on the family table, and a colony of bees was kept in a sheltered corner of the orchard where they could help themselves to blossoms and fruit. We children usually kept at a respectful distance from the hives, but one day my sister Elizabeth tipped one of them over in a spirit of fun and then ran, so when the furious bees emerged from their overturned home they stung Frank who was an innocent spectator.

On one occasion a swarm of bees was seen leaving the hives, and if it had not been for the quick wit of Edward Perry, a Frenchman wise in the ways of bees, they would have made their escape. He began to throw handfuls of dry earth in the air over the bees, and with their wings covered with dust they were forced to settle on the grapevines near by and were gathered up and returned to their home.

CHAPTER V

FRONTIER WARFARE

NINE years after Father made his momentous trip of discovery the business was prospering, and it seemed as if the worst of the battle was over. In 1868 the income from the sale of wool and mutton was \$5500.00, and the purchase of 2000 sheep in 1869 increased the income to \$9700.00. Encouraged by his success, settlers began to come into the country, bought sheep from him, and located in different sections. Uncle John Cushing began sheep raising in Harris Valley, Auntie Argyras made her beginning with a flock of five hundred in Copperhead Canyon, and one of her brothers established a home near by and purchased a small flock of sheep.

A number of men who had the reputation of being undesirable citizens had also arrived and were raising cattle in a small way, their headquarters being in Harris Valley. They viewed with alarm Father's growing flocks and the number of people who were going into the sheep business, and felt that their cattle range was threatened. Then the old warfare between sheep-men and cattle-men broke out, and there followed many months of strife and bloodshed which were a sore trial to these early-day settlers, whose lives were more than filled with the problems of making a living.

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Neither threats nor violence could make Father and Mother think of leaving their home, but others were more easily discouraged. A friend who heard what they had been through exclaimed, "I would not stay in that country if I were you," but Mother replied with quiet determination, "There will be a Lynch at Tierra Redonda as long as the mountain stands."

When urging his friends to take advantage of the opportunity to make money in the sheep business, Father also warned them that they would have to be prepared to maintain their position by force of arms, but few of them realized that they were facing the stern realities of frontier life. The cattle-men were led by Martin Hurges who was the type of man that Father had encountered during the years that he lived at Stockton—lawless, quarrelsome, and with an absolute disregard for life or property rights.

They soon passed from threats to acts. Patterson was set upon and beaten, his sheep scattered, his well filled in, and his barn burned, and although he was an ex-policeman, the situation was so little to his liking that he closed out his interests and left the country. The men in charge of Uncle John's sheep were also badly beaten and ordered to leave the country, or worse would be in store for them. It was plain that the question of grazing rights would have to be fought out on the ground, as none of those concerned had title to the land, and it was useless to appeal to the law.

The Monterey Democrat published a letter from Auntie Argyras, complaining of the violent and lawless actions of Hurges and of the fact that she and her brothers could get no redress, as the men resisted all

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attempts to arrest them for their cowardly assaults, and the County Sheriff seemed either unable or unwilling to put an end to the situation. A Deputy came from Monterey to investigate the burning of the Patterson barn, but he found no evidence in spite of the general conviction that it was the work of the Hurges men.

A friendly neighbor told Father of having heard the cattle-men make threats of violence against him and his family, and August 20, 1870, the first blow was struck. His barn was burned to the ground during the night; all the hay and the Fall wool crop of 3207 pounds being destroyed with it. It was impossible to prove who was guilty, but tracks were found on Trail Hill showing that a man had crossed the hill going in the direction of the Hurges headquarters, and Father felt that he knew who had made those footprints.

It was a very trying situation, with no way of knowing where the enemy would strike next. With the shadow of threats hanging over him Father rarely went out without his rifle, and Mother lived in constant dread that he would be killed. His army training was a great advantage to him during these dark days, for he was known to be an expert with the rifle, quick and fearless in attack, and it is probable that a wholesome fear of his deadly aim was all that saved him. In his many encounters with the rough element of mining days his quick thinking and daring attack had always scored a victory, and men knew and respected his fighting qualities.

In 1853 Father and others of his regiment took up arms at Santa Barbara in defense of one of their number who was about to be ejected from his claim and compelled the authorities to promise that the man's legal

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rights would be protected. Nearly twenty years later Father had to take up arms again in defense of his own rights, but this time there were no comrades to stand by him, and he had to see it through alone.

When Wesley Burnett moved away he gave his house and range to Father, who went through another series of conflicts before his right to this range was established. Jim Berry had elected to throw in his lot with the Hurges men, and he moved into the Burnett house in company with another man and warned Father to keep his sheep out of the Nacimiento river section. This was the territory that he had counted on as range for his growing flocks. He was not the type of man to retreat under threats and he steadfastly maintained his right to run sheep on government land.

One day he and the herder were moving a band of sheep from the river section to better feed in the hills, when they were met by Martin Hurges who ordered them to turn back at the point of a pistol. Father was unarmed, and although a heated discussion followed he was obliged to yield his ground. But he saw that the time had come to meet force with force in order to put an end to the situation. He established the herder and flock in the contested district and hired two men to guard them, with orders to shoot if they were molested.

The clash came May 28, 1871. Martin Hurges and two of his men appeared, and shots were exchanged, one of the guards being shot through the arm, and the other through the body, while the attackers were unharmed and disappeared after scattering the sheep. Jim Berry who dealt glibly with threats did not care for bullets and was seen to ride rapidly away when the shooting began.

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Wm. Muir the herder went to the ranch four miles away to tell what had happened, and the wounded men followed, walking all the way with remarkable endurance. Seven-year-old Elizabeth remembered in later years having talked with the men as they rested by the roadside in their slow and painful progress to the house. Fortunately they both recovered and were able to testify at the trial in San Luis Obispo, which, strangely enough, resulted in the acquittal of the accused men. Martin Hurges did not long escape the penalty for his misdeeds, for he met his death that same year at Monterey, having been stabbed by a brother of one of the men he shot.

The San Luis Obispo Tribune of June 3, 1871, printed a stirring article calling on the County authorities to take immediate action to prevent further outrages and loss of life, and denouncing the Monterey authorities for their failure to arrest Hurges for offenses committed during the previous year. September 16, 1871, the Tribune carried a brief account of the stabbing of Martin Hurges at Monterey, and closed with an allusion to the Scripture aphorism, "He who lives by the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Surgical attention for the wounded men, the heavy expense of the trial, and the loss of hay and wool crops were a serious drain on the ranch income, but Father had the satisfaction of knowing that the lawless band was broken up, and he had maintained his position even though at a great price. In 1872 he had the further satisfaction of acquiring title to the Burnett place, paid Jim Berry \$250.00 for the improvements, and was left in possession of the Nacimiento range.

CHAPTER VI

SHEEP CAMPS AND HERDERS

IT was a great relief to Father to be able to return to regular work and normal living after the anxious, troubled months he had been through, and work was calling him on every side. In 1869 the land in the valley of Tierra Redonda was surveyed by Robert Harris, and Father at once filed application for a homestead on the land surrounding his house and also took steps to acquire title to different tracts covering springs and water-holes, as he saw that the day of free range would soon be over.

He was now firmly established at Tierra Redonda, the increasing business calling for the erection of additional sheds and barns and the building of cabins for the herders in widely separated sections where the best feed and water were found. Fourteen such cabins were built at different times, as the need for them arose, all but two being made of logs cut from the tall Digger pine trees which grew everywhere through this section. Located close to springs and beside wooded creeks, these little cabins provided a refuge to which the herder could retire after his day on the hills, and the interiors were often well-kept and homelike. Corrals were also made to hold the sheep at night, and the camps were visited once a week to supply them with provisions, get a report

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from the herder, or give him orders to drive the sheep to the ranchhouse for shearing or dipping.

The herders who tended Father's sheep during those years were a story in themselves, a roving band including many nationalities and varying degrees of usefulness. They watched the flocks in lonely places, often showing great devotion to their charges and real affection for the faithful little dogs which were their friends and companions as well as efficient helpers. The camps displayed many different styles of housekeeping, from the strangely neat cabin, with carefully sanded floor, kept by Sabino Carbajal, and Patrick Craney's orderly interior, where his savory meals tempted travelers to spend the night with him, to the somewhat sketchy methods of Jesus Valencia, who presided over a flock of sheep for many years.

The task of supplying the camps with provisions fell to the younger members of the Lynch family, who found real pleasure in these rides into all sorts of fascinating, out-of-the-way places. The men were well fed, getting a quarter of mutton each week in addition to staple articles of food, and at Christmas Mother always sent chicken, pie, and cake as a special treat. When we had delivered the supplies we felt entitled to help ourselves to some of the highly prized tortillas which the herders made in place of bread, and, although they knew very well what was going on, they accepted the loss as a tribute to their cooking and paid no attention to these raids.

Some of the camps were located seven miles from the ranch-house in the wild and picturesque region south of the Nacimiento river, and here we rode over high

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ridges which afforded a wonderful view of the surrounding country, and through canyons filled with the same rich growth of timber found on the Coast Range which was not far beyond. Pine Mountain with its two striking pine-crowned peaks lifted its impressive barrier to the west, and from the top of this mountain the little town of San Simeon could be seen, built close to the edge of the ocean. On stormy days the roar of the surf could be heard at Tierra Redonda, and during the hot summers the sight of billows of ocean fog pouring over Pine Mountain was hailed with joy for the welcome coolness it meant to the inland valley.

The herders were usually single men, but a Mission Indian named Hilario Mora, who was stationed at the Burnett house with his wife, herded Father's sheep for many years and provided a touch of interest, an opportunity to see something of the life of these hardy, woodland people. With the river flowing past the house, and fish and game plentiful, it was an ideal place for Hilario to rear his half dozen children, undisturbed by problems of expense. A visit to his range always found him on duty, the sheep feeding on a wooded hillside, and Hilario, dignified and taciturn, standing guard. His family shared his work as well as his fortunes, and his wife was often found near by, with a little papoose, grave and silent, tucked away in a bed of fern. Peering from the treetops, hiding behind bushes, and in every possible place of concealment, the remainder of the dusky brood surveyed the visitors with wary eyes.

Hilario was an expert at catching salmon, going into the water astride a log to spear them, and many fine fish were brought to the ranchhouse and gravely presented

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to Mother. We younger children were delighted with the bows and arrows that he made for us and went about shooting at imaginary game and experiencing all the thrills of being Indian hunters.

One night long after the Lynch family had gone to bed, they were startled by the arrival of Hilario, who announced that he had been poisoned. As all the camps were supplied with strychnine for poisoning wild animals, the possibility of accidental poisoning was always present, and Mother hurried for a remedy, but before administering it she asked Hilario when it had happened. He replied sadly, "Three days ago," and Mother was at once relieved of anxiety. She asked why he thought he had been poisoned, and he explained that it was because he felt his mouth growing smaller. He had evidently tasted the fine powder which rose when he was handling strychnine, and his imagination did the rest, but he must have suffered much during those three days before his mental distress sent him out into the night to ask for help. Fortunately the only remedy he needed was a few kind words of explanation, which sent him back to his family feeling much relieved.

He had the usual Indian fondness for finery and bright colors, and when he visited the stores at Pleyto and Jolon it was necessary to warn the store-keepers to sell him only necessities, or he would order a long list of things that took his fancy, regardless of price or suitability. One of the Chinamen employed at the ranch brought a supply of silk handkerchiefs and other merchandise from San Francisco with the idea of selling to the shearers, and one evening he invited Hilario to his room and found a ready market for his wares. In a

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short time. he had sold him a gay silk coat of Chinese make, a number of bright colored silk handkerchiefs, a jade bracelet, and several other articles, equally unsuitable. Quite elated with this stroke of business the Chinaman requested Mother to charge Hilario with the purchases and was highly indignant when he was sternly told to take back his goods and to confine his business dealings to the shearers.

It was well for Mother that she was young and strong, for during the eventful years from 1866 to 1872, with work crowding her on every side and harassed by frontier warfare, three more children were born—Henry Walter, Alice Clare, and Kate. With half a dozen children to provide for it is no wonder that Father and Mother felt the need of increasing the ranch income to meet growing demands. In 1871 when James was fourteen years old he was sent to San Francisco for four years in school, and from that time until 1891 when the last of the six children graduated from the High School, there was constant outlay for education.

The ranch expense ran high during those years, as considerable land was bought, litigation became necessary, and the regular outlay for a ranch running from nine to twelve thousand sheep was large. The income ranged from eight to twelve thousand dollars a year from 1871 to 1877, but with the increasing demands there was no chance to put anything aside for a rainy day.

It was a considerable achievement for Father and Mother, who arrived at Tierra Redonda with little more than their bare hands and unlimited courage, to

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have built up this large business, giving employment to many and supplying a center that drew people from far and near—a haven of rest for many a weary traveler, and a home that was dear to all the children who grew up under the shelter of the mountain.

Mother and Aunt Anne, the members of the Kennedy family who were the first to venture into the far West, were reunited in 1869, when Uncle John Cushing came with his wife and two children to try his fortune at sheep raising. He first located in Harris Valley, but when this place was found to be within the limits of the Pleyto Grant, he moved to Willow Glen, on the road to Pleyto and only a little over two miles from Tierra Redonda. The arrival of the Cushings dispelled the feeling of isolation for Mother, and before they left in 1874 many more settlers had come into the country which was becoming an important sheep and cattle center.

For a period of six months during the year 1873, twelve-year-old Frank made a weekly trip to Jolon for mail, the postoffice at Pleyto having been discontinued for a time. Father had a dispute with the stage company, claiming that they charged an excessive rate for freight and parcels, and as they would not reduce their charges, he made the sixty mile drive to Soledad, meeting all visitors and removing a considerable amount of revenue from the company. They retaliated by refusing to carry his mail to Pleyto, so the weekly trip to Jolon became necessary.

Mother was so devoted to her children that she never got over worrying when they were out at night alone, and she spent many anxious hours waiting for

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Frank's return. Anything might happen on this lonely forty mile ride, and the fact that he had been thrown several times added to the uncertainty. So intently did she listen for the sound of his horse's feet, that on different occasions she heard the sound of galloping, borne on the night air, when horse and rider were still several miles away.

After Frank had ridden the long mail route for six months, a new stage agent was put in charge, the difference in regard to freight charges was adjusted, and from that time Father and the stage company were on the best of terms. The postoffice was soon re-established at Pleyto, which was also the stage station, and for many years it was an inspiring sight to see the four-horse stage dash down the hill on the way to Soledad, the rapid change of teams which was accomplished with great dexterity, and the skillfully driven horses swing along the road to Jolon where the next change was made.

CHAPTER VII

SHEARING AND DIPPING

WHEN Father made his beginning in the sheep business he had to get along with very primitive equipment, and his first dipping plant was a small affair consisting of a fifty gallon iron pot in which the mixture of lime and sulphur was boiled and a small wooden trough in which the sheep were dipped one at a time, two men holding the animal by the legs. This was a slow process, and the increasing number of sheep called for the erection of an up-to-date sheep dip and shearing shed which were built in 1875 and provided the best possible facilities for handling from ten to twelve thousand sheep.

Father was a careful builder and spared no pains to have everything as complete and convenient as possible. A number of corrals of different sizes and a "race" where the sheep were counted, led to the small pens in front of the shearing floor; the pens being paved with stone to reduce the dust cloud which arose wherever sheep were being handled. The shearing floor, which was roofed over, provided room for about thirty men, and the tying and packing section was directly behind it.

The entire process was a sight of absorbing interest—the fleeces being rolled off the sheep by the skillful

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operators with their sharp shears, the wool dust color on the outside, but creamy white next to the skin; the tyers rolling each fleece into a ball, which was tied with twine and thrown to the packer who dropped it into an immense sack suspended from a high framework. The wool was packed by trampling, crowding all that was possible into a sack which was then removed from the framework, the opening sewed with twine, and the sack stenciled "James Lynch, Rancho Tierra Redonda" in preparation for shipment.

The filled sacks weighed about three hundred pounds and were handled by two men who grasped the "ears" left for this purpose at each corner of the sack. One hundred and five of these huge bales were piled outside the shearing shed during the Spring of 1877, and when sold at twenty-five cents a pound brought an even \$9000.00 to add to the ranch income.

As each shearer finished his sheep he took the wool to a counter where he received a metal disk, these being counted at the end of the day and each man credited with the proper total. The rates varied from four to six cents for ordinary sheep, to six and ten for Merinos on account of their many wrinkles which made shearing difficult, and eight to eighteen cents for the rams which were heavy and hard to handle. The shearing operations often took two weeks or more, as outside sheep were shorn and dipped at Tierra Redonda, a charge of nine cents a head being made for the service.

The dipping outfit consisted of a fifteen hundred gallon iron tank set in masonry, for boiling the dip, a long wooden tank into which the cooled mixture was run, and a dripping floor where the sheep were held for

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a time, while the liquid drained out of their wool and back into the swimming tank. Immense logs, some eight feet long, were fed into the fireplace under the iron tank, and the entire process of brewing the mixture of lime and sulphur was one of great interest to spectators, but a considerable element of danger to the men who worked over the huge caldron.

The pens leading to the dip were paved with stone and covered by a shed which protected the men from the sun as they worked, throwing the sheep headlong into the swimming tank. Several men armed with long poles stood at the side of the tank, pushing the hapless sheep under the dip so that they would get well soaked. It was hard and disagreeable work for both men and sheep, and all were glad when the arduous task was over for the year.

The shearing operations occurred twice a year, the grown sheep losing their fleeces during the Spring months and the lambs in the Fall. The band of Mexican shearers, from twenty to thirty in number, rode to the ranch in charge of a captain, like a small invading army, and for several weeks after their arrival the place fairly hummed with industry. The efficient Chinese cook served three hearty meals a day to about forty people, the haying and Spring shearing often being done at the same time.

In handling this number of workmen clashes were inevitable, particularly with the Mexicans who were quick to stab or shoot, but Father ruled with a firm hand, and would not tolerate insubordination. In 1872 a band of reckless young Mexicans staged a revolt which was a severe test of his authority, but he stood his

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ground and won his point. He was packing wool with only eleven-year-old Frank to help him, when he became aware that the shearers had stopped work and were engaged in gambling. He told them in no uncertain terms that they must go back to work or leave the place, and if they left he would not pay them a cent of what was due them. The men gathered about their employer in a threatening manner, many of them with drawn knives, and a hot discussion followed, but Father would not yield, and finally the men saddled and left the ranch in a very ugly mood. Frank was sent with notes addressed to the ranches at Pleyto, Jolon, and Ojitos, advising the managers that this band of shearers was troublesome and unreliable and should not be given work. When the boy returned the following day he found that the shearers had gone meekly back to work, the wiser counsel of an older member having prevailed.

In addition to maintaining discipline, Father had to guard against cheating in the tally of sheep shorn. Round metal washers were used as counters, indicating twenty sheep shorn, and when a man had received twenty of the small discs these were turned back, and he was given a washer. It was found that one of the shearers had secured some of these counters on the outside and was smuggling them in to add to his total, so Father placed a special mark on the ranch washers to prevent substitution.

As the number of sheep in the country increased, the business of hauling the wool to the shipping point was taken over by regular teamsters, and the tinkling music of bells on the lead horses was usually the first intima-

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tion that the wool teams were approaching. The bells were not only a very picturesque feature, but they warned travelers on mountain roads that a heavily loaded team was coming.

The arrival of these large wagons drawn by eight horses, and bringing a six months supply of provisions and household goods which had been ordered from San Francisco, was quite an event at Tierra Redonda. An excited group of children always watched as the skillful driver swung his long team through the gate and up to the house, riding one of the wheel horses, and guiding the team by means of a jerk-line attached to the leaders. He worked the brake by pulling on another line, and it is considerable of a mystery how this wool driver of the early days managed to steer his unwieldy outfit, trail wagon and all, along the narrow and winding mountain roads.

The work on a sheep ranch is never done, each season following hard on the heels of the previous one. When the lambs were about two months old they were driven to the ranchhouse to be ear-marked and to have their tails bobbed in the prevailing fashion. Their arrival was the occasion of much excitement, for they were unused to people, and it was no easy matter to get them into a strange corral. On one occasion the whole family had turned out to help corral a flock of ewes and lambs, and the leaders were entering the enclosure when a band of about five hundred lambs broke away and raced back over the way they had come. A hundred men could not have stopped this wild rush of the frightened little creatures, but the experienced herder resorted to strategy.

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A small bunch of ewes was cut out and driven in pursuit of the runaways, and after much maneuvering and much pleading on the part of the distracted ewes, the lambs were driven back and safely penned. During these exciting moments the bleating of some two thousand ewes and lambs waked all the echoes of the hills, and the night was far advanced before the last lamb had found its mother and the distressed tumult of sound had subsided.

Even the yearling lambs were difficult to drive when there were no older sheep to act as leaders, and when Mother and Frank undertook to drive a flock of lambs without a dog to help them, they found themselves in a serious predicament. A small girl had been sent ahead to open gates, and when the lambs were let out of the corral the amateur herders vainly tried to stem the rushing tide of woolly bodies and turn them in the right direction. Each lamb seemed to have a different objective, and when the exhausted pair were ready to admit defeat, their mounted assistant appeared and circled the racing lambs at a pace which soon brought them under control and turned a rout into a victory.

The majority of Father's sheep were a mixture of Spanish Merino and the hardy strain which originally came from Missouri, and were excellent foragers and good mutton sheep. A band of nearly two hundred pure-bred Merinos had free range in the valley and made periodical trips to the house where they kept the grass neatly cropped and demanded their ration of salt. The wrinkles which covered their plump little bodies added greatly to their appearance, but were a sore trial to the shearers who grew weary of trying to

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clip the wool and leave the wrinkles.

About a hundred Merino rams were kept in a special pasture surrounded by a high brush fence and required no herding, as the coyotes hesitated to attack them. Their hard, close-curved horns were a formidable weapon of defense, but were used principally in fighting each other. When two rams met head-on, in combat, the sound of the impact could be heard far away and the force of the blow injured their heads and often resulted in the death of the fighters.

CHAPTER VIII

HORSES AND SHEEP DOGS

FATHER came to the ranch with a good knowledge of horses, having been in charge of the army horses and mules when stationed at Santa Barbara. He rode on the first military express established in California, having the route from Santa Barbara to Nipomo, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. He and his companion made the round trip in four days, twice a month, riding heavily armed through hostile territory, and always on the watch for trouble. On one occasion when carrying a dispatch for Captain Lippitt he rode one hundred and thirteen miles on one horse without stopping for rest, and when the splendid animal showed signs of giving out, left him to graze and walked the last twelve miles into Los Angeles, delivering the dispatch to Colonel Stevenson at eleven o'clock that night.

The first horses that he acquired on the ranch were mustangs, picked up at bargain prices, and several of them came to an untimely end in their fight against being trained. One mare choked herself to death when she was being harnessed, and two horses which were tied together to keep them from straying became frightened and dashed madly away to end their lives against a tree. In 1864 Father paid \$300.00 for Dick and Joe, two fine well-bred horses which were the mainstays of

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the ranch for many years, changing from plow to saddle with cheerful equanimity and showing remarkable endurance. They fairly carried the ranch on their broad and capable backs until their best days were over, when they were delegated to carrying packs and serving as mounts for the youngest children.

Dick brought himself into prominence early in his career by getting hopelessly mired only half a mile from the ranch-house. Small James, who was riding him, ran for help, and the hastily summoned family came to the rescue of their favorite with axes and shovels. By means of much digging and putting brush under his hoofs he was rescued from his predicament and led out on solid ground, but in later years the place "where Dick mired" was pointed out as a special landmark, and the story had to be told many times for the benefit of the younger children.

Joe lost his footing on a steep hillside while carrying a pack and fell into the canyon, pack and all, but when rescued and returned to the trail he went on his way with undisturbed equanimity, as if such mishaps were part of the day's work. His amiable disposition stood the test of the most surprising demands, and neither a clanging tin bucket hung on each side of his saddle during a mushroom expedition, nor children of assorted sizes swarming onto his back at all times and seasons, could upset his dignity.

Dick was tied in front of the house one day, peacefully waiting for his rider to finish his dinner, when he had the misfortune to attract the attention of a morose bull, whose rumblings indicated that he was nursing a grievance. A sudden plunge saved Dick's

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life, and the wicked horns merely ripped his shoulder, but he carried the scar of the encounter to the end of his days, and entertained a deep-rooted distrust of creatures with horns and hot tempers.

One day in the early 70's Father drove to San Miguel with Dick and another horse called Farmer, and left the team tied to a hitching post while he attended to some business. Farmer took fright at sight of a vaquero working with some horses, pulled loose from the post, and set out for home, taking with him the wagon and a reluctant Dick, who was quite aware that well-bred horses did not run away. Father offered the vaquero a reward if he would catch the team, so he set out in pursuit and found them following the road, Farmer traveling as fast as he could with Dick hanging back and using his best influence to halt his erratic mate.

The first colt raised on the ranch was a beautiful animal named Scamper which was given to Elizabeth for her riding horse and was never put in harness. He was an unusual horse—gentle, spirited, and easy-gaited, besides being possessed of remarkable intelligence. When parting cattle all that was necessary was to show Scamper the animal to be cut out, and he did the rest, following every turn and twist of the wily creature with an abruptness that threatened to unseat his rider, and never pausing until his opponent gave up in despair.

Joe took a liking to the young horse and taught him a few of his gate-opening tricks, but in a short time Scamper had left his teacher far behind and was the acknowledged leader of the small band of horses. His crudest trick was to lean against a picket fence that had seen better days, wistfully surveying the

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field of green barley inside, and, when the fence gave way as it had to under his great weight, to lead the band into the field to feast until they were discovered and banished in disgrace.

Doorknobs meant nothing to Scamper, as he simply turned them with his teeth and walked in. The ordinary barn latches gave him little trouble, even a metal bolt which seemed secure being opened by his clever manipulation. It was considered best to tie doors and gates with rope, knotted many times, but Scamper untied it, working with remarkable patience. On one occasion Father saw him working at a gate which was firmly tied with rope, and watched to see what he would do. At last he untied the knot, carried the rope some distance, and laid it on top of a picket, and with the band of horses at his heels began to work on another gate which was also tied with rope, the ultimate goal being a field of green barley.

Scamper was not entirely to blame for his pranks, for when it became clear that he was a strangely gifted animal, one that could be inside or outside at will, his mates did not scruple to make use of him. One day he was feeding quietly in a small pasture when the other horses decided that the fields were greener outside and tormented him with many bites and nudges until he gave in and opened the gate for them.

Another time two of the children were in their favorite playground on top of the mountain, and seeing a number of horses standing in front of the granary they knew that this meant more mischief and ran to the scene as fast as possible. Scamper was too wise to enter the granary, but after opening the securely

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fastened door he permitted another horse to go in and drag sacks of grain within his reach. When the children arrived the culprit ran away, tossing his head and kicking up his heels, quite unabashed at being caught in the very act, while the horse which had ventured into the granary had some difficulty in getting out through the narrow door.

Scamper's last escapade was a serious one for him and caused much excitement on the ranch. One morning the boys who went to feed the stabled horses returned with the startling information that two of them were missing. They had been left tied in their stalls the night before, with the barn door securely fastened on the outside, and there seemed to be no doubt that they had been stolen. The previous theft of two saddles made it seem likely that the thieves had returned for horses. Scamper had been put on pasture some miles away so he was not suspected.

Father harnessed a team at once and drove to San Miguel, twenty miles away, to telegraph a description of the stolen horses to the County Sheriffs. Half an hour after he left, the fog which had hung over the valley drifted away and revealed the two missing horses, accompanied by Scamper, whose air of being an innocent bystander was almost convincing. He had returned from exile during the night, opened the barn door, untied the horses, and led them out.

One of the boys saddled Scamper and set out to overtake Father, but when he arrived at San Miguel with the poor horse spent and foaming, the telegrams had been sent, and there was nothing to do but countermand them. As a result of this ride Scamper developed

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a ringbone which crippled him sadly, and as he grew older he lost his zest for mischief.

No story of a sheep ranch would be complete without some mention of the faithful little dogs which so eagerly took over the responsibility of guarding the sheep by day and by night; and it was one of the tragedies of the business that they were in constant danger from poisoned meat which was put out for wild animals. Several times during his early years on the ranch Father paid twenty dollars for a dog, it being almost impossible to manage the sheep without them, and the records tell of the sudden ending of these valuable animals — a story that was repeated through the years with heart-breaking frequency.

A long succession of eager, lovable dogs played their brief parts in the business of sheep-raising, endearing themselves to the whole family, and being paid the tribute of real grief when disaster overtook them.

One of these dogs of the early days showed great intelligence in handling sheep and was always equal to an emergency. With her time fully occupied with a family of puppies established in the wagon shed not far from the ranch-house, she became aware that four coons were out for an evening stroll, searching for some of the fruit delicacies so dear to their hearts. Flora promptly ran the whole family up a tree, and during the rest of the night alternated between reassuring her puppies and running back to the tree to bark defiance at the coons. When daylight came Father shot the coons and commended Flora for her vigilance.

Topsy belonged to a later day, but she was every inch a sheep dog and had so many duties about the

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house and barnyard that she rarely had a moment to herself. A far-off call for help would bring her flying to the rescue, a little dynamo of energy and efficiency, ready to drive away stray stock or help corral stubborn sheep. One day when Topsy was off duty she wished to go from the house to the barnyard, but her way led through a large enclosure filled with sheep which were stamping their feet and regarding her with menace and suspicion.

No dog knew better than Topsy how to quell an insurrection, but she also knew that she must not disturb the sheep without orders. She snarled just a little to show them that even when off duty she was not to be trifled with, then hung her head, drooped her tail, and with every evidence of humility crept close to the fence past the menacing sheep and made her way to the barnyard.

Topsy's intelligence did not extend to her own domestic affairs, and one day when she was seized with a desire to roam the woods looking for game she set out followed by seven puppies which were far from being equal to a long hunt. Several hours later Topsy returned, tired but happy, and trailing after her were two of her offspring, the remainder having been scattered far and wide through the woods. A searching party at once set out and picked up three of them in different places not far away, but two of them could not be located.

It was not until late on the following day that the puppies were found in a lonely spot, little agitated balls of fur, hopelessly lost and touchingly glad to see the rescuers. With all Topsy's intelligence she never

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learned the danger of poisoned bait, and she wrote finis to her career, and that of a whole brood of puppies, by bringing home some meat that had been poisoned for wild animals.

During my childhood days there were always puppies on the ranch, and those that Father did not need were given to the neighbors who were glad to get them. They made the most fascinating playmates, round and fat and full of intelligence from the time they began to walk, and my early memories of life at Tierra Redonda include many pleasant romps with the playful puppies.

Many of the sheep dogs were natural hunters and did wonderful work in helping to rid the country of animal pests. They hunted in pairs, roaming through the woods until they found a wildcat, fox, or lion, which they promptly put up a tree. Then they sat down to bark until someone heard them and came to shoot the animal. When the quarry was disposed of the dogs went home cheerfully, quite satisfied with the results of the chase.

Bessie and Major, two fine hunting dogs which were given to Mother by a neighbor, hunted systematically and had a long list of scalps to their credit. Almost any morning a far-off barking indicated that they had something up a tree, and an armed party would set out to shoot the animal, their arrival being hailed with great joy by the tired little dogs which often had been barking all night and were nearly exhausted.

Sometimes the dogs ranged so far away that their barking could not be heard at the ranch, and hunters told of having found them in some lonely spot, scarcely able to make a sound, but still keeping their relentless vigil at the foot of a tree, with touching confidence that

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someone would come to dispatch their prey.

Between the dogs and the taunting coyotes there was an undying feud which was intensified by the fact that these wary animals could not be treed or overtaken, but mocked and circled out of reach. They usually came out after nightfall and announced their presence by weird howls; but on one occasion a coyote appeared in the daytime and daringly chased two dogs which were following the buggy about the valley.

The surprised dogs counter-attacked, but they were no match for their tantalizing foe, who emphasized his advantage by derisive howls. The game of tag was not ended until Father and his rifle were brought to the scene. A well-aimed shot tumbled the unsuspecting coyote in a heap, but he was up again in an instant and escaped in the brush, easily outrunning the dogs in spite of the fact that he was traveling on three legs.

CHAPTER IX

BEARS AND WILDCATS

WITH every settler in the country waging relentless war against the bears, they were gradually being exterminated, but their raids on the sheep continued into the late 70's, and fresh bear tracks were frequently seen. One day when two of the younger children were out for a ride beyond the Nacimiento river the horses became very much frightened. Fresh bear tracks were seen along the trail, and from the actions of the horses it was apparent that the bears were not far away, but hidden by the bushes. No attempt was made to see the prowlers at close range, and horses and riders felt better when the spot was left in the distance.

We younger children never tired of hearing the story of the two bears that Auntie Argyras and little James saw in 1867, and we watched the spot a bit fearfully, as if feeling that the experience might be repeated. Auntie and James were riding to Pleyto for the mail when they became aware that two bears were strolling along on the other side of the narrow canyon — a terrifying sight to their inexperienced eyes as they did not know that bears rarely attack people unless cornered or wounded.

The horses had an unreasoning fear of bears, and they tore madly along the road. Auntie clung to the

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saddle and implored James to leave her and save himself, but after running for some distance and finding that they were not pursued, the horses quieted down, and the bears probably never knew what excitement they had caused.

In 1878 a bear was raiding a flock of sheep, coming night after night to the corral to make his kill and evading all attempts to shoot him or kill him with poisoned meat. At last Father and the herder set up a loaded shotgun in the place where the bear usually entered the corral, and the following day the herder came to the ranch-house with the good news that the killer was dead. We younger children immediately saddled our horses and rode to the camp to get our first view of one of the pests that had terrorized this section for so many years.

Since those engaged in the sheep business made constant war on the animal pests, it was rather surprising to find a pet wildcat making his home at Tierra Redonda. A party of surveyors at work on the range found several wildcat kittens in a hollow log and presented one of them to Mother who was fond of animal pets. The little creature was fed warm milk from a bottle, which he held very expertly, and he thrived in the atmosphere of his new home. In a short time he was large enough to tax the capacity of a friendly lap where he like to lie, curled up before the fire, his grateful purr sounding like the combined efforts of several house cats.

Although Tabby was supposed to sleep outside he preferred the warmth of the house at night, and Mother often found the big cat cosily sleeping on the bed with

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her youngest children. This was a bit too much for Mother, and Tabby was always banished, but it was found that he merely moved on to seek refuge elsewhere and harbored no resentment no matter how many times a night he was dropped out of a window.

He got along very peaceably with the house cats and the dogs, but he was not above making use of his superior size and strength to exact tribute from the industrious cats. One day he was taking his ease in the sun when he caught sight of a hard-working mother cat returning from a hunt with a fat squirrel in her mouth. Rising to his feet he calmly claimed the prey. The mother cat resisted with spirit, every hair standing on end in protest, and a volley of spitting proclaimed her opinion of robber cats, but she was forced to give up the meal intended for her kittens.

As Tabby grew older his wild instincts developed, and he was seen trying to lure a band of turkeys near enough for attack, with intentions that belied his friendly actions. He attracted their attention by rolling on the ground, and the foolish turkeys stood in a circle with outstretched necks; gazing at the strange spectacle and making much excited comment in turkey language, quite unaware that Tabby was planning to make a meal of one of their number. At last the big cat killed a lamb, and that sealed his doom. Although the whole family was fond of the novel pet, it was apparent that wildcats and sheep could not get along without disaster, and he was executed without judge or jury.

The ranch was never long without pets, as all the orphan lambs were given to the younger children to raise, and we found endless occupation and enjoyment

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in playing with the gentle little creatures whose endearing ways repaid all the care given them. Those pet lambs never forgot their early training or the children who had befriended them, and even when full grown and turned out to graze would come out of the midst of a large flock of sheep in answer to a familiar call.

Sometimes our confidence was cruelly betrayed, as in the case of Billy the ram, grown into a fine large animal with imposing close-curved horns. One evening he caught sight of a small girl with her apron filled with eggs which were being gathered about the barnyard, and the temptation was too much for the usually well-behaved ram. Backing away for a few steps he charged with all the force of his solid body straight at the apron filled with eggs, the net result being an upset and highly indignant little girl, and several dozen eggs which had to be set down as a total loss.

There were many deer throughout the country, and sometimes a band of more than a dozen were surprised on top of Tierra Redonda, presenting a beautiful sight as they bounded off through the trees. One of the herders caught a fawn which he gave to Mother, and the lovely little creature was the pride and pet of the whole family. Although she was given free range Linda never wandered far from the house, and the sound of a familiar call was enough to bring her bounding down the hillside to receive her ration of food; and she sometimes followed the wagon for a distance when the family went for a drive.

She seemed to be always awake at night, and any-

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one who went out of the house would feel the touch of a cold little nose in the darkness, an invitation for some reassuring petting. Linda was a wonderful jumper, and one day she jumped into the house through an open window, landing on the floor beside Mother without disturbing a pitcher and basin which were on the table under the window. For many months she roamed about the ranch, but there came a day when she did not return from one of her feeding trips, and it was believed that she had been shot by a hunter.

After a time another deer called Lily filled her place in the affections of the family, but Lily acknowledged no barriers, soaring over picket fences with ease and grace and feasting with relish on rose bushes and cherished flowers. So when it became a question of choice between a garden and a deer, our pet was given to a menagerie.

CHAPTER X

RANCHING DAYS

FATHER had music in his soul and liked to dance and sing, going to country dances in later years and dancing until daybreak with the zest and enjoyment of a youngster. He and several other men about his age were the leading spirits at these affairs which had to be kept going all night for the reason that it was dangerous to drive over the rough roads in the darkness. With good music, a caller who sang the quadrille numbers in a most inspiring way, and a few pioneers to keep the fun going, the time passed very quickly.

On winter evenings Father was often found sitting before the fire with the youngest child on his lap, singing war songs and Southern melodies, although there was no musical instrument to accompany him. To his mind there was something lacking in a home without music, and in 1873 he paid \$37.00 for a dulcimer which he hoped would supply the need.

This stringed instrument which had some resemblance to a harp was played by means of two small felt-covered hammers, the man who sold it giving very convincing proof of its musical possibilities. There is no record that any member of the family was very successful in producing music from it, and some years later Father bought a used piano at a bargain price,

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but events proved that the piano had seen so many years of use that there was little harmony left in it.

In 1877 a wandering musician named James McLaren spent some time at the ranch, and he and his violin were immediately pressed into service to supply music while we children were given dancing lessons, Father and Mother acting as our instructors. For many months we danced at least once a week for practice, and I recall that the girls of the family were always on hand at the appointed time, but the boys had to be rounded up and almost dragged in to do their duty.

In 1879 Miss Tidball of Jolon was at the ranch with her piano for six months, and during this period we had a real feast of music. She loved to play and sing and knew that we never tired of listening to her, so she spent her evenings at the piano and was always sure of an appreciative audience. Knowing that Father was fond of the old songs she always sang a number of his favorites, including Tenting Tonight, Auld Lang Syne, and Home Sweet Home.

When Elizabeth was attending school in San Francisco she learned to play the piano, and when she graduated in 1882 Father bought a new piano for the ranch, so after that time there was no lack of music at Tierra Redonda. Miss Tidball made frequent visits in later years, and many pleasant evenings were spent while she sang and played for our entertainment.

When Father and Mother made their home in the rustic house which had cost so much in real back-breaking work — a small habitation set in a vast undeveloped territory — they could hardly have foreseen the amount of building that would be necessary in the years to

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come. The permanent house which seemed so roomy in 1865 was outgrown ten years later, calling for the erection of another house near by. In 1875 a cottage was built containing a large room with a fireplace for the hired men, two small rooms for the boys, and at the back a convenient shop where for the first time Father had plenty of space for his work bench and varied assortment of tools.

This time he was not hampered by the hard oak timbers on which he had worked when building the other houses, as the cottage was made entirely of purchased lumber, with an interior finished in wood and painted. The chimney was made of adobe bricks made on the place, and the hearth and fireplace of sandstone slabs which were found not far away and chiseled to the right size.

1875 was building year at Tierra Redonda for in addition to the new cottage, the shearing shed and dipping plant were built. A year later another large barn was erected, and in 1880 an up-to-date granary was added, making the ranch equipment complete. For some years the original rustic house had served as a bunkhouse for the hired men and a place to keep harness and tools, but in 1877 it was torn down, and this relic of pioneer days gave place to the more modern buildings which stand today. When Father's old friend and comrade, Judge Walter Murray, visited the ranch during the early days he remarked that the place looked like a village on account of the number of buildings.

Father's carpentering work was carefully done, but it was impossible to guard against all the accidents of wind and weather, and during the winter of 1880 the

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stout and well-built granary was found a partial wreck, the soft ground and shifting of the loose grain having overthrown it. Nothing daunted by this disaster Father put the building back on a better foundation, bound the walls with steel rods, and avoided further trouble by storing only sacked grain.

One large barn which held a great amount of hay and also had stable room for many horses was built in a spot which was exposed to the full force of the winter blasts, and was blown to the ground during a very stormy winter. Father never wasted any time in deploring these ranch casualties. Rather he surveyed the wreckage with little comment and immediately made plans for the erection of a better building on the same site.

The 70's were eventful years which saw numerous changes in the family circle and were crowded with every kind of work and experience that a growing sheep business could well encounter. In 1875 Frank was sent to San Francisco for four years in school, and James, who graduated from the High School in 1876, was expected to take his place on the ranch. But in 1877 James returned to the City to take a position in the First National Bank, and that year marked the end of his ranch life.

In 1878 Father made one of his frequent trips to San Luis Obispo, and when he returned he brought with him Walter Murray, the orphaned son of his old friend Judge Murray. This fourteen-year-old boy grew up like one of the family, and as he was only a little older than Henry the two boys became fast friends, sharing work and adventures and finding many interests

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in common. The bond between the orphaned boy and the Lynch family was a close one, and as time went by he returned often to visit the place which had been a home to him during his early years.

Nearly twenty years after Father began the sheep business he experienced a situation which was a severe test of his courage, coming as it did when prosperity seemed assured. In 1877 when the sheep on the ranch numbered twelve thousand, he went through the worst dry year in his experience, and many sheep died for lack of feed. He sold two thousand wethers for fifty cents a head, which was a record low price, but it was thought better to dispose of them in order to leave more grass for the remaining sheep.

A lawsuit arising from damage done to his growing barley by a neighbor's hungry cattle added to the difficulties of this trying year, for little fencing was done in those days, and the cattle foraged as best they could. A quarrel over range feed, which harked back to the days of 1870, led to more expensive litigation, with little gained except that Father had shown that he was always ready to go into court where his rights were involved.

James and two of the herders were moving a band of sheep to better grass in the hills south of the Nacimiento river when they were met by two men who ordered them to turn back and claimed the territory as their own. These men were former members of the Huges gang, and one of them offered a pistol to James, and suggested that they settle the matter by shooting it out. The boy knew better than to accept the challenge and was forced to leave the place after

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seeing the sheep scattered and some of them killed. The men were arrested for assault and damage, and the case was brought to trial, but the legal process even in those early days was very uncertain and the case was dismissed.

The dry years made a great impression on the minds of the early settlers on account of the suffering of the stock, but there were many seasons when the rain fell in torrents, soaking the ground until water oozed from every bank, and all the little gulches ran brimming with water. There were years when the rich grass grew to the horses' knees, and it was sometimes necessary to break a path for the sheep before they could get through it, while Father saw his fields of barley grow shoulder high, and overflow the barns at harvest time.

There was real danger to the sheep on account of the rich feed that grew on Clover Hills, south of the Nacimienta river, and the herders were warned to keep their flocks away from this place during the Spring months, as many sheep had died from bloating after feasting on the clover. Another hazard for the herders to avoid was Cantinas Creek, where a number of sheep had been drowned in the large holes worn in the solid rock by the action of the water.

During the wet years these deep "canteens" were full of water, and many times when the sheep tried to drink they slipped in and were unable to get out again. Father spent some time in trying to blow out the ends of these dangerous basins with blasting powder, but the charges made little impression on the solid rock, and the holes remained a menace to the unsuspecting sheep.

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One of the features of ranch life is the number of unexpected happenings, and both Father and Mother had to be prepared to bind up wounds and even to set broken bones. One morning Jose Salazar set out for Soledad with the spring wagon and a load of turkeys, but in half an hour he was back at the house with a broken collar bone, the result of being thrown from the wagon, and Frank had to take the team and set out on the long drive. Father bandaged and set the bone in the most approved army fashion, so that it healed without any complications, and the man was back at work in a few weeks.

One day Father returned from a ride with his scalp badly torn by a sharp branch which he had encountered while on the range. Mother took charge and bathed and bandaged the wound so carefully that it soon healed. Then Elizabeth returned from a barnyard expedition with a cut in her cheek which required many strips of court plaster and was a severe test of Mother's surgical skill. The small girl was always ready for some daring exploit, and this accident was the result of pulling old Joe's tail as he stood dozing beside the barn.

It is no wonder that Mother's hair turned white, for she went through many trying experiences, and never could get over worrying about the mishaps that befell her children. One day Frank was acting as mounted assistant at a sheep camp some miles from the ranch-house when his horse fell on him, and although no bones appeared broken, he could not stand. He lay on the bed in the cabin all day while the men finished working with the sheep, and then Father rode home to

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get the wagon, while the men prepared a stretcher on which to carry the injured boy. The last descent of the Backbone road was then impassable for a wagon, but Father drove as far as possible down the hill and met the men with the stretcher.

When Mother heard of the accident she made everything ready at the house, and then, unable to stand the suspense of waiting, she set out on foot to meet the wagon. The extent of the boy's injury was not known, but his anxious mother saw him helpless, perhaps crippled for life, and as she hurried along, the splendid self-control which had carried her through many trials snapped utterly, and she screamed again and again.

The thought that he had been left all day in the sheep camp added to her anxiety, but when she met the wagon she was relieved to find Frank able to sit up, and after a few days in bed he regained the use of his leg.

On one occasion Father was returning from a surveying expedition when the mare he was riding fell into a deep and narrow cut beside the trail, her feet in the air and her rider underneath her in such a way that he could not move. The Mexican who was with Father was in a terrible dilemma, but he knew that he must act quickly. It seemed impossible for one man to lift the mare, but if he went for help his employer might be killed by the struggles of the animal while he was away. He decided to take a desperate chance, and placed the stout oak surveying staff over Father's body to help keep the weight of the mare from crushing him. Then he tied his reata to the heels of the animal

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and rode his own horse down the narrow cut, with the result that the mare turned a complete somersault, and Father was freed.

Although cut and bruised and badly shaken he was able to ride home, and he could not say too much in praise of the faithful and resourceful man who had saved his life. Mother was summoned from her work to find the sadly battered figure of her husband sitting at the front gate, scarcely able to move, and again she had to prove her skill in administering first aid to the wounded.

CHAPTER XI

COOKS AND COMEDY

IT was fortunate that there was an unlimited supply of Chinese cooks in the early days, for not all of those sent to the ranch proved satisfactory. During the 70's there was a long procession of them, with an occasional woman cook to vary the monotony. The situation was particularly trying to Mother who frequently had to go into the kitchen and provide meals for the ranch force until another cook was sent from San Francisco.

Some of the Chinamen did not stay long enough to earn their fare, which was always advanced to them and was not deducted from their pay if they worked for a year. No doubt some of the weaker souls were dismayed at being so far from those of their own race and discouraged by the amount of work they were expected to do which included a large amount of washing and ironing, in addition to cooking for from fifteen to forty people according to the season.

Ah Loy worked for two months and then left without notice. Ah How departed in the night, with his luggage on his back, evidently determined to return to the haunts of his countrymen and wishing to avoid discussion. Ah Key worked for two months and then left with the washing half finished, and all that could be seen of him was a determined Chinese figure disap-

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pearing down the road. Jim Sing occupied the kitchen for almost a month, and all seemed to be going well until he was seen pouring coal oil on the fire in the stove, when he was discharged in haste.

During this period of change and unrest several faithful Chinamen stayed for a year or more, and in 1878 the tide turned with the arrival of Hom Watt Gouie, the last of his race who worked at Tierra Redonda, and the one who stayed for the longest time. He was employed over a period of fourteen years, with vacations at intervals, and was always held in affectionate remembrance for his kindly disposition and faithful service. Gouie was a real gentleman, well educated in his own country, with many fine traits of character, and a philosophy which was as refreshing as it was unexpected.

He was always a careful dresser and he usually wore six or seven silk coats, one over the other, when he arrived, and carried a fur coat of Chinese make for special occasions. He gave Mother his photograph which still occupies a place in the family album and shows a very well-dressed Chinese gentleman, seated with fan in hand and wearing the usual Oriental cap, while the fur coat is thrown carelessly over a table at his elbow.

The sight of Gouie going about his duties, calm and unhurried, in his immaculate white blouse and apron, brought a feeling of peace and well-being to the household, and his orderly and efficient management of the kitchen was a real marvel. Every detail was planned in advance, and in addition to serving the meals without hurry or confusion, he usually had most of the dishes

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washed before the family had finished the last course, his cheerful singing sounding through the house as he worked.

With from fifteen to forty people to cook for, it would not be strange if he spent most of his time in the kitchen, but with his efficient methods cooking was merely a part-time job. When the kitchen work was disposed of for a few hours, Gouie set out to help about the ranch, and could turn his hand to anything from butchering sheep to hauling wood and pitching hay. He was in his element when allowed to help the boys and worked with a will at anything they might be doing, while in his spare moments he hauled and split endless amounts of kindling wood, which he piled neatly and covered to keep dry.

When scouts returned from the barnyard with word that one of the horses was on his back in a manger, Gouie was one of the first to the rescue and worked energetically until the horse was on his feet again. When a fire was discovered racing up the hill through the dry grass, started by some hot ashes that Gouie had thrown in a ditch, he ran to the fireline, leaping through the flames and working valiantly until the fire was out. Then he collapsed and had to retire and lie down. Riding was not in his line, but on one occasion he rode to Pleyto on a spirited mare, galloping most of the way, and although it was a severe test of his endurance he made the return trip still gallantly astride his mount, bringing the mail and news that President Garfield had been shot.

Gouie was a cousin of Kim Lung who kept a store at Clay and Dupont Streets in San Francisco, and when

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he wearied of country life he retired to Chinatown and was lost sight of for some time. It was suspected that he spent his time gambling, and when his money was gone he signified his willingness to return to Tierra Redonda where he was sure of a warm welcome.

He always returned laden with gifts — fans, gay silk handkerchiefs, cigars, Chinese candy and nuts, and many other things which the family was reluctant to accept, but could not refuse for fear of hurting his feelings. He also brought goods from the Kim Lung store which he sold to the shearers and other people in the country, having considerable ability as a trader and being always appreciative of an audience.

While at the ranch he learned to write English very creditably, and nothing pleased him more than to be told that his writing resembled that of the best writer in the family. When the lure of the City called him he always waited until the heavy work of the season was over, and then in considerate conference with Mother advised her of his desire for a vacation, suggesting the possibility that she could get along without him for a while as the haying and shearing work was finished.

Something in Gouie kindred to the spirit of the place must have drawn him to return to the ranch year after year, and the memory of this kindly, efficient, hard-working Chinaman is closely linked with the early history of Tierra Redonda.

One of the most surprising incidents in the history of the ranch occurred in 1879, and the truth about this comedy of errors gradually became known. Valentine Rey was a young man whom James had met when he was going to school in San Francisco, and he had visited

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Tierra Redonda several times. His parents planned to give a dinner and dance to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, and Mother thought they would appreciate ranch-grown turkeys for the dinner, so she prepared two of her best gobblers and addressed them to the Rey home in San Francisco. At the same time she shipped a barrel containing nineteen turkeys which were for sale and were addressed to a poultry dealer in San Francisco. The money received for the barrel of turkeys was to be turned over to Frank to help pay his school expenses, and he was much perturbed when the dealer reported that the turkeys had not arrived.

Mrs. Rey returned to her house one evening and was greeted by her Chinese cook with the surprising information that a present of twenty-one turkeys had been received from Mrs. Lynch. Leading her to the basement he proudly displayed the array of birds which he had unpacked and hung up. Mrs. Rey was amazed and embarrassed, for obviously they could not eat twenty-one turkeys, and yet it seemed just as obvious that Mother had intended a compliment to Valtý's twenty-one years.

With a suspicion that something had gone wrong, Mrs. Rey got in touch with James and suggested that possibly an error had been made, but it was too late to retrieve the turkeys, and James stoutly maintained that there was no mistake. The only thing that Mrs. Rey could do was to distribute the surplus turkeys among her friends, and many San Francisco families feasted on one of the best products of Tierra Redonda.

When the surprising news reached the ranch Father began an investigation and found that when he had

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left the two parcels of turkeys at the Soledad express office, he mentioned the fact that Mother was sending a present of turkeys for the birthday dinner of their young friend. No explanation has ever been found for the action of the express agent, but he admitted that he changed the address on the large package, thinking that a mistake had been made.

In acknowledgment of the present of turkeys Mother received a clever crayon sketch showing Valtý just emerging from obscurity into the importance of his twenty-one years; two egg-shells from which he had presumably emerged lay to one side, and a long array of twenty-one turkeys in assorted sizes strutted across the picture.

CHAPTER XII

TURKEYS AND SILKWORMS

THE beginning of the year 1880 marked the end of twenty years since Father and Mother had made their home in the shelter of Tierra Redonda, but although many families had settled in the country during that time and then drifted away to seek their fortunes elsewhere, the pioneers of 1859 were too much attached to their home to think of leaving it. Having seen the ranch develop from a mere camp in the wilderness to a busy and prosperous stock center, every stick and stone about the place was dear to them, reminding them of the many difficulties that had been overcome.

The casual observer saw only the hard work and adversities of ranch life and could not perceive the hidden source of courage and inspiration. There was indeed much hard work to be done, and inevitable worries attached to the livestock business, but there were also many compensations. Father and Mother often rose with the dawn, but there was something about the morning hours that made early rising seem worth while, and it was an inspiration to see the new day break over the distant hills.

The birds began their chorus with the first gleam of daylight, and when the sun looked over the hills it was the signal for much commotion among the wild

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life of the place. Bees and butterflies worked with an energy that threatened to exhaust the stored sweetness of the flowers, quail ventured shyly past the garden gate, and gray squirrels scurried along the tree-top lanes, their plummy tails floating like an emblem of freedom.

In a climate where the summer temperature rose well above the hundred mark, the forenoon was the best time for working, so the ranch hummed with industry during the morning hours, and after lunch some time was devoted to rest and relaxation. When the sun turned toward the western hills and cool breezes sprang up, the workers were ready for new efforts in garden and barnyard. In this clear dry air the sunsets were marvels of color and beauty, and when Father and Mother sat on the porch after their daily work was done and watched the stars appear in bewildering numbers, they felt a deep content with the life they had chosen.

Twenty years of ranch life had silvered Mother's hair, but the years could not quench her spirit or lessen her wonderful energy. Cheerful and untiring she went her daily rounds, attending to a multitude of affairs, curbing waste, watching expenditures, and planning ways to increase the ranch income. In addition to teaching her numerous children she kept the ranch books, wrote business letters in her clear and beautiful hand, and copied endless descriptions of land, as they were continually adding to their holdings. At any time she might have to leave her work to make up the

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account of an employee who was leaving, and with shearers, herders, and extra workmen, the wages account was a long one.

All through the years after she came to Tierra Redonda Mother kept a careful account of receipts and expenses and the accounts of every person employed on the ranch. In 1879 a regular bookkeeping system was begun and a yearly balance made, which involved a considerable amount of extra work. The cost of feeding a man for a day was estimated at twenty cents — potatoes, fruit, and vegetables being raised on the place, and all supplies bought by the sack or the box, which resulted in a saving in price.

About two hundred sheep were butchered yearly to supply the family table and the camps, and eggs and chickens were an important part of the ranch diet. The country was full of wild game, and a large amount of the meat supply came from that source, Mother often going out with a shotgun and bringing back enough small game for the family dinner.

During the 70's she added turkey raising to her long list of duties, and for many years the cheerful gobble of hundreds of turkeys resounded through the barnyard which was further enlivened by the many disputes that arose. It was not unusual to see warring turkeycocks with beaks interlocked, pushing each other about the place, while the rest of the band danced about excitedly and filled the air with their clamor.

These beautiful birds were a picturesque feature of the ranch industries, the sun shining on their bronze plumage as they poked their inquisitive beaks into every nook and corner of the valley. The quest for bugs

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and grasshoppers often led them far away, and the discovery of a snake or any unusual object resulted in an outburst of excited chatter.

Their casual wandering habits kept the family busy rounding them up, and a special kind of detective work was necessary to find the nests that the wary hens hid in out-of-the-way places through the woods and grainfields. At an early age I became an expert trailer, and often had to leave my work when a familiar sound announced that a hen turkey was on her way to a hidden nest. The pursuer must follow without being seen, or the turkey would do a disappearing act.

One day I was trailing a turkey when an almost total eclipse brought unexpected darkness, and the surprised bird nearly forgot her mission while she peered through the gloom and wondered at the sudden night-fall.

One day a neighbor came to the house to tell Mother that he had seen several hundred of her turkeys more than a mile away, and that they seemed to be out for an extended jaunt. Two members of the family set out in pursuit and found them in a secluded spot outside of the valley, strutting, gobbling, and holding a regular dress parade, with no apparent intention of returning to their lawful home.

Another time when the turkeys were being fed in the evening it was evident that several hundred were missing, but it was then too late to look for them. A searching party set out early in the morning, and although the valley was full of fog the turkeys were finally located by their hysterical gobbling and were found just getting down from a large tree where they had

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roosted for the night in happy imitation of their wild ancestors. Fortunately for them the wild animals had not found them, and they were hustled home in disgrace, none the worse for their adventure.

The number of turkeys raised during a year varied from five to seven hundred. A sack of wheat per day was fed into their capacious crops when they were being fattened for market, and the arrival of their daily ration of cabbages and watermelons was the occasion of much excitement. With turkey cunning they found where these highly prized delicacies grew and made frequent raids on the vegetable garden, going over, under, and around fences with irritating persistence.

When it was decided to drive the turkeys to the grainfield over half a mile away so that they could help themselves to the grain, the family arose before day-break, and the turkeys were hustled off their perches and down to the feeding ground before they were fairly awake. The second morning they drove as easily as a band of sheep, and after that a few claps of the hand were sufficient to make them shake their wings and set out on a long swinging trot which brought them to the grainfield in record time. One year a roost was made in this field, and the turkeys were left there for several months with an Indian boy to stand guard over them day and night.

One year there was a plague of grasshoppers at the Hearst Ranch near San Simcon, and two men were sent to Tierra Redonda to buy turkeys in the hope that they would exterminate the pests. Mother sold them about fifty mixed turkeys which were driven twenty miles over the mountain trails, leaving occasional eggs to mark

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the route they had taken. They went valiantly to work to dispose of the grasshoppers, but it was learned that some of them died on account of the over-rich diet.

The turkeys were always sent to San Francisco for sale, usually for the Thanksgiving market, and for many years the barrels of dressed turkeys had to be hauled sixty miles to Soledad which was the nearest shipping point. One year Mother sold four hundred turkeys at one time, for which she received a thousand dollars, and many people were so encouraged by her success that turkey raising became a leading industry of that section.

One year Mother tried an experiment in silk-raising with the idea of giving her girls something to interest them and keep them occupied, and from this point of view the venture was a great success. A large mulberry tree grew in the backyard, supplying thick shade and plenty of berries. The leaves were so numerous that those fed to the worms were scarcely missed.

Silk-worm eggs were sent from San Francisco, and by following instructions we soon had a colony of tiny worms which seemed to know just what to do with the mulberry leaves. They grew fast and in a surprisingly short time were full-grown, consuming a great quantity of leaves every day, and keeping us busy trying to satisfy their voracious appetites. When a fresh supply of food was placed on the trays the worms went to work with enthusiasm, and soon there was nothing left but leaf skeletons.

When the feeding period was over the silkworms began to spin their cocoons, and this stage of the proceedings was watched with great interest by every mem-

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ber of the family. Soon all the worms had finished their intricate spinning and were neatly encased in their silken coverings. It seemed cruel to complete the directions by placing the cocoons in a hot oven, so that no moths would emerge in the future, but this was done, and the entire crop was sold in San Francisco, and a total of \$1.50 realized as a result of the experiment.

CHAPTER XIII

EARLY-DAY VISITORS

THE story of those who broke bread at Tierra Redonda during the lifetime of the pioneers would fill a large volume, and included a long list of those who followed the trail blazed by Father in 1859 and came to see the ranch for themselves. Even in the sixties many friends and relatives braved the long stage trip in order to visit Tierra Redonda, and after the beginning of the seventies there rarely was a summer without visitors from San Francisco, some of them staying for many months.

The hospitable house had room for everyone, and Father and Mother had great sympathy for those who needed help. There were times when the ranch resembled a hospital, after a sick friend had come to Tierra Redonda for rest and recuperation. Children came to spend their vacations, sometimes six or seven at a time; growing boys in need of country air stayed six months or a year, and in some way Mother managed to care for these added responsibilities.

The early records tell of the ebb and flow of local visitors who stopped for a meal or to spend the night, glad of the opportunity for a quiet talk, and then went back to their own affairs in the leisurely manner of a region where time-tables are unknown. Stockmen,

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miners, the roving peddlers of those days, and travelers with all their possessions on their backs, on their way over the mountains to Cambria, stopped to ask for a night's lodging which was free to all.

Sometimes this cross-section of early-day life included men who had interesting tales to tell of their wanderings, and who found attentive listeners at the ranch. There were men like James McLaren who traveled with his violin and was gladly entertained for the sake of his music, and the poet McDermott who found his way to Tierra Redonda and lingered there for several weeks. Mr. McDermott was so appreciative of his reception that he wrote a poem addressed to Elizabeth, including some very good description of the mountain and valley.

Mother's hospitality knew no times or seasons, and she had the rare faculty of welcoming people when they came, regardless of what she might be doing, and offering them what she had in the house without comment or excuse. Her patience and her kindness knew no limits, and she was never too busy to lend a sympathetic ear to the troubles of her neighbors, perhaps remembering the early days when she was alone in a strange land and longed for a woman friend to whom she could express her mind freely.

One of her neighbors during the seventies was Mrs. Godfrey, a pleasant Mexican woman who lived with her English husband some four miles from Tierra Redonda, and many calls for help went out from the little home on the bank of the Nacimiento river. Ten children were born in this family in about as many years, and six little graves under the trees told of the mysterious malady that ended their lives at an early age.

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Many times Mother mounted her horse and set out to give what help and comfort she could to the sorely tried mother, bringing flowers from her garden to deck the little graves.

Another woman to whom Mother's visits were a welcome opportunity to unburden her soul, was Mrs. Ward, who crossed the plains in the early seventies to make her home beside the stage road at the mouth of the Lynch Canyon. She had the appearance of great age and of never having known happy days, but she liked to talk to Mother, and when they became involved in financial difficulties, the old woman walked the four miles to 'Tierra Redonda' to ask for help and advice.

Mrs. Ward and her husband, who was known as "Bee Ward", tended their colonies of bees which were hived in bee-gums, or hives made of hollow oak trees, and sold honey and butter, eggs and poultry to the travelers. Although located close to the stage road, the bees gave little trouble and allowed the old couple to handle them freely, but one day they attacked a team of horses, stinging them so severely that one horse died, and the other was left in a serious condition. In spite of failing eyesight the old man was a mighty hunter, and his record of deer shot with his old fashioned muzzle-loading rifle was one of which many a hunter was envious.

Mrs. Surita, a Mexican woman whose seamed and wrinkled face looked as if each passing year had left a deep imprint of care and suffering, came to the ranch about once a month for the pleasure of a talk with Mother. In spite of her appearance of great age the old woman was a cheerful soul, but so decrepit that the

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walk of less than two miles took several hours with many pauses for rest. She seemed to feel that the visit was well worth the effort, and sometimes brought a present for Mother — a plant from her little store of flowers which she described as being very rare.

Mother had no need to seek for companionship in these later years, for the world came to her door, drawn by the spirit of kindness and good-will which was the keynote of her household. She had many warm friends throughout the country, and visitors were constantly arriving at the ranch, those who came from a distance staying overnight. Just how she managed to accommodate so many extra guests has never been explained, but it seemed as if the hospitable house expanded to meet the need, and no one was ever turned away from her door.

The matter of entertainment took care of itself, as many of the visitors were content to sit on the porch looking out over the distant hills, and refreshments often consisted of cold watermelons from the cellar and many different kinds of fruit. People liked to talk in those days and were drawn closer to each other by the opportunity for unhurried conversation. The younger visitors were never at a loss for something to do, and many pleasant hours were spent in playing croquet under the shade of the oak trees, while music and dancing made the evenings pass quickly.

Climbing Tierra Redonda was a favorite pastime, as all who saw the mountain aspired to reach the top, and many parties were led up the steep and rocky trail to the summit. In June 1860 Mother and Grandmother made the climb, and Mother wrote in her diary that the

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ascent was very difficult and they were very tired. Since that date hundreds of people have followed in their footsteps and reached the top with the feeling that they were well repaid for the effort.

The names carved on the rocks at the summit are a story in themselves, supplying a register of those who looked on the panorama of mountain and plain and recorded the visit on stone. A sunrise viewed from the mountain-top was a rare and wonderful experience, and sometimes the enterprising ones were rewarded by the sight of the rising sun shining over a sea of fog which filled all the valleys, while here and there a mountain peak rose above the fog like islands in a vast white ocean.

Tierra Redonda saw stirring times during the summer of 1880 when four of Mother's nephews spent their vacation on the ranch. Their ages ranged from eleven to fifteen years, and they were small enough for all four to occupy the back seat of the spring wagon during the drive from Soledad, but they seemed strangely multiplied in numbers when they reached their destination. Boys swarmed over the place from morning until night investigating every point of interest in the valley and on the mountain, and leaving a trail of initials carved on rocks and trees.

They were studying entomology and spent much of their time in relentless pursuit of the hitherto unmolested ranch beetles. Every one that incautiously showed its head in their vicinity was soaked in alcohol, impaled on a pin, and carried back to Oakland in triumph.

One evening during their stay at the ranch several

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members of the Lynch family set out to attend a dance at Pleyto, and the boys, who were always thinking up something new in the way of pranks, collected two old shoes to throw after the wagon as a symbol of good luck. Up to this point everything went as planned, but in the excitement of the moment one boy threw with too much force, and the shoe struck Father's hat, knocking it into the dust. A very pale and scared small boy recovered the hat which was dusted and restored to the owner, but it was some time before the boys recovered from the shock of their too-successful prank.

In December 1880 Mother took her two youngest children to San Francisco to spend Christmas with relatives, some of whom we had never seen. This was my first visit to the City so it was a great event in my life, and the stage and train trip was a series of exciting adventures. The stage ride began at Pleyto and continued through many hours of darkness until we reached the Oak Grove hotel where we had to wait for daylight in order to cross the Salinas river which was swollen by heavy rains.

Very early in the morning the proprietor of the hotel called Mother and said that the river was rising rapidly, and we must cross it as soon as possible. We had no intention of turning back, but the sight of the muddy torrent, wide and deep, sweeping down to the sea with irresistible force, was a bit unpleasant. The experienced men who had wrestled with this tricky river for many years went about their work calmly. We were loaded into a small boat and rowed across in safety, but we surveyed the rushing waters with some apprehension and were glad when we found our-

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selves on land again. At Soledad we took the train for San Francisco, and I experienced all the thrills of my first ride on a train.

On the return trip some weeks later, we again had to cross the Salinas river in a boat; and in spite of the lapse of many years I can still remember the cold and discomfort of the long night journey in the stage and our arrival at the Pleyto hotel in the darkness of a frosty winter morning.

Mother wanted all her children to learn to swim, so she gave Frank the task of teaching his small sisters, and he coached us faithfully until we could take care of ourselves in the water. After that we spent many delightful hours in the deep pools of the Nacimiento river, and felt that the refreshing dip was well worth the four mile ride in the hot sun. Many swimming parties were organized, and a trip to the river became our favorite recreation.

The Nacimiento was beautiful at this point, and the way led along an avenue of willows and cottonwoods, with a tangle of wild grapevines festooning the trees. Vine-hung cliffs and alders made a pleasant background for the pools, wild ducks flew overhead, and an occasional crane posed picturesquely on the sandbars.

The river had its source far to the north where the winter rains transformed the lazy stream into a dangerous torrent, and one of its most striking features was the "Shut In" where high rocky walls rose above the deep pools. In the early days this place was the scene of an accident in which Frank nearly lost his life. He was alone and engaged in a duck hunting expedition.

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He shot a duck which fell into the water, and he rode his horse into the pool without thinking of the treacherous quicksands which made the river dangerous. In a moment his horse was floundering helplessly, and he was forced to drop the gun and get himself and his mount out as best he could.

He was very much concerned about the gun which was a new one belonging to James, but it had sunk into the sand, and he was obliged to return home and tell of the accident which he would have preferred to keep to himself. Father spent a day raking the sand at the bottom of the pool, but no trace of the gun could be found and it was not recovered until several months later when a neighbor dug it up, none the worse for the adventure.

CHAPTER XIV

PICNICS AND POLO

WHEN Father left the well-trodden ways of the City to break his own trails and build his own house, he secured for his children a life of freedom and adventure, and no phase of ranch life meant more to us than our beloved horses. They were our faithful and intelligent companions on lonely night rides, finding their way through the hills when trails were blotted out by darkness, and entering into the fun with zest whenever we felt like engaging in a race. We fairly grew up on horseback, from the early days when we rode careful old Dick and Joe as soon as we were able to hold the reins, and sometimes went for an exciting ride with four of us mounted on Joe at the same time, and enjoying the novelty of the trip immensely.

In our busy family every member had work to do, and the "Journal of Events", in which entries were made every day, reads like the daily movements of a small army. To our minds there was little distinction between work and pleasure if the work could be done on horseback, and the most trifling errand became a real adventure when it meant a gallop across country. The fat and placid cows must be driven each morning to their feeding ground a mile away, and horse and rider followed their slow progress with scant patience, but

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the return trip was made at a breakneck pace. In the evening the cows were brought home for milking, but this ride in the cool air involved much searching and scanning of trails before the adventurous beasts were discovered and turned homeward, and no one could say by what pleasant paths the quest would lead.

Father was always eager for news from the outside world, and three or four times a week one of us rode seven miles for the mail, the trip often being made at night. This solitary ride to Pleyto was considered one of our least desirable duties, but we were not unmindful of its pleasant features. It meant a gallop through the darkness with a brilliant canopy of stars overhead, the stillness broken by the cheerful serenade of crickets, and the various stages of the trip marked by fragrance rising on the night air. During the Spring months every little hollow gave up its scent of clover, and the delicious odor of evening primrose lay over the land.

The business of supplying the sheep-camps with provisions was a never-ending, but fascinating task, leading as it did through picturesque regions in every part of the country, and many trips were made carrying messages to the herders and helping them move their sheep to new feeding grounds. The matter of driving stray stock away provided perpetual employment in this unfenced country, for the strays returned with amazing persistence.

In the early days the younger members of the family rode any horse that was assigned to them, but as we grew older each had her own horse and outfit, and when the work was done we were free to ride for

the history of the world is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of all ages and all nations. The history of the world is a subject which has attracted the attention of all ages and all nations. The history of the world is a subject which has attracted the attention of all ages and all nations.

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pleasure, a favorite after-dinner trip taking us completely around the mountain and along the bank of the Nacimiento river. We liked to put our horses over ditches and brush fences and paid little attention to occasional hard falls, but the one important thing was to prevent a riderless horse from going home to tell the tale. Father and Mother forbade racing, not only in consideration for the horses, but because they did not want us to break our necks, but it was hard to remember instructions in the excitement of a spirited gallop.

I remember a day when we were undoubtedly racing, and I went off on my head in a most spectacular fall, with Elizabeth's horse compelled to leap over me. When she turned back to see if I was killed, I motioned her on and implored her to catch my horse and never mind about me. One evening I had a narrow escape from having to walk home, and if it had not been for the intelligence of the mare I was riding there would have been much excitement at the ranch-house. Lita and I took a header as we were returning from Pleyto, and she was so frightened by the mishap that she set out for home as fast as she could go. Then she seemed to feel that something was wrong, and stopped to look back in great surprise. When I called to her she trotted up obediently and allowed me to mount and resume the interrupted ride, for which I was very thankful.

During our pleasure rides we traveled over many beautiful sections of the country and explored every nook and corner for miles around. We rode in the rain for the joy of a gallop through the rain-washed land, we arose before daybreak for the thrill of an early

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morning ride, and sometimes went far back into the hills to spend a lazy delightful day picnicking and fishing in the shade and coolness of one of the mountain creeks.

A camping trip into the mountains was considered a real treat, and on several occasions we provided horses and saddles for from ten to fifteen young people, and spent several days in a camp at the foot of Pine Mountain where the scenery was wild and beautiful. One year we organized a party of fifteen, and seven girls slept in the sandy bed of the creek with saddles for pillows—a novel, if not entirely comfortable, experience. The place was circled with hair ropes to keep the rattlesnakes away. The weird howl of the coyotes which sounded unpleasantly near in the darkness was a bit trying to the nerves of our City guests.

Fortunately there were two expert fishermen in the party, so we were kept well supplied with trout, and it seemed as if no meals ever tasted better than those served under the trees on the bank of the rushing stream — the plentiful supply of food brought from Tierra Redonda being supplemented by fresh trout, fried in butter and served smoking hot. The rest of the party caught some fish and had unlimited enjoyment in the experience of fishing in the lovely pools of Tobacco creek before the sun rose and after nightfall by the light of the campfire.

To William Pinkerton of the Pleyto ranch belongs the credit of having introduced fox hunting and polo into Monterey and San Luis Obispo counties during the early eighties. He kept a number of fine greyhounds and kangaroo dogs, which followed him as he rode

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about the ranch and were very effective in helping to rid the country of coyotes. When he organized a party to hunt coyotes his invitations were promptly accepted, and I remember a day when a number of riders came to the ranch and were joined by Elizabeth and Walter Murray, who enjoyed the hunt immensely.

The riders, who were mounted on good horses, set out to search the hills for coyotes, and when the fast greyhounds had cornered the animal, the slower kangaroo dogs came up and killed it. When coyotes could not be found the hunters had to be satisfied with hares, but at least they had an exciting ride over hill and dale and experienced some of the thrills of an English fox hunt.

One year Mr. Pinkerton gave an elaborate May Day picnic at the Ranchito, which was on the upper end of the Pleyto ranch, and in addition to providing a barbecued beef, he entertained his guests with sports which were quite new to the country. A tilting contest in which riders, armed with long poles, galloped around a circle and endeavored to spear the iron rings which were suspended from poles, furnished a great amount of amusement. The day ended with a game of polo, which gave the owners of well-trained horses a chance to display their skill, and all enjoyed the sport although many of them were playing for the first time.

Father was never so content as when he was on the road behind a good team of horses which he handled with the skill of a born horseman. He could not be induced to buy a light conveyance, but drove a stout spring wagon, and horses, harness, and wagon were always kept in perfect condition which was probably

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the result of army training. He had learned how to manage horses when he was stationed at Santa Barbara in 1848, and there was a close bond of feeling between him and his team. They gave him their very best efforts, watched for his coming, and greeted him with a plaintive whinny when they were hungry.

One day a team of spirited young horses that he was driving took fright at sight of a road scraper with which men were repairing the road, and swung up a steep bank in order to escape the terrifying object. For a moment it seemed that disaster was certain, but Father acted quickly, and before the horses knew what had happened they were back in the road, meekly acknowledging the master behind them. The boys were in despair because nothing ever happened to the horses when Father was driving, but when they held the reins horses died on the road, became foundered, were seized with colic, or disabled by some of the manifold disasters of a driver's life.

Father frequently made the sixty mile trip to San Luis Obispo where all legal business was transacted, stopping at Paso Robles to feed and rest the horses. The long, winding, and dangerous Cuesta Grade was reached in the evening when many freight wagons were met returning from town, but Father always went down the hill at a rapid trot, swinging around curves with breath-taking speed, and avoiding with marvelous precision the four and six horse teams climbing the hill. Going down the Cuesta Grade with Father was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, but I had great confidence in his skill as a driver and knew that in spite of apparent recklessness his passengers were always delivered

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safely at their destination.

Father was always quick to act in an emergency, and several times he averted an accident when the horses started before he was in the wagon. One day when he was in San Miguel the team became frightened when he was about to get in, but he caught a piece of harness and held on with desperate courage. The bystanders shouted, "Let go! Let go! You will be killed!" But to let go was the last thought in Father's mind, and he managed to swing the team until the wagon upset and some of the men came to help him.

Some sixth sense told him how much the horses could stand, and although he drove fast he never pushed the team beyond their endurance, and they responded by bringing him safely home on dark nights when it seemed almost impossible to follow the road. During the days when the railroad ended at Soledad he frequently made the sixty mile drive to meet visitors or to leave some ranch produce at the express office. When the railroad was built as far as Bradley in 1886 he cheerfully took over the duty of driving to the station, regarding the tiresome trip as a diversion. During the winter months most of the drive from Bradley to the ranch was made after dark, and it was a considerable achievement for driver and horses that the road was traveled so often without accident.

The early pictures of Father, taken while he was living in San Francisco, showed him to be a careful dresser, and although the greater part of his life was spent on the ranch he maintained his own standard of dressing. He always wore a tailored business suit with white shirt, stiff collar, and black string tie, and well-

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made boots instead of shoes. His white shirts, pleated and open in the front, were made to order and were a considerable problem as they required careful ironing, but neither argument nor diplomacy could induce him to adopt a more practical style.

Father took a great interest in legal matters, and it appeared that he had missed his vocation, for he showed some ability in handling litigation and on several occasions acted as his own attorney. The harassed family at Tierra Redonda felt that the ranch was involved in an undue amount of litigation, and Mother deplored the hard-earned money that went to enrich the courts and lawyers. The family even cherished a suspicion that Father really enjoyed the trips to the County Seat, the battle of wits, and clash of opposing attorneys, but in spite of their opinions he and his wagon-load of witnesses were a familiar sight on the road leading to San Luis Obispo.

Though he might deplore the expense, his adventurous spirit thrilled to the excitement of court proceedings, and on his business trips he met the leading men of two counties and made many warm friends. He was most outspoken on matters of opinion and politics and liked nothing better than to spend an evening talking about old times and adventures, and his ready tongue could tell a good story or quote Shakespeare with equal facility.

Perhaps his method of settling disputes was influenced by his early training as a soldier, but he was a good friend as well as a good fighter, and the men with whom he battled in court were often on the best of terms with him in later years. His well-known hospi-

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tality made the ranch a stopping place for all the County officials when on their tours of duty, and he enjoyed the opportunity to discuss the affairs of the day with his guests, the front porch of the ranch-house being the scene of many spirited arguments.

CHAPTER XV

FLOOD, FIRE, AND SETTLERS

FATHER and Mother did all they could to provide their children with a normal amount of pleasure and entertainment, and Father often went to dances with us and helped to keep the fun going until daylight. I have a very clear recollection of the twenty mile drives to Jolon and San Miguel to attend an all-night dance and of the return trip in the morning when the ground was white with frost, but I also recall that we were always ready for the next event.

We attended many public picnics and rodeos, which drew people from far and near and supplied plenty of entertainment, in addition to the always popular meal of barbecued beef. Many young people took part in the horse races and other sports which were a feature of the picnics, but the stirring spectacle of a round-up of cattle was considered the most exciting and interesting of local events.

Several dances were given at Tierra Redonda for a limited number of people, but in 1882 a dance was given to celebrate Frank's twenty-first birthday, and for this occasion Father built a floor on the roadway under the locust trees. The walls were of canvas and the roof covered with boughs, making a very pleasant dancing pavilion for the month of August. The music was

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supplied by Pedro Moreno and Celestino Garcia, two Mexicans whose inspiring melodies on violin and guitar set the tuneful note of many festivities.

The younger members of the family were not considered sufficiently grown up to take part in the affair, but we occupied the sidelines until we were sent to bed, and felt that the celebration was a great event. A midnight supper was served in the house, and dancing continued until daylight permitted the guests to return to their homes.

During the latter part of 1885 Tierra Redonda became the center of interest, for the mountain was swept by both fire and flood, causing great excitement at the ranch-house. A very spectacular brush fire which began in the Nacimiento river section swept north over the top of the mountain, burning the dense thickets of brush and leaving a bare and unsightly region in its wake. No real damage was done, and the fire made it possible to explore the whole territory on horseback; so many parties were taken up to enjoy the view, and this trip over the top of the mountain became one of our favorite rides.

The brush grew up again, higher and thicker than ever before, showing that it paid little heed to forest fires, and after a few years it was no longer possible to get through on horseback; hence this scenic route had to be abandoned.

In November 1885, after several days of heavy rains, a flood of water swept down from the mountain, nearly washing the ranch-house from its foundations. This deluge was undoubtedly the result of the fire which had left the top of the mountain so bare that there was

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nothing to hold the water.

The early part of November had been clear and dry, and on the 14th Father and Elizabeth set out for San Luis Obispo with Uncle Moffitt and Mr. Britton who had been visiting at the ranch and who were to take a steamer at Port Harford. On the 15th heavy rains began, and Father and Elizabeth were storm-bound in San Luis for nearly two weeks, the rivers being impassable, and the country swept by a violent wind and rain storm.

At the ranch the storm raged for four days without stopping, and it was estimated that twenty inches of rain fell during that time. On the 17th Henry set out in the rain with one of the men to see how the cattle were faring, but they had not gone far when the roar of rushing water sent them back to the ranch-house in haste, and they arrived just in time to help turn the water away from the house.

Mother was watching the downpour from the front of the house when the Chinese cook rushed in shouting, "Too much water! Too much water!" One glance at the torrent sweeping down from the mountain was enough, and it took many minutes of frantic work to avert a real disaster. Everything movable that could be found was thrown in the path of the water, and Mother even tore off her heavy coat and threw it on the barrier they were making. The close picket fence which surrounded the house helped to turn the water, and there they made their stand, working in the pouring rain until they saw that the rush of water was diminishing and flowing into deep ditches on each side of the house.

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A number of sheep had taken refuge in the wagon shed near the house, but they became frightened by the noise of the water and tried to cross the stream with the result that several of them were swept down and drowned. An immense amount of sand was brought down with the water, covering the vineyard to a depth of several feet and sweeping on into the grainfield. The entire space at the back of the ranch-house was a waste of sand and rocks, and it was several years before the traces of the deluge had been removed and the last of the ditches filled in.

For over twenty years the steadfast old mountain had looked down on the varying tides of fortune that swept the Lynch ranch. During the eighties it witnessed an invasion of settlers that threw the once quiet country into a turmoil of industry and brought up many new problems of trespass and boundaries. They came from all parts of the State, attracted by the prospect of free land and lured by tales of profits to be made when the brush-covered hills were cleared and planted with fruit trees.

Some of the more credulous ones, with high hopes and little experience, having been told that the foothills were just the place for olive orchards, set out trees in small holes dug in the hillsides, and left them to the ravages of deer and rabbits.

Although Father had secured title to land covering the heart of the valley, nine different settlers located claims lying partly within its boundaries, and the crowning surprise came when an enterprising man built his house on the very top of Tierra Redonda, quite ignoring the fact that there was no permanent water there.

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With more industry than wisdom he cut pine trees on the side of the mountain and carried the timber to the top on his shoulders. After many months of hard work he had built a neat rustic house in this romantic location, but the lack of water soon forced him to abandon the claim.

Father had to engage a surveyor to establish correct boundary lines in the valley, and some lawsuits were begun to settle the conflict over land rights. Eventually all the new-comers proved up on their land and sold to Father, leaving the valley again in the hands of the original settler, the pioneer of 1859.

The same story was repeated many times in the Naciminto river section, where settlers crowded in on every vacant tract, but after a few years many of them had drifted away again, and many of the claims were sold to Father. It was not a region of rich soil and easy profits; rather the country made stern demands and quietly eliminated those who had nothing akin to its rugged hills. When the excitement of the land rush had passed away, only a selected few remained — those who had established real homes — whose eyes saw beauty in every passing season.

During these troubled years many minor disputes added to the difficulties of the stock business. The land owned by Father, and that located by the settlers was scattered in checker-board fashion over an unfenced range, so that trespass was inevitable, and it took both courage and diplomacy to settle the resulting disputes.

The business which had taken so many years to develop was threatened on every side by lowered profits and restricted range, but the courage that had brought

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Father through the early years did not fail him in the face of this crisis. To him there was no thought of turning back — no surrender of his position. He began the work of buying claims as fast as the settlers offered them for sale, although it required a discouraging amount of money which the ranch could ill afford and an endless number of business trips.

Twenty-two claims, many of them for one hundred and sixty acres, were bought during the decade that ended with 1890, and Father again had the Nacimientto river section in his own hands. In 1880 his holdings amounted to 4700 acres of land which was partly paid for. By 1891 the acreage was increased to nearly 7000, but taxes and interest were becoming a heavy burden, and the question of how long the business could continue without disaster was a pressing one.

Many years of battling with the different phases of ranch life had left their mark on the pioneers who set out with such high hopes. They were still unwavering in their determination to cling to their home, but the thought of losing it was costing them many sleepless nights, and they felt that a way must be found to end the financial difficulties that were crowding them on every side.

The situation was particularly trying to Mother whose well-ordered mind abhorred debt, and whose goal was a business free from encumbrance and a chance to put something away for the future. She saw the need of increasing the range, and was the first to urge buying additional land in the early days, but although

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the business had done wonders it was plain that it could not stand the steady drain of land-buying that was forced on them.

She had carried on her work with the thought that some day they would be able to live within their income, and all the weight of her influence was directed towards reducing the ranch debt and increasing the earnings. Mother had a good head for business, and she knew that a mounting debt was the worst kind of a danger signal.

When James went to work for himself she asked him to let her know when he had saved a thousand dollars, rightly believing that when he had reached that point he would have acquired the saving habit and learned a lesson in thrift.

CHAPTER XVI

FROM SHEEP TO CATTLE

THE stock-raising business always presented a surprising number of problems, but it seemed that Father and Mother, who had successfully weathered the perils of the early days, had more than their share of anxiety during the decade that began with 1880. In addition to the influx of settlers which cut off much of the free range, a complete change of business became necessary; furthermore two of the boys left the ranch to earn their own living, leaving Father with only Henry to help him.

In 1883 Frank went into the sheep business for himself, Father giving him four hundred ewes and a tract of land in the Lynch Canyon section. Events proved that he had begun his venture at a time when settlers were crowding into the country and profits were declining; so, after playing a losing game for five years, he sold the sheep, rented his land, and took a position on a sheep ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. Walter Murray also left the ranch to make his own way in the world, and the departure of the two boys left a gap that was not easily filled.

The country which saw the rise of the sheep industry to an important point during the 60's witnessed its decline twenty years later. The price of mutton and

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wool had been discouragingly low for several years, the Merino sheep which had been imported on account of the fineness of their wool were found to lack the vigor of the original hardy stock, and losses among the lambs were eating into the profits. The price of wool which ranged from twenty to thirty cents a pound during the early days of the ranch had sunk to nine cents in the 80's. In spite of constant warfare against the wild animals they were still taking heavy toll of the flocks, and it was clear that the risk in the sheep business was high and the profits were declining.

The other ranches in that section had been disposing of sheep in favor of cattle for some years, and in 1884 Father decided to follow their example and began buying cattle. In 1887 he sold the last band of sheep, and they became only a memory on the ranch that owed its existence to them. For twenty-seven years Tierra Redonda had been closely identified with the wool business, and something vital seemed to have left with the vanishing flocks.

The placid sheep were part of the spirit of the place, the network of trails worn by their wandering feet gave meaning to the hills, and the slow-moving flocks were a peaceful feature in the landscape. The younger members of the family who had played and worked with the sheep since their childhood days, had for them a feeling of affection which time can not erase, and to this day the sight of sheep by the roadside brings back the early years of the ranch and the appealing creatures whose plaintive bleating echoed about Tierra Redonda.

Between Father and his brother-in-law James Moffitt

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there was a close friendship which dated back to the early fifties when the two young men were living in San Francisco, and in this business crisis of the eighties Father turned to Uncle Moffitt for help. His old friend responded in a most generous and open-handed manner and supplied the money for buying cattle, with the result that Father began this phase of his life with renewed hope and courage, and Tierra Redonda became a cattle ranch.

Father supplied range for the cattle in return for a share of the profits, and the agreement which continued for seven years made the outlook seem hopeful, although the business encountered the dry years and periods of depressed prices that had played havoc with the sheep industry. The cattle required little care, were almost immune to the attacks of wild animals, and when turned loose on the range developed into very successful foragers.

Henry took entire charge of the cattle and developed a great liking for the business, spending much of his time in the saddle and searching the country for small bunches of stock that were for sale. The new business required a complete change of methods, and mounted cowboys took the place of the sheep herders who had followed their charges on foot. The sheep dip was dismantled, the shearing shed made into a wagon shed, and a high board corral was built for handling the cattle, with a branding chute adjoining so that the stock could be branded without throwing them.

Many additional horses were needed, and one or two cattle riders were employed all the time; also eight or ten experienced vaqueros were required when the

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cattle were rounded up for branding or selling. At such times a man was employed to cook for the cowboys, and he cooked and served meals in a grove of trees close to the ranch-house, adding a new feature to the life of Tierra Redonda.

A large rodeo corral was built on the bank of the Nacimiento river near its junction with the Tablas creek, and the cattle were rounded up in this picturesque spot — the custom of the country making the rodeo a public picnic to which people came from far and near. An entire beef was barbecued to feed the hungry workers and the equally hungry visitors who came to enjoy the spectacle, bringing many delicacies to add to the feast.

It was considered a great privilege to help hold the cattle while the men worked, so an assorted array of mounted volunteers kept the animals within bounds. The spectacular work of parting the cattle was accomplished by riders who worked in pairs and rushed the animals out of the band so that they had no chance to turn back. Sometimes Elizabeth took part in the sport, mounted on her spirited horse Sultan, and enjoying the exciting work immensely. The visitors never tired of watching the expert roping and riding.

The intelligent horses did their work with a spirit that suggested real enjoyment of the situation, and the round-up was a picturesque feature which managed to combine entertainment and some very necessary work. After a few years the public rodeos were given up in favor of affairs that were confined strictly to the necessary workmen and stockmen who came to reclaim stray cattle.

At weaning time the cows and calves were brought

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to the ranch-house where the calves were parted out and put into a small field until they became reconciled to their ration of hay. For many days and nights an unbroken roar of protest went up from the separated animals, shattering the reputed quiet of Tierra Redonda and disturbing the sleep of visitors to whom this heart-broken lament was a new experience.

Life went on at the ranch much as it had in the early days, except that cattle roamed the hills which once had been dotted with sheep. Mother still found her days filled with the business of catering for an indefinite number of people and providing meals at all hours. Any hour from four to six was breakfast time for the cattle riders, who must be out on the range before the cattle sought shelter in the brush, and often the last meal for the day was served long after darkness fell. During the rainy season many anxious evening hours were spent waiting for the riders to return, for Henry had a way of swimming his horse across the Nacimiento when it was dangerously high, and the life of a range rider was at best a perilous one.

Tierra Redonda saw stirring times during these years with picturesque cowboys on spirited mounts continually on the landscape; with almost any day developing a bucking and riding contest, full of thrills and hairbreadth escapes, as one of the riders wrestled with a dangerous horse that was being broken for use. Some wonderful wild-west riding went on in the shadow of Tierra Redonda, and the most vicious bronco seldom managed to unseat his rider, although the contest sometimes left the cowboy weak and shaken after he had ridden his mount to a standstill.

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The young horses must be trained for cattle work, and the meanest ones frequently made the best range mounts, as they had remarkable spirit and endurance. One man cheerfully rode a horse that almost always reared and fell backward when mounted, but after this exhibition of independence was good for a long, hard day on the range. This horse was finally cured of his dangerous habit by saddling him on the edge of a high cliff, with the result that he reared off the cliff into a deep pool of water, and after that episode he was ranked as a well-trained cow horse.

In this land of cattle ranches the horse had his prideful day, and at every public picnic the array of fine saddle animals was a stirring sight to horse-lovers. Stepping daintily along the trails with tossing heads and jingling bits they came, the horses no less proud and conscious of being on display than the riders. The cowboys appeared in their best attire, and handsome Mexican saddles with flapping tapaderos, together with silver-mounted bridles, completed the trappings of their beloved horses.

To many people the cattle business was a bit of picturesque and interesting action, but back of the spectacular drives and rodeos were weeks and months of hard riding on the range, with no spectators to provide encouragement. Ranging far back in the hills where they seldom saw people, many of the cattle became wild, and the sight of mounted men was enough to set them off in a wild dash for freedom, plunging down rocky hillsides and taking refuge in blind canyons and thickets of brush from which the cowboys must dislodge them.

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It became a contest of wits and skill between hunted and hunters, and only the most daring riders and the fastest horses could hope to win in this dangerous game. From the bits of conversation that reached the ranch-house it was plain that the Tierra Redonda cowboys were living up to the best traditions of their calling and making good under difficult conditions.

Although Henry was working hard he had no interest in the business, and seeing no future for himself at Tierra Redonda he decided to look for work at one of the cattle ranches in the San Joaquin Valley. Early in 1891 he went to San Francisco with that object in view, but strangely enough, the youngest of the Lynch boys was destined to spend all his days on the ranch where he was born. When he was in San Francisco he had an interview with his uncle, James Moffitt, who offered to turn the cattle over to him on such liberal terms that he accepted at once and returned to Tierra Redonda after an absence of a few weeks to begin his first business venture in his own name.

He continued to manage Father's cattle as in the past, the two herds being ranged together, and he found his days filled with the usual problems of the stock business. After his marriage in 1892 he and his wife lived with Father and Mother for three years, and then moved to the house he had built on the tract of land that Father had given him.

Elizabeth who also had married in 1892 was left a widow some fifteen months later, and in 1894 she returned to Tierra Redonda with her little boy to live there for several years. In 1896 there were five grandchildren who played about the ranch and followed the

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trails worn by the Lynch children of a generation before, and Father spent much time with the children, having more leisure in these days.

The tall man and a little grandson were often seen setting out for a walk about the valley, a spirit of comradeship existing between them in spite of the difference in years. Mother welcomed the opportunity to resume teaching, and as soon as her grandchildren were old enough she began giving them lessons in French and Spanish, finding as much pleasure in the work as she did in the early days.

CHAPTER XVII

WET YEARS AND DRY

IN 1895 Father was able to make some adjustments which put his affairs into better shape and relieved him of much anxiety. Several thousand acres of land were surrendered to a San Francisco bank in satisfaction of a mortgage, but he still had nearly three thousand acres clear of debt, and with the addition of rented land he was able to pasture his herd of cattle.

As the number of cattle on the ranch increased it became necessary to rent grass and stubble in the Salinas Valley and pasture the stock there for several months with a man to look after them. One year during the month of November Henry set out with a cook wagon and several cattle riders to round up the herd of over a thousand cattle that had been on pasture near San Lucas and bring them back to the ranch. The clear skies promised good weather for the drive, but when they were on the road the heaviest storm of the season began.

The drive became a nightmare of beating rain and milling cattle, with the drenched riders straining every nerve to keep their charges headed into the storm and prevent them from escaping. The cattle began to mire in the saturated ground, and often the parade was halted while the unfortunate creatures were rescued from the

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mud. When they reached Tierra Redonda the rain had stopped, and the sun was shining over a drenched land with pools in every low place and rushing streams in all the gulches.

The following day the herd was started westward towards the Nacimiento range, and when they reached the flat where Dick had mired in the early days the cattle went down by the score. Soaked by the heavy rains, the ground on each side of the road had become a quagmire, and in a short time a number of the animals had sunk to their bellies in a sea of mud.

Several members of the family had come out to watch the drive, and they saw a spectacle that can scarcely be credited in these days of scant rainfall. The resourceful cowboys seemed to know just what to do in this emergency and went about their work calmly. They rode as near to the spot as was possible, threw their reatas around the horns of the cattle, and dragged them one by one to more solid ground. After an interval of hard work and excitement, many of the cattle going to their knees at every step, the herd was driven past the danger point, and another landmark was established at Tierra Redonda.

Nearly forty years after they settled on the ranch Father and Mother experienced another of the dry years that makes every stock ranch a veritable battleground, a place where not only bones but hopes lie buried. 1898 was a year of scant rainfall, and the end of the summer saw the range picked bare and the hungry cattle roaming restlessly in search of food. It

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was impossible to rent pasture as the entire country was suffering from the worst drought in the experience of the oldest settlers.

Father and Henry discussed the question of shipping the cattle to another State for pasture, but the expense would be great; so the battle to save the lives of the stock was carried on with the hope that early rains might save the situation. Men were hired to cut down trees for the moss and browse, and the crash of falling timber was followed by the rush of the hungry creatures to the spot, as they soon learned that food was being provided for them.

The hardest part of this trying time fell on Henry and the cowboys who worked and suffered with the starving cattle, doing their valiant best in the midst of conditions that daily tore their hearts, and watching the pitiless sky with anxious eyes. Many of the cattle died and the grim business of skinning the dead and working with the dying went on for several months, while Father and Mother were forced to look on helplessly at what seemed like stark calamity.

However, the turning point was near, and the business was saved on the very brink of disaster, the lack of rainfall that threatened the extermination of the cattle pointing to a way out. Henry had noticed that there was considerable green vegetation and willow browse in the dry bed of the Salinas river; so, as a last resort, he rented a tract of land which included the river, and drove the cattle to the place. Although the green food seemed pitifully insufficient for so many, it gave them new life and courage and tided them over to the first of January when rain came.

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When the herd left Tierra Redonda the whole family went out to see them go by — a parade of gaunt, wild-eyed creatures, presenting the saddest aspect of the stock business, their pathetic bones contrasting with the well-fed horses ridden by the cowboys. Walking on the edge of the band as if disdaining to associate with them was a single cow whose comfortable bulk seemed strangely out of place in this parade of misery. She was one of the ranch milk-cows whose years of experience had made her an expert forager, and she possessed the calm and wisdom of her kind. While she was at Bradley she investigated all the backyards in town and picked up many tidbits that helped her to get through the hard times with many pounds to her credit.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOGS AND DISASTERS

THE story of the dogs of Tierra Redonda is a long one for they were always an important part of the ranch force, and these faithful animals with their endearing ways were the beloved pets of the entire family. Only those who were brought up in the country and lived through the many harrowing times when a beloved dog was the victim of poison, can understand all that they meant in ranch life. Like faithful sentinels they fell at their posts of duty, and always another dog rose to fill the vacant place.

During the later years there were two dogs that filled an important place in the ranch history, and were remarkable for their intelligence. One of these was Frank's handsome gray dog, Tom, who was sent to Tierra Redonda when his master gave up the sheep business, and who received a warm welcome and all the attention due his years of honorable service. Tom received his early training on a large sheep-ranch in the San Joaquin Valley, where the rivalry among the herders as to the respective merits of their dogs sometimes reached the boiling point, and Frank was the target for many scornful remarks about "You and your Tom".

However when the French herders saw Tom and his master drive a flock of sheep along an unfenced road

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with grain on each side, and never a hint of trespass, they had to admit that the young dog showed the right mettle. When the doubting ones saw Tom's brilliant work as he loaded sheep at the railroad station, first urging the reluctant animals into the narrow runway, and then darting over the backs of the packed sheep to rush the leaders into the car, they gave the tribute of grudging admiration, and admitted that there might be men, not of Basque blood, who could train a sheep dog.

When Tom set out on the journey to Tierra Redonda his first adventure was to get lost in Alameda, after his master had left the train without thinking of his faithful companion who had obediently crawled under the seat. When Frank remembered Tom and rushed back to the station, the dog was not there and no one had seen him. An advertisement was put in the Alameda paper, and Frank walked the streets for days, following every clue. At last his search was rewarded by the sight of a gray dog looking forlorn and bewildered in the unfamiliar streets.

One word brought Tom flying to his side, overcome with joy at seeing his beloved master again, and with a long story to tell, in dog language, of his hurt feelings when he found himself deserted. When Tom reached Tierra Redonda his spirits rose at sight of a single pet sheep, and he established friendly relations at once. It was a touching spectacle to see Tom lying beside the lamb with his muzzle resting on the woolly back, perhaps dreaming of the days when he was the proud guardian of thousands of sheep.

Tom had a few years of peaceful existence on the ranch, during which he showed his intelligence in many

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ways, and then there came a day when a scrap of poisoned meat cost the gray dog his life. His successor proved to be the last of the Tierra Redonda dogs during the lifetime of the pioneers, and the only one that did not meet a tragic end.

A neighbor gave Mother a particularly engaging puppy which she named Tip on account of the white end on his tail, and he grew into a beautiful and intelligent dog, the pet of the whole family. From his proud head to his jaunty tail, his glossy black coat set off by white markings, Tip was a picture of spirit and energy, an appealing mixture of affection and mischief.

He was the ever-watchful guardian of the place, and often was found sitting on the porch, gazing into the darkness with mysterious eyes as he listened to the far-off voices of the night which carried meaning to his keen ears. The taunting howl of coyotes never failed to rouse him to fury, and many times during the night he dashed down the steps and out into the darkness, barking defiance at the marauders.

While he was still a young dog he attracted attention by running several families of coons up a tree, and after that if any one said "coons" to Tip he became very much excited, barking and dashing wildly around as if he were looking for something to put up a tree. When a stray hen intruded into the garden and Tip was told to catch her, he obeyed with alacrity, holding her carefully with his paws until help came, and then spending an uncomfortable time as he tried to get the feathers out of his mouth. If he saw stock approaching an open gate he went to meet them without waiting for orders and barked until someone came and shut the gate.

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Tip had a curious feeling about wheels, and when a buggy was driven away he liked to run beside it, growling furiously and trying to catch the spokes with his teeth. Not even the experience of having a wheel run over his body could make him give up the sport. If the wheelbarrow was moved Tip rushed at the wheel, growling with mock fury and almost upsetting the barrow as he pushed at it with his sturdy shoulder, the whole performance being his idea of fun.

His favorite sport was following the wagon when it was driven to Bradley, but as the seventeen-mile trip was too much for him, he had to be tied to prevent him from following. Tip seemed to feel that there was a conspiracy on foot to keep him from having a good time, and when the spring wagon was left at the barnyard, ready for an early morning start with a shipment of poultry, he spent the night under the wagon so that it could not get away without his knowledge.

On one occasion Tip was tied at the back of the house where he could not see what was going on, and he was released half an hour after Father set out for Bradley. The dog gave an apologetic yelp and then dashed towards the barnyard, in the opposite direction to the route the wagon had followed. This maneuver was evidently intended to allay suspicion, but a watch was kept, and Tip was seen to make a complete circle through the barnyard, around the field, and then back to the Bradley road, down which he disappeared at high speed.

When Father was nearing Bradley he looked back and saw a very weary and apologetic Tip trailing the wagon, plainly uncertain as to his reception, but over-

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come with joy when he was noticed and forgiven.

Tip had a roving nature and liked to pay friendly visits to the neighbors, but on one occasion he received a cruel rebuff in the shape of a charge of birdshot which was fired at him by a surly man. Tip recovered from his wounds, but he never forgave the insult, and the much-embarrassed man had his frequent evening visits to Tierra Redonda announced by furious and resentful barking. There was no need to ask who was approaching on dark nights, for Tip proclaimed his name to all the world, and flung at him every epithet known to dog language.

For many years the beautiful and gallant dog kept his untiring vigil — the guardian spirit of the place, evading the dangers that had brought disaster to a long line of dogs, until at last he slept his life away and was buried under the oak trees, close to the home that he had defended so long.

CHAPTER XIX

JOURNEY'S END

FATHER gave up active work on the ranch about the time his boys grew up, but his days went by pleasantly with many trips to the neighboring towns, as driving was his favorite diversion. During the nineties he had raised two colts that proved to be a very well-matched team when they were grown, and were the apple of his eye. He called them Dandy and Belle, and as he had handled and petted them ever since they were little, there was a good understanding between him and his team. It was a great blow to him when Dandy was killed in his prime, having been kicked in the forehead by the steel-shod hoof of another horse.

Father's early training as a carpenter was of great value, as the calls for repair and construction work about the ranch were un-ending, and no rust ever gathered on his well-kept assortment of tools. When he could spare the time he turned his attention to finer work, and made a roomy writing desk with many pigeon-holes, where the ranch account books were kept. This desk is still in use, its simple design and solid construction showing how carefully he did his work.

He also made bedsteads to furnish the men's room,

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and put them together so firmly that some of them are still in existence, having withstood the hardest kind of use for many years. He made a number of canes from suitable branches that he found in the woods, and took much pleasure in carving napkin rings and paper cutters from manzanita wood, which when stained and polished was very handsome. Father handled his tools like a well-trained worker, and whatever he did was wrought with great care.

When he was stationed at Santa Barbara in 1847 he prepared and raised a ninety-foot pole on which to fly the garrison flag, and there he had his first vision of a home somewhere in this sunny land, with the Stars and Stripes floating among the trees. Although Father was a soldier and a pioneer, a wanderer from his early boyhood, he had a strong vein of sentiment, and few guessed how much it meant to him when he raised the flag of his country in front of the house he had built at Tierra Redonda.

Aunt Mary had a very happy thought when she presented Father with a large flag during the nineties, and for this he put up a fifty-foot pole in a place that was swept by all the valley breezes. For many years the beautiful flag was an inspiring sight, floating against a background of trees, and often waving a welcome to returning members of the family.

Having found this quiet haven from which he could look out on the world, Father had no desire to leave it, and he never wavered in his devotion to the home of his choice. The many friends whom he entertained on the front porch formed his contact with the world of men, and the spirit of Tierra Redonda which

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drew him over land and sea filled his days with content.

There was so much of youth and energy in Mother's spirit that time seemed to make little impression on her, and the light that shone in her expressive face made one forget to reckon up the number of years that she had lived. She was as always the very heart of the home, with hands that were never idle, and had a warm welcome for her wandering children. When she had more leisure she took up her embroidery needle again, and the delicate stitching wrought by the girl of long ago was reproduced in these later years. This work was a real pleasure to her, and she kept up her embroidery until the last year of her life, leaving some beautiful examples of her skill for her daughters and granddaughters.

It was fortunate indeed that the girl who had crossed the sea to spend all her days on a California stock ranch had such varied gifts and such skillful hands, for the demands on her were never-ending. She was never too busy to make some of her famous tarts for birthdays and special occasions, and her crisp and delicious cookies were at once a source of great satisfaction to her children, and of despair to all who tried to reproduce this culinary triumph. Even her grandchildren recall her cooky jar with a feeling of regret for bygone days.

She liked to spend an hour in the vegetable garden before breakfast, giving the care that made her products the envy of all beholders, and she often made a morning tour of the flower garden and brought in a few blossoms to lay on the breakfast table. Mother always found her garden a refuge from the storm and stress

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of daily living, a place where she could "be still and know", surrounded by the evidence of growing things.

Sometimes her early rising was rewarded by the sight of men working with cattle in a field below the house, the drifting fog lending unusual beauty to the scene and giving an appearance of misty unreality to a prosaic task — a picture of life and action against a background of trees and mist that lingered long in her memory.

When Mother was nearing seventy she took up the study of Latin, feeling that she should be doing something worth while with her time. Her mind was so active and her interests so varied, that her days passed pleasantly, and she had such a keen appreciation of everything that was beautiful in nature that she always found something to admire and enjoy. She knew all the principal stars and constellations by name — the stars that shone with such steadfast encouragement over the early days of the ranch, and whose nightly re-appearance was like the lighting of fresh lamps of hope.

I remember when Mother roused the entire family in the very early hours of the morning to see the dazzling comet with its long train of light that appeared in the eastern sky — a sight that can never be forgotten. During the early years we sometimes saw the Northern Lights gleaming on the horizon, and the reflection of a ship under full sail which appeared in the noonday sky was another surprising and memorable sight.

CHAPTER XX.

CLOSING CHAPTER

THE years were kind to the pioneers who had fared so far and ventured so much, and the evening of their lives went by quietly in the shadow of their beloved mountain. From the house that had sheltered them through so many years of sun and storm they watched the tide of life that flowed about the ranch and welcomed the friends who came to greet them.

Their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated November 27, 1906, the six children and twelve grandchildren having gathered at the ranch, not only in recognition of fifty years of married life, but to honor a home that had endured for nearly half a century. A photograph taken on this occasion shows a family group of twenty-three persons sitting on the porch of the house that Father built in 1865.

The closing chapter was being written, and three years later, on the 6th of December 1909, Father quietly fared forth on his last journey and was buried on a hilltop overlooking the valley of Tierra Redonda, wrapped in the flag that he had so often flung to the breeze. The soldier who faced the battles of life bravely was at rest at last, close to the home he loved so well.

Mother did not survive him long, and on the 10th of March 1911, this much loved woman closed her

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eyes to this world, but the light of her brave and beautiful life still shines along her pathway. Her ashes were laid beside her husband, a shaft of stone taken from Tierra Redonda's rocky side marking their resting place.

The morning sunbeams touch their grave with soft fingers of light, the breeze in the treetops whispers above their sleep, and endless peace flowing from the starlit nights enfolds them.

The spring still ripples its endless song, the silvery pines on the hillside murmur a message for ears attuned to forest voices, and high over the peaceful valley Tierra Redonda lifts its rocky head, searching for those whose hearts beat in time with the pulse of the place, who shall make their home there in after years.

